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Yearbirth

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Yearbirth
by Nancy E. Wright

We, the other planets of the Solar System—
that is, according to the Earthlings who named us
and on occasion remember the images of us that they have created—
wanted
to give Earth
a meteor
shower, since we knew
fireworks were not allowed.
The last comet had certainly left enough debris.
Many of you Earthlings were so desperate
For a New Year, that you would have
induced its arrival months before it was due,
even to the point of re-writing the calendar,
had doing so not caused even more confusion.
Half of your population calls the last month Winter,
and the other half calls it Summer.
For many, but not all, it is the customary time of the New Year:
for some, the time between the bright light seen by shepherds and the star seen by Magi.
For others, it does not come for another month, in accordance with
Jupiter's orbit.
For those, this past Year of the Rat could not end soon enough to welcome
the Year of the Ox.
For still others, the New Year is marked at a totally different time
by shofar, lunar crescent, or neem leaves;
yet even they could not wait for the first day of January.
As for us, we just watched you, as we always do.
Something about this just past year has jolted even our symmetry,
and we are left justified and ragged on the right.
We have never seen evergreens, shepherds, rats, or oxen,
and from a distance only a few wise men and women.
We did see that
Hope

Dared
to meet
Memories,
celebrations
of past years' end with
fireworks over mountains
covered in snow or lava,
gazing at starlight or oceans,
glass in hand with champagne birthing dreams
like bubbles newborn as the year's first blink.