

## Celebrating the Solstice

We leave Brownsville heading towards Mt Worcester with the winter solstice only two days away. Cold air is flowing in from the north and the sun is on a tight leash not straying far above the southern horizon. The light coating of weightless snow has a radiance that only this time of year can produce. It stings my uncovered eyes on the southern aspects as we traverse the beaver swamps under the upper slopes of Mt Worcester, and crest its north-side ridge.



Lo, the crisp luminescence of low angle light,



where golden hour lasts all day,



and skis dance on the solstice sun.

As the day concludes we find ourselves figure skiing over the glades below following the proper etiquette of leaving nothing but the eights.

