

The New Year Poem

by Carole E. Gregory

The Sankofa bird turns its neck backwards,
towards its tail like a human looking back at one's toddler self,
like an adult holding old ABC blocks,
trying to see where the years have gone.
Our dreams still fly as God's promises,
waiting upon the Lord,
remembering loves and mistakes like a dropped egg,
our essence splattering.
We still make the circle of life
from a bloody birth
leaving the womb of blessings,
following the Disciples as they spread the Gospel
and make miracles like feeding the Five Thousand,
walking the Earth to smell Spring tree buds,
combing our gray hair to complete the circle of life.

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