

20 December 2025

Winter Solstice

The only way down is down, leaving the light for the dark, allowing the surface to sink, under the shimmering deepness, to the depths where float our desires, to the things that the world and our minds made, where all of them no longer are.

A round black ball, an obsidian sphere, rolls in my hand, turns on my fingertips, as body and mind roll around it, slide like a serpent's coil over the deep black eye of the egg: fixed and immovable, immense, around which the universe turns, the world silently glides.

The Silence shimmers under the new snow; the cat watches from the window as slow flakes wind their way down. Whiteness covers the upper edge of everything as darkness peeks out from below—the light's support, the unformedness under it all.

I am a weaver casting his shuttle, a fisherman casting his line. Each throw my soul sails out into Emptiness. Someone invisible tosses it back. All day and night we play this game: Life breathing life in and out, weaving our warm black blanket, a universe wrapped in stars.

— Richard Wehrman