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Equinox

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Equinox

*(At the solstice
the sun seems to pause
before returning)*



Joan Montgomery Byles studied at London and Oxford universities and received her M.A. and Ph.D. from Syracuse University. She has published articles on psychoanalytic interpretations of Shakespeare in *Imago*, *University of Hartford Studies in Literature*, and *Shakespeare Newsletter* and has contributed a chapter to the forthcoming *Literary Uses of Psychoanalysis* (University of Texas Press). Currently Dr. Byles is an instructor in the Department of English at Syracuse University.

The sun, without pause
at 12:22 a.m. crosses
the equator;

the spinning earth tilts towards Spring;
Orion adjusts his belt,
spilling cascades of fragrant stars.

Waking into
the landscape of myself
it is also Spring, but

contours have changed,
new bearings
focus me;

slopes and streams I relied on
just being there
in every season

are mountains and hills,
deep valleys, swirling rivers;
complicated country.

Stumbling on paths
no Spring before
has shown me,

mountains rise above me, vehement peaks;
I fall locked, frozen, as if in a dream,
through drifts of bluebells.

I wake and find a rare kingdom;
primeval rivers of tall prairie grass,
nesting bald eagles, crimson snakes, great white egrets,

Possessed and possessing,
the vast blue peace of the sky
pours me back into my new self.

—J.M. Byles