

New Year's Eve

The sparks fly toward a cold winter sky
Where gray clouds skim a nearly full moon
It is below freezing in your backyard
But it is warmer near the flames
Or maybe it is just the familiar sound of you
That envelopes me
And chases the cold away
And I remember who I am
And who I was
Before this cold winter day
That has nearly dawned
The fire never dies
Because we throw so much at it
Wood and paper, even tin beer cans
The detritus of life
The remnants of a plan
If we could we would throw everything into it
Bad memories and tears
Losses and wounds still open
From a year to end years
The crackling of the embers
Is an Auld Lang's Syne
To some old acquaintances best forgotten
And the bitterness and betrayal
Best consumed by time
A fire is an ending and a beginning
It feeds upon everything that is impermanent
Like careers and money and fame
And leaves behind it everything that is permanent
Like strength of spirit, love and the courage
To begin again