



SEEING IT NEW

by Amlanjyoti Goswami

The old year is leaving through the window.
The new year waits outside the door.

I make myself tea in the kitchen
Leaving a window open.

The year is flying out
But I am not ready to open the door. Not yet.

All quiet now.
Some make a clean break from the past.

Some look at it another way – the year begins at harvest. April.
At the festival of lights. November.

But that door is knocking. I hear a bell.
Wait, I shout, not time yet.

This zone between dawn and dusk.
Every breath is a birthday.

