

## FOR A NEW YEAR

*Holly Wren Spaulding*

Let plain things please you again  
and every ordinary Monday.  
Bean soup in a white bowl,  
firewood in your arms.  
The weight of longing.  
That you have survived is evidence  
that nothing is assured  
but you are lucky.  
Looking up from this page  
let all of it surprise you—  
piled mail, other people, the air.