

The Honorary Title "Snow Day"

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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 bleeding 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

Seasons, weakening the hold the blades dulled
From the front that hints the snow warming engine
slowly turns
Stuttering awoken from the sounds of shovels scraping
concrete
At that age when everything is seemingly life or death

Adrenaline fuels my
Fist grinds my teeth through sleep

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