Drifting balloons of conversation sail over champagne glasses both slowly emptying the old year away, measuring the hours spent waiting for the celebration. "It's time!" yells the herald of the corner bar, banging his glass in rhythm to the flipping television as if to announce the birth of his newborn son, first kid since Abel to renounce the toys of war and reject a loaded gun aimed at the temple of the happy parents. The old crowd gathers 'round now pressing on with roars of laughter through the swinging double doors past the ever-watchful Janus who indeed must truly tire of men's broken promises and phony cease-fires.