

In our first 'Poem of the Week' of 2020, Ella Wheeler Wilcox shares the universal hopes and challenges of each new year.

Time moves forward unstopably, as years come and years go.  
Every new year brings a "burden" of both "light" and "night". While it raises great expectations within us for the 12 months ahead, we are also faced with the reality that each new year will inevitably be filled with both joyous and sorrowful moments.

*And on that sobering note... Happy new year, OLS!*

## **The Year**

What can be said in New Year rhymes,  
That's not been said a thousand times?

The new years come, the old years go,  
We know we dream, we dream we know.

We rise up laughing with the light,  
We lie down weeping with the night.

We hug the world until it stings,  
We curse it then and sigh for wings.

We live, we love, we woo, we wed,  
We wreath our brides, we sheet our dead.

We laugh, we weep, we hope, we fear,  
And that's the burden of the year.

**Ella Wheeler Wilcox**