

## **i passed into dreams**

I passed into dreams  
watching the snow fall  
and awoke the next morning  
to see sidewalks  
dark and wet  
streets  
salted and mounded, yet  
still teeming with big square trucks and yellow cabs  
men in coats  
picking their way in the street  
protecting their shoes  
shrunken ladies in layers  
trudging stoically  
like moles  
pushing their little carts like shields in front of them  
white had long given over to gray  
car windows all smeared  
wipers wiping  
horns  
the sky was frozen blue and smoke  
hung still from vents on rooftops  
it was not beautiful  
the whole scene was chaotic  
slushy  
surreal  
but as I drank coffee and watched  
I was pleased nevertheless.

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