

The Midwinter Night is Long

By Patricia Williams

—from her collected poems, *Midwest Medley*, Kelsay Books, 2018.

The full midwinter moon
— visible longer
than any full moon of the year—
lingers above a December horizon,
travels on a high trajectory
opposite the low-slung sun.

Skies deepen to icy obsidian.
The long-night moon
shimmers over a glacial setting
polished by winter's breath.

Guided across a pallid prairie of cold
by a cosmic flashlight,
we navigate this fallow time,
survive darkness,
eager to greet the unseen sun.

Magic in Collapsing Stars

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“Somewhere, something incredible is waiting to be known.” — Carl Sagan

We are made of the stuff of stars,
a taste of the wild, covered in forests
and meadows where violets sigh.

We are solitary nights, silent,
the quiet of space broken only
by the hoot of an owl.

We occupy a minute place,
not lofty, not specially charmed.
Stay— be here with me— just breathing.