

A Solstice Blessing

By Pádraig Ó Tuama

As night stretches here,
day contracts elsewhere.

And in their night, we are
bathed in light. In all nights
there is light; in long days
there can be ache too.

For you, we call the sun
to stand still a while, and
the moon too, and stars, and
the waters and the heavens.

Hells as well — just for a
second; just for a breath.

May that breath rest you.
And may each breath rest you,
as it has until now, and now
and now. This one, after
that one, after that one after
that.