

Sonnet—For Solstice

Theric Jepson

Look:

My wife's distended belly reaches
Into the room as if it wishes
To announce a separate humanity
In curves both out from and into her body.

Listen:

Darkness crackles the air like frost
Or fire. We've turned from the sun and the cost
Is cold air and condensation and night.
Hear our wolves howl, our forest loom and bite.

But Feel:

As future Jepson pushes out
Against its close warm tomb of filtered light
And voices, unaware, in mere days, doubt
Will crowd in—part of our shared human plight—

To relive the oldest pun in Christendom:
And turn ourselves back to the sun, to the Son.