

**EAMON GRENNAN**

**At the End (31/12/07)**

Like snow in early spring though it's only New Year's Eve the snow  
this morning after shoveling became the wet dark of street and driveway  
as well as snow-buds living like blossoms on our weeping beech  
whose bare branches quicken in that cold hold while this ghastrlight  
scarifies the void-stretched limbs of the great plane tree and jays and  
sparrows keep chattering and it's apt that this last day (of a year with its  
usual storm-clouds and blood-mist and gust after sweeping gust  
of thunderlight) should show on the *Times*' front page a picture  
of the latest face to be made a thing of the past as Pakistan and its  
rattled nonplussed neighbours make the sign of fire and we sign off  
as if it could burn anything away as if there could be (given even this  
mild blue-and-white day) any true new beginning in the world we've made  
and each day walk about as on our native ground expecting everything.