

2014-2015

2014 is gently closing down
Softly, beneath its bed of (surprising) snow,
In dissonant contrast to my face newly brown
From five days camping at a Californian hot spring.

I am in pause mode - that limbo between one and the other.
Taking this blessed time between what has been and what will come.

Breathing amazement that the year has fled so fast.
No need for a list - those risks taken and shared,
The hum of the gifts of the 12 months past -
Those discoveries, joys and fears play their own tune.

It is a comforting drone of all that has come before,
Anchoring the present in the relentless forward motion of life.

In my dear little house, grateful for the space,
Cleaning up littered desk and old emails, tidying Christmas remnants,
I quietly prepare for the passage into 2015, potter from place to place,
Solitary except for the new four-legged friend.

A sleek black-backed, tan eye-browed fellow
Who has adopted me with the same easy delight as I him.

Later I will read a letter written to myself this time last year
Taking it out of the 'once a year' New Year Box.
Slowly I will write this year's to myself – add it to the stack until next year.
Even later I will light more candles, heat water, add cream and whisky.

Leaving the past (stretching back more than just the year) makes me soft and sad;
Greeting the future brings the light of possibility shining in on the dusk of goodbye.