

# I N T O   T H E   N E W



It is all worn down.

It is all emptied out.

This old year, exhausted,  
can barely move, or breathe, or  
lift a finger.

This year *wants* to say goodbye,  
to fall into the going,  
to be done, absolutely expire,  
to open space for the new.

No regrets, no self-judgement.  
No lingering at all.  
Only sand sliding faster down the neck  
as it narrows:

Now!  
Let all be inverted.  
May the New be full  
and fill all.