## The Messenger

Volume 1990 Issue 1 The Messenger, Spring 1990

Article 6

Spring 1990

## The Walk

Amy Snyder

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger



Part of the Poetry Commons

## Recommended Citation

Snyder, Amy (1990) "The Walk," The Messenger: Vol. 1990: Iss. 1, Article 6.  $A vailable\ at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1990/iss1/6$ 

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

## The Walk

It was so cold.

And there was ice, as hard as diamond, underfoot.

The snow was crust and killing cold

And the sky was gold with clouds.

The sidewalks went on forever.

Forever

Into silence.

And there was nothing in the cloud-shielded sky.

It was Void (?)

No, that sounds stupid.

It was just empty.

But empty is awful too.

I wanted stars to sing to, but there were only clouds.

And frozen air.

And so I walked.

And walked.

And walked and walked and walked and

Walked.

And there was still nothing.

Pain with empty frozen heart,

And tears that cannot (or will not) fall.

It seemed almost sublime,

But it wasn't.

It was only ordinary pain.

But ordinary pain is terrible too.

And so I walked

With frozen feet

(They don't hurt when they're frozen.)

And frozen cheeks

(You can't feel them when they're numb.)

And taffeta rustling under wool.

I walked and thought of nothing.

The sky was clearing above me.

White moon.

Dim stars.

I wanted to walk forever, until the stars were clear and bright.

7

But I was freezing, and not that brave.
(Plus I had to go to the bathroom)
And so I turned back
To laughter and conversation
And a million tiny deaths.
The white moon was there,
But I climbed the icy steps to the porch
And quietly opened the door to warm electric light.

Did anyone notice ?

Amy Snyder WC '93

