Solstice

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5806
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Poor winter, you precede a dream. The austere architecture of your dish of tears disdains to pilot her perfectly adequate silence through the hastily rearranged stars. Experiment, instead, with your repertoire of hesitations, or, if I have not misread you all these years, yours is another case of mistaken identity, and on December’s shallow stage you’re the breathless girl we love all the more for her brave cadet’s costume of flared frock coat and blue breeches embellished at elbows and knees with grave rosettes. She is husband, as it were, to the serenades that bring a pink fever to the tips of her un kissed fingers; distraction of princes, she will shed many sighs before she decides whom she will die for. Now you wandering scholars of lost causes, pitch your pilgrimage toward the west’s pavilion of fathomless dark fingerprints and borrow your songs from the fainting swan’s final fa la la, from the brown wren’s dim and stubborn Go no farther.