

## Snow Drums

Piano Magic

Three on the backseat as we drive home from rehearsal  
There's snow on the drums  
The snare shudders like a cold ghost between my mittens  
in the trunk, guitars slide like dead over dead  
It's stopped snowing  
We think we see foxes  
I breathe a canvas on the window to write your name on the landscape  
The sky is a grey flint from coast to coast with birds frozen in  
Magic Trees share the dashboard with a Playdoh Jesus  
Grapelli and Reinhardt lock horns on the radio  
I draw a black skull on my jeans, not thinking, through to the skin  
the headlamps come on at five  
I miss you bad