

# At the New Year

By Kenneth Patchen

In the shape of this night, in the still fall  
    of snow, Father  
In all that is cold and tiny, these little birds  
    and children  
In everything that moves tonight, the trolleys  
    and the lovers, Father  
In the great hush of country, in the ugly noise  
    of our cities  
In this deep throw of stars, in those trenches  
    where the dead are, Father  
In all the wide land waiting, and in the liners  
    out on the black water  
In all that has been said bravely, in all that is  
    mean anywhere in the world, Father  
In all that is good and lovely, in every house  
    where sham and hatred are  
In the name of those who wait, in the sound  
    of angry voices, Father  
Before the bells ring, before this little point in time  
    has rushed us on  
Before this clean moment has gone, before this night  
    turns to face tomorrow, Father  
There is this high singing in the air  
Forever this sorrowful human face in eternity's window  
And there are other bells that we would ring, Father  
Other bells that we would ring.

Kenneth Patchen, "At the New Year" from *Collected Poems*. Copyright © 1939 by Kenneth Patchen. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation.

Source: *Collected Poems* (New Directions Publishing Corporation, 1939)