

Sonnets for the New Year

And so, New Year, you must point now...
By birth you are fated thus so
No matter your wish or your vow
To stand fast...toward nowhere to go.
Just look back and see the Old Year,
Look back at the path that it took,
It, too, panicked...cringed in its fear
When worldwide it took a hard look.
It longed to be static...why not?
Could any move bring any change
To man gone to hell in his rot?
But Nature – relentless – IS change!
And so now, New Year, can you cope?
And so now, New Year, dare you hope?

And where, New Year, will you point me...
To more cataclysm and grief,
Whose victims each day I can see,
Whose victims scream please...please, relief,
Whose victims stare out through the eyes
Of flood and the fire, war and storm
And search from the ground to the skies
For something approaching the norm,
Whose media-magnified moans
Bewail a grim world in the throes
Of what one thinks Satan intones
For everyone...all as his foes?
And so now, New Year, who can cope?
And so now, New Year, may one hope?

And where, New Year, will you point them...
Those using religion as theme,
With curses encrusted with phlegm
And infidels' death as their scheme
To conquer the world for Islam,
To proselytize with the sword,
Give life-and-death power to imam,
Claim blood in the streets as accord,
Make whole populations to dwell
In terrorized fiefdoms of fear
And turn their earth-frame into hell,
Cause famine, beheadings...death's leer?
And so now, New Year, who can cope?
And so now, New Year, may one hope?

So now, New Year, will you point us...
All beings inhabiting Earth,
To that which will yet disjoin us
Or join us in peaceful rebirth?
You know not, of course, you know not,
But looking down roads of passed time,
Could you but foresee the same blot
That robbed most of life of its rhyme?
Disasters, no matter how formed,
Through pestilence, fire or the sword,
Will call for a people reformed...
For others with help to afford.
And so now, New Year, who can cope?
And so now, New Year, may one hope?

So, New Year, you now will point all...
To enterprise sane or insane,
For some, only wormwood and gall,
For others, a measure of gain.
From nature the storms will arise
And people to people will give
In heeding the fear-driven cries,
And helping to see that they live.
By hand of the mullahs the sword
Will glisten with infidels' blood,
But forces in civil accord
Will crush terror's swarms in the mud.
And so now, New Year, some will cope?
And so now, New Year, one may hope?

“So, yes, New Year, I would point you,”
Said the voice from far beyond time,
“In Eden I marked out the view
To give life its rhythm and rhyme,
But mankind withdrew from the way
I pointed at time of his breath,
So now I but offer this day
My Son both in life and in death.
For strength in the day and the night
He gathers mankind under wing,
His peace is the soul's inner light,
Not that with his sword man would bring.
So yes, New Year, you can cope.
So yes, New Year, you dare hope.”

