

WINTRY MIX

TONI SCORSESE

entire neighborhoods were
swaddled in fleece and boots
mission bound to snaffle
halite for the morning

the eerie billow of
gales in hoarse wail
heralded the squall
pressing our urgency

a creamsicle sky
cushioned the dusky sun
as first flakes feathered
onto muffled cement

in early dark hours on empty streets
we'd pause our scurry for padded corners
to gentle the woolly midnight

and inhale the smell of snow

3/19/2023
[...]