

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

A laugh, a kiss - a year is dead,  
With tenderness the new is born.  
But no: she turns her face away,  
The little rose puts out a thorn.

her thorns the little rose puts out:  
I'm not for plucking, let me be!  
A little thorn, a drop of blood -  
I'll kiss her though she won't kiss me.

If she won't kiss me, I'll kiss her.  
And may the year that now ascends  
Trouble her lips with sweet desire,  
And touch her heart till it unbends.

David Martin