

# **SENSE OF BLISS**

**BY MARC**

Let this be a time of giving  
to all peoples of all religions  
for many it is already so  
Let hearts breed love  
and the sky bear snow

The longer the dark nights endure  
the more people fear  
And grow unsure  
the temptation of lunacy  
always so near  
Only being witness to the moon  
but spirits will brighten  
For solstice cometh soon  
and the earth will enlighten

countless souls perform age-old practices  
Steeped in ritual  
many drink wine or eggnog in flask  
some feast some fast  
others grow tired in the eye  
As they stand night long in visual

a time of joy  
For serf and sire  
let embers crackle  
From the chimney place fire

as old things pass on  
And venture to the worlds that follow this  
let new babes be born  
And everyone everywhere finds their own sense of bliss