New Year
By Morgaine Davidson

After the exultant shout of fireworks has died
comes stillness.

A slow bloom: frost unfurls, discreetly
decorating car bonnets, windscreens, paving slabs.

It is late. It is early. It is both.
The ground is hard as willow bark.

Before me, a lone fox trots, unconcerned
by my solitary footfalls. The sky is clear, stars bright.

I step from the old year into the new. A slow burgeoning;
the restless starlings mutter and chirrup.

All else is quiet. Is this what I've been waiting for?
Is my breath in the night air the colour and texture of hope?