Grace General

John K. Samson

Cruel snow, cracked lips, sun lost by four.
Cold winces through the cardboard window
Where the cobblestone was smashed into glass.
And the bare bulb of moon swings over Portage Avenue
And lights the icy rut you sprinkled with sand
Down the dim hall of chain stores to Grace
Where the parking lot is full again.
I don't bother locking up.
The face before the doors slide apart
Is hers the day they took away the candy,
Left gift shop tulips to frame her alarmed.
What will I do now?
What will I do now?
What will I do now?
What will I do now?

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