

In love with new beginnings: Michael Morgan

New beginnings.
That's the problem.
I love new beginnings.
I get so excited every time.
I get so full of energy I can feel it racing through my body.
I can't sit still.
I want to start what ever it is. Now!
Why wait?
So off I go.
Wheeee.

Off I go, with little or no thought as to where I might be going, what I might be doing or where I might be headed.
All that matters is that it's new. It's a new beginning.

It could be as little as opening a new book or as big as moving house.
It could be the dawn of a new day or the promise of summer.
It could be anything, so long as it's new and different.
And as for what I was doing or where I was before. That's quickly forgotten and seldom finished.
I love beginnings. New beginnings.

Endings.
I don't love endings.
I avoid them.
With endings, it's over, it's gone, it's past. And often forgotten.
With endings comes sadness, sorrow and a sense that something's missing.
At best it's a memory. Something was and now it isn't.
The last page of the book, the closing of the door.
The darkness at the end of the day, the forgotten promise of summer.

Endings.

So before it ends, it begins.
New beginnings.

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