

Point

Written by Nick Alexander

Thursday, 31 December 2009 10:44 - Last Updated Saturday, 09 January 2010 11:03

Point

- New Year, 2009/2010

Now we're hear upon

That point in time that's plucked

To signify the fulcrum,

Not by sound nor silence bucked;

All in solstice set,

Wallow in the syrup of the year

Where old days, spent,

Compost to dream, and disappear;

But then witness birth,

Minted, glints novation of the New!

Gleams blinking fish-head

Was this the dreaming boy we drew?

He stands fresh and strong!

He cavorts with every sense;

Catch ahold his coat-tail

Gather up what he'll dispense.

Will you glance behind,

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Taking pause and stop, stock and store?

Did you bid farewell

To all that ran and runs no more?

Will you be seduced

By that whirling piper, pied,

Who leaps off up ahead?

He's never caught, though most have tried.

Or do you circulate,

Stepping steps you'll step again?

Shall we meet to greet

The wondrous ways of twenty-ten?

Come, let the matter lie;

The King is dead, a curious thing;

John Barleycorn must die;

He'll come again; long live the King!