White Solstice

The sun is shining. The world is white.
The wind makes the pine trees sway.
There's never been such a day
On Wakemup Village Bay.
Yes, it's December the twenty first
With our hearts feeling about to burst.

We're happy it's a white Solstice
Just like the ones we always know.
When the treetops glisten,
And you can listen
To hear the silence of the snow.

We're happy it's a white Solstice
With every Solstice card we write.
May our days be merry and bright,
And may all our Solstices be white.