POETRY

Solstice

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This is Ceres's season.
Grain grows from fingertips and light is good and warm.
Night becomes the place to contemplate long days of sowing. What was taught?
What was learned?
Spring was fraught with sacrifice and summer wants my sweat to bear out the birth of furrowed seed. I need to know what knowing's for.
Wheat? Diverting chaff?

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