

A New Year

Time marches on, they say.

It's the one constant in life, time keeps on slipping away from us.

The wheel keeps turning

And we are herded further down life's path.

As the past year is committed to mere memory

And the advent of the new one approaches,

The grief that I have remains my new constant in life

It is my constant marker on the roadside.

A new year is a time for renewal, new hope, a new me.

Like a new page.

I am a new canvas awaiting.

Wrap me in the warmth and comfort of freshness.

It is a chance to start up once more, to get it right

To explore, to evolve and to blossom.

To march on forward

And leave the pain behind.

Once the night ends and the day starts, I'll remind myself

Hope springs eternal.

Or so they say.