

Equinox

by [Marci Rae Johnson](#)

August 12, 2025

*I wish to praise what is fully alive,
What longs to flame toward death.*

—Goethe, “Blessed Longing”

Longing, the deserted beach, smell of woodsmoke
and poems in a mystery of leaves—

the apple about to fall from the tree.

It's another kind of beginning,
calendar of spirit and of sight,

day turning into night—a prophecy
for release and spark.

The healing of our broken hearts.

We're neither sinners nor saints
but something in between—balance

of the light and dark as these lengthened days
contract, reveal our miracle—
this hope, a flame.