2nd February Poem

between ice and water
there is this

gray interval

the curb loosens
its black teeth

and whatever winter hid
begins appearing

receipt
bone
cigarette end
orange peel
one glove
not mine

hurry up please
the gutter says

it is time
it is time

for the old snow
to confess

what it has carried
under its white habit

all month

the city sweats

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2nd February Poem

through its coat

basement walls darken
with remembered rain

and in the train station
a woman says

I thought I was done
with him

to no one

or to everyone

while the turnstile
keeps counting

body
body
body

and the river underneath us
goes on practicing

its one brown sentence

not yet flood
not yet spring

only thaw

the softening
that ruins

what hardness
preserved

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