

The Government Finance Officers Association

Today there has been a prediction of snow,
up to half a foot by midnight, and the air
is full of this possibility. If this were a poem,
by the end, the snow would begin to fall,
noiselessly, blanketing even the busiest
streets in this city with its cold wet.

There would be details about sad people
in tall office buildings, waiting for something
to change, how they floss after lunch with
thread and paperclips, how their teabags slap
the sides of their least favorite mugs, how their
one-night stands deserve to count for more,
how the whispered promise of pie or the cookies
on the seventh floor can move them from their

windows long enough to miss the sky becoming
whiter and the wind picking up litter from the
streets. After a lunch break too tedious to
surreptitiously extend, city of maudlin, slashed
villages, this could stick, I tell you.