

New Year, New You?

Another year, another chance,
To learn to cook, to learn to dance.
I'll wake at dawn, I'll eat so clean,
This year, I'll stick to the routine.

But habits slip, as the days grow long,
And soon my good intentions are very gone.
The treadmill grows dusty, salads wilt,
The pizza calls out, and there's no guilt.

Yet in the mess, I find some peace,
Perfection's pressure starts to cease.
We chase these goals to feel brand new,
But who we are will still carry through.

So here's to change that's slow and real,
To taking time, to learn to feel.
Resolutions will fade with time,
But slow steady steps—they suit me just fine.