

New Year

New Year, don't be startled by our fireworks,
our shouts. The last thing in the world we want
is to frighten you. It's your first day on the job.
Welcome to Kingston. You have a stack of souls

who must be born this year, and another stack
will perish. The largest pile on your desk consists
of those carrying on as usual. New Year,
why are you trembling? Come closer, I promise

we won't hurt you. I know our darkened woods
these days have more dark than woods but still
our grass sleeps in its green hut and still
our little swan of hope floats across its pond.

Jason Heroux, Poet Laureate, City of Kingston
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