

SUMMER SOLSTICE: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

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Midsummer Night, the Summer Solstice, takes place early this morning at 1:04 AM EDT, followed by a Supermoon on Sunday June 23rd at 7:33 AM EDT, the closest approach of the Full Moon in the entire year. And just to make it more interesting, an M2.9 Solar Flare occurred at about 11:14 PM EDT last night.

What can I say? The summer solstice is my favorite regular astrological event of the year. The fact that it occurs at the Full Moon only means it is more significant. And Jupiter and Earth aligned at the Galactic Center make it all the more auspicious.

The Summer Solstice is the longest day of the year and also marks the turning point, after which we began to descend into the short days of winter. The Tibetans point out that at the Full Moon our inner channels come together into alignment. We are spiritually aligned. This is now.

If such a moment runs through the fingers of time, it is because we have not built a net to catch and keep it close. I include a poem I wrote from back in the 1960s, when all of this was new. The Solstice itself is evergreen, always new. Savor this time each year.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

Bobbing at the surface to bloom,
Opening now,
Letting go,
Letting it go,
Letting it go on,
Allowing it to go on.

As if I could stop it anyway.

The morning's brightness,
Lights the day,
And when that day is gone,
The quietness of evening,
Here approaching,
Settles to sleep,
This restless world.

Hard can I hear,
The frantic rush,
As I turn away from the edge,
Out into floating rest am I.

It is not my conscious direction doing this,
But as a head down-turned all life,
Now turns up a blossom to the night.
The night of time urges me open,
At last a flower,
Too,
Open to life.

Already the dawn.

Still,
Around me,
Urging caution,
A retinue of persons set my spirit,
Like a jewel is set,
In time.

But where before my worry,
Now my rest.
The tide rolls on beyond me.
Ever changing,
It rocks me now asleep.

And in my sleep,
Awake am I,
So clear a bell is ringing.

The smart of persons lash and crack,
To drive me at time's edge.
My personal ties are slipped,
As floating out,
I'm gently tugged.

Too long have fought,
To force my thought,
And not,
At ease,
Arising,
Like some cloud,

To pass.

Circa 1967
Michael Erlewine

