

Snowlit

by Brian Gross

Maybe it was the snow that made me go
on that opening December night, the specks
floating across bastions of light that fall
perpetually consequentlessly, until they

build on my eyelashes and lips in the
8 o'clock dusk. The snow that made me go
on a stroll through all the days I hadn't slept
at a chapter ending, but lay restlessly wondering,
the women I had still never kissed, the problems
perpetually consequentlessly building on my eyes
and lips
and I slipped away. The wind tells me
to focus, the blue shine from the fluorescent pond
draws me over and I slipped away from the stress
and the coffee headache and the nine pages waiting
to be mislabeled my final draft. They'd keep waiting.

I drew my cell phone from its holster, the modern
lover's six shooter, and told that dear little loved one
it was time for me to tell her something worth saying.