

# For the New Year

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Running from moment to moment,  
until standing to fight,  
choosing our moment,  
pausing to steep in the waters and then,  
heroic, holding them all back,  
turning the tide awry,  
— yes, even against the moon —  
rewriting the order of things  
until things realise their mistake  
until things recognise they knew all along  
until the moon understands and follows sway  
in the heavens, as it is on earth  
— this, we shall do.

And as we fly,  
soar,  
crash,  
run,  
fight,  
advance,  
march,  
skip,  
dance,  
spin,  
demand,  
prank,  
and swashbuckle  
our way into a future  
— a future gloriously uncertain, but certainly glorious —  
we remember the stakes:  
if nothing a colossal, woeful, defeat  
measured in millennia backwards;  
if everything, then heaven on earth  
— and there is no other heaven.

Crashing through social barriers,  
blasting the walls of the unspeakable,  
shattering received silences,  
rampaging through received injustice,  
rioting through the received outrages,  
embracing through the received holocausts,  
clinging at the unbearable vastness of human suffering,  
and loving, loving, loving,  
and laughing, grimacing,  
through gritted teeth  
still with a wry joke to tell —  
if you see  
and still smile  
and hope  
then, animate, aroused, enraged  
— outward outraged! —  
conscience will seethe and boil,  
conscience will rock received truths  
conscience will not let you rest  
until you  
— see in that better world.