

Honorary Title, The "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're easily broken.
You're so easily broken.
Exposed and relentlessly streaming from the cracks,
At that age when everything's seemingly life or death.

Please let the snow swallow the streets whole,
Keep the bus from coming,
Let us stay 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 frost that hints at snow,
Warning the engine slowly turns,
Stuttering awoken from the sounds of the shovels
scraping concrete.
At that age when everything's seemingly life or death.

Please let the snow swallow the streets whole,
Keep the bus from coming,
Let us stay home.

Adrenaline fuels my
Fist grinds my teeth through sleep.

Adrenaline fuels my
Fist grinds my teeth through sleep.

Please let the snow swallow the streets whole,
Keep the bus from coming,
Let us stay home.

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

Let us stay home.

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