

IMBOLC EVE

Six full Moons their light have cast,
Each more brilliant than the last,
And six more times the crescent turns
While fires on the hearthstone burns;
The thirteenth Moon completes the year
And festive are the days of cheer.

Old Man Winter is dead and gone
Although his dying breaths are strong,
The sun returns to grace the sky,
Her light will fill both mind and eye,
And roses in the brook we'll fling
And sing of Love and Wedding Rings.

So raise a toast, to honor the past,
'Tis wise, or Winter's chill might chance to last.
And raise a second, more cheerful glass,
To Our Lady of Spring, and kisses cast
Each to his Sweet, of ruby lips,
With longing glances at swaying hips.

Thus Imbolc's welcome is truly made,
New Life buds forth in moor and glade,
New promise of seeding, of a plent'ous year
With grapes to press for future cheer,
And thirteen Moons shall pass once more,
And, indeed, we know what Spring is for!

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