

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