

Thin Lights, Fat House

Wind like thin ice
wrapped
 around our faces, the few left

on the street, my bicycle
whirring underneath,
 a goose anxious

for the South. Winter finds him

with a soccer ball in
the cracked
 grass

staring at the strangeness
 that is me

freezing to death, riding
home in November.
 We stare back

at each other—
awkward, overweight boys

in a tailor's mirror.

SCOTT MINAR