

Tammany Hall NYC, Wintertime

wintertime.

slush-filled shoes await the subway line.

and i catch chills down my spine.

traffic cops sip coffee and fall behind.

wintertime.

she longs to chill me out with undershine.

she drowns my spirit with her salty wine.

her arms hold me in my mind.

she won't say your name or leave you in the night.

she just helps you feel and lets you know that feeling's alright.

sometimes i am blind to the lessons only she can provide.

and for that moment, i'm warm inside.

wintertime.

the pubs are packing...you might wait a while.

smell of sawdust mixed in village-style,

but the mugs don't crack a smile.

winter seeps through skin.

resides in sorrow's tin.

she can slay a man with forces only he can understand.

sometimes i am blind to the pain inflicted inside.

and she holds me, but she doesn't let me hide.