Inti Raymi

At the June solstice,
in the bleeding cold of winter,
we celebrate the shortest day
and the longest night of the year.

On the twenty-first,
across the Northwest lands so high,
the children of the earth light fires
as music breathes beneath the sky.

Mother Earth welcomes our devotion:
sacred leaves, chicha, and fruits of the soil.
The holy flames embrace the dark,
as herbs burn away our daily toil.

From a very young age,
I felt deeply bound to this golden sun.
I lift my open palms to catch the dawn,
and walk the sacred path where my elders run.

And as I hear my kith and kin
singing together in the sun:
“Let us reflect, let us rejoice”
I know Inti Raymi has begun.

Olivia Nadale