

Countdown to Midnight

It's coming in silence, the way an abstraction
takes shape as an image waiting to grow,
it's coming as hope against hope — potential
as infancy, or unmarked snow.
It's a ship of uncertain destination,
a breathing space between promise and dread;
an imperfect cadence, a Chinese whisper,
a codebook no one could hold in their head.
And though the voice of reason snivels
dates change nothing, and the pledges
the Old Year offered were paper-thin
still, to the parliament of wishes —
our blinkered, greedy, often dumb
humanity — let New Year come.

Carole Satyamurti