

*NEW YEAR'S EVE*

Longing's so great I almost wish I'd never  
Seen to the hearts of those who smoothed the path,  
That aching pain might not be mine for ever  
At times like this, gleaning the aftermath.

I watch the clockhands flit around to midnight  
—It's more than likely they're an hour wrong—  
Each solemn beat ticks quickly off a dead mite  
Of a year that once seemed lingering and long.

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The snow whirls round the shack in frenzied madness,  
Dull sunbeams struggle through the misty haze,  
The awful night is ended, and its sadness,  
—To-day is very much like other days.