

Snow Day

Matt Pond PA

struck brightly by the winter
when the snow falls thick and silent
i can only hear you breathing

i will follow a set of deep tracks
other people all stay hidden
as the cars rest under snow drifts

so clearly the dark sky
appears framed by cables
so clearly your breath's white
as you struggle to tell

that the people we have become
still lay awake hoping to hear airwaves
say snow day

as the day goes gray to grayer
we don't think of all the struggle
in our footsteps, it's behind us

so clearly your eyes framed in the light decaying
so quiet your words stood out when you were saying
that people we have become
all know there's more than the setting sun
snow day

we can want more
we'll find out in the new morning
we can want more
we'll wait up to hear closings