

Joe Bruner
Poetry II
Dramatic Dialogue

Chicago

The snow is falling all around, soft,
Without a sound.
The asphalt roads are covered
In asphalt colored slush that sprays me
As the cars drive by.
I stare at the red tail lights,
Half crusted with ice and I wonder
Where needs you so bad
You need to rush
on ice.

I walk underneath a street lamp,
Its florescent light glowing Balefully
on the glistening snow.
We pass each other on the salt-laden sidewalk.
You're buried under a plethora
Of scarves and coats – I can't see your face
Only your eyes, not even the
cherry tip of your nose.

And I wonder where you're from
That you hide so thickly from the world.
Overhead the sky is gray, though the
Sun has set. You can tell.
The trees lining the side are half
Caked with three-day-old stale snow,
though it looks just as beautiful.
The birds are silent, the sky is silent,
And without a sound,
The snow is falling all around, soft.