

Seasonal Epistle

Another Solstice, in the plague
a time of fear, both real and vague
We had hoped to turn the page
but Gaia's here. She wants the stage.

I get it. As an old, white man
my comfort has cost others pain
And though I didn't drive the train,
I, willing, climbed on board

And, compared to those who strived
I've lived a rich and idle life;
Collecting what was tossed aside
I've gathered quite a hoard.

So, happy Solstice, have a ball
May we survive, to see the fall.
Perhaps next year, you'll come to call
and hug, and shake hands, one and all.

I truly wish you joy, and peace,
And hope we try to use, at least
an ounce, of all the tons of wisdom
we have been bequeathed.

-Fred Apstein