

LISA BARNETT

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## Another New Year

Wisdom is still not ours, and may not come  
this year or ever, so let the New Year pass  
like all that came before and left us numb  
or dumb or worse. We're loath to raise a glass  
or join the celebrants one floor below—  
they're giddy with the night's cheap happiness,  
but we are stone cold sober and we know  
how soon things fall back to the same old mess.  
From where we sit up here, it all seems lame;  
no matter what you'd hoped or planned, you're stuck  
with your own familiar face and boring name.  
The New Year brings again its worn-out luck,  
but we for once ignore its drunkard's tune,  
staring out the window at the cold, cold moon.