Aubade at First Frost

not a crack or break, more a slipping in of light

the slimmest hint of dawn
yawns
and a sliver of sun spills
over the hill, splinters

on crystalline skin

til a bit of flint in Sky's eye sparks

& Earth
shimmers

luminant *God-lit* *even we shine*
as we die

the way feathery frost blooms across the grass and diamond-tipped limbs glint with ice

until
burned

(*my love, where did you go?*

by
rising

Winter Solstice

shining, open, one
white hellebore draws me outdoors —
the Christmas Rose, *a blossom bright amid*
the cold of winter when

hark! upon the wind,

lo, how a rose e'er blooming
from tender stem hath sprung comes

my mother's soft hum

this rose, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air
dispels with glorious splendor the darkness everywhere

o, *Lord of glory*! I confess
when half-spent
is the night even more do I yearn

for the dark's swift return

The italicized lines are from the Christmas carol Lo, how a Rose E're Blooming
with one liberty taken: in the last italicized line, I changed the word 'was' to 'is'.