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## *The Gnosis of the Gnomon*

*In days of old, we feared the cold,  
The ravages of winter.  
For colors bright, we pined and sighed,  
As snow to ice would sinter.*

*How could the crops begin to grow  
If sun from earth stayed parted?  
The foodstores dwindled fearfully,  
And many grew down-hearted!*

*Then Solstice yielded secrets up  
When shadow-lengths were charted.  
The druids raised their standing stones,  
Their wisdom now imparted.*

*Thus Winter Solstice marks the time  
When days start growing longer.  
We come together full of joy,  
As heat and light grow stronger.*

*--'Manda*

