

Barbara Drake

New Year Thoughts

2020, a noteworthy number for a year,
like 1919, the year my mother was born.
A year like perfect vision,
a teeter-totter year.
Can we hope for balance?

First cup of coffee in 2020,
perfect from my old Bialetti.
I admire the Brownian motion
of cream poured into good
black and bitter coffee. Smell
creates a picture, a long-ago past year
shopping with my mother
at the old Coos Bay Safeway.
I'm 12 or 13.
I boost myself up to inhale
the delightful smell of coffee,
to peer into grinding beans
and find a dark swirling universe.

On this morning walk
the air is moist. It's not raining exactly,
but I touch my hair and it's wet
in a nice way, as if a fog spirit
had kissed the top of my head.
No one else on the road, but we see
prints in the muddy gravel—
mark of horse shoes, elk hooves,
tires wide and narrow, squiggle

of a worm, prints of our shoes going out.
We follow our own steps back home
to this new year 2020.

