## The Honorary Title, Snow Day

The window fogs from my breath
My face pressed up close, up close against
Catching the snowfall under a beam of streetlight
And praying for accumulation all through the night
These confrontations puncture the skin
Reveal evidence that you are easily broken
You're so easily broken
Exposed and relentlessly streaming from the cracks
At that age when everything is seemingly life or death

Please let the snow swallow the streets whole Keep the bus from coming

Let us stay at home

So we can avoid the daily drudgery

The cruelty fueled from laughter that will echo in our sleep

The season, weakening the hold

The blades dulled from the front that hints the snow

Warming the engine slowly turns

Stuttering awoken from the sounds of the shovels scraping concrete

At that age when everything is seemingly life or death

Adrenaline fuels my

Fist grinds my teeth through sleep