

## **NEW YEAR ANGST**

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December night, chill walls.

The clock is ticking  
like drops of water  
from a leaky tap.

I am waiting  
as I always have.

Outside, there's the roar  
of laughter and the loud shouts  
of a frenzied multitude  
waiting for a never-to-be-dawn.

Their delirious revelry over,  
they will be all gone  
leaving empty snack packs  
and abandoned books  
for the dogs to sniff at  
and cry to the Gods.

I look across the window,  
the aged moon is crawling  
across the faded sky.

I wonder what is new at all.

Nothing,  
except new calendar sheets  
and piled up memories  
of broken promises  
and unfulfilled dreams.