



Twas the Night Before Solstice

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[Best when read aloud – Ed.]

Twas the night before Solstice, but early in the day
When Jorjie the dyke at last made her way
To a land way up north, where everyone was free
To the land of her dreams where everyone was gay,
Or lesbian, or trans, as the case may be.

She'd had quite a journey, undertaken at risk
Of trolls and trapezes, potholes and brisk
Bright talkers and stalkers holding the road
And Homeland Security who required a frisk
Of her person and baggage and even her toad!

It took her six months – no, just half a year
Of coping with bigots who fomented fear
Of boyish girls and girlish boys
And everything, everything, everything queer
From dolls to trucks to books and toys.

So, she'd set out to find this marvelous place
Where no one had suffered for gender or grace
Or for lack of charm or height or size
Or for coming to dinner wearing white lace.
And she'd found it, she saw, rubbing her eyes.

The snow fall lay gleaming all about the town.
None of the people had their eyes cast down!
They walked in twos, and fives and threes
All holding hands, some wearing crowns!
Oops, sorry, they're tiaras, now if you please.

Boys kissing boys and men kissing men,
Right there on the street! She saw them and then,
She spied a young dyke throwing glances her way.
Jorjie took a deep breath, remembering her Zen,
Crossed the road with her toad and got ready to say,

“Hey, sister, I saw you giving me glances.
Now I wanna know just what are my chances
Of getting to stay in this wonderful place?”
The sister was quick to tell her of dances,
Then folded Jorjie in passionate embrace.

It was the answer she needed, a welcome to town
Up there in Vermont, that land of renown.
Or at least so she dreamed when the sun stood still.
She woke the next morning in her summer nightgown
Vowing to herself, “I'll find it, I will!”

When her parents were sleeping she stole out the door
Tiptoeing like Tinkerbell across the floor
And into the forest with her toad and her axe
Striding through brushland and over the moor
Carrying vision in her heart and a full backpack.

On northward and northward for weeks she strode
Following now *this*, now *that* wooded road
Escaping the trolls, the trap-easies and all
Staying true to herself and her woman-loving code
As Summer days shortened to fade into Fall.

Despite boots and pack, no vision in flannel,
She, no dykey cliché, not stuck on sports channels,
Strode through Hoosier and Cornhusker and Show Me States,
Finding them backwards, not progressive, too banal,
No queers in politics, no state-championed dates.

Wanting to find home where gender was fluid,
Not comfortable with neighbors in fear, who hid
Who they felt like inside, they were shrouded in Bushisms!
Not sharing what they've known since they were just kids,
Saying of the closet, “My family pushed me in....”

Jorjie crossed Lake Champlain, splashing briefly with Champ,
Shook off on the docks, six months earlier so camp!
Covered with rainbows, beer tents, and gay folk,
This night slightly brisk, snow glistening by lamps,
She felt warm inside, despite her recent soak.

Two men holding hands, one slender, one furry,
Strolling by glanced her way, those two in no hurry,
(ending their four-hundredth date with a walk on the bayside)
Stretched out their umbrella, protecting her from flurries,
And made sure she wasn't left alone by the wayside.

Once inside, upstairs in their chic, modern flat,
With a goldfish, Jorjie's toad, two dogs, and a cat,
They opened their guestroom to the slightly damp newbie,
And sat her down for a welcoming chat,
About where she could meet women, talk, and make whoopie.

Fourteen cups of cocoa, and two days later,
At a bohemian coffee shop, Jorjie met a cute skater
Named Tommie, once Bethany years before,
Flirted because, well, what a cute tranny waiter!
With banter and wit that made her heart soar.

The two partnered well, spoke for hours, laughed on end,
A new lover, a partner, a confidant, a friend.
With the gay boys helping pack the U-Hauls,
(okay, kind of cliché, but could they deny that trend?!)
They moved into a home that was quaint but not too small.

The guest list grew for a grand joining of hands
With colleagues, and buddies, and neighbors, and bands.
That day, the following spring, was lovely and balmy,
And Jorjie, home at last in dyke-friendly lands,
Created life and family with her dream partner Tommie.

But this wasn't a dream, not this time, oh no!
It was as real as ice, as real as snow!
As real as irises blooming in Spring.
And our story is just about ending you know.
Joy came with the Solstice, and now we can sing!

Tra-lee, tra-la, we live in the north
Where we know our value, it just shines forth!
We join hands together to sing to the sky
And celebrate the turning of our Mother Earth
And dream of our spirits learning to fly. ▼

