

The Ice Scraper Symphony

by Carl Santoro

(To be played at 5 p.m. in the parking lot of any huge corporation with the accompaniment of snow on the ground and ice on the car windshields)

I have the key to
your heart.
I warm you
and you warm me.
We have waited
all day for each other.
Warm up now
as I clean away
the crystals
that hide your very soul.
A unisex symphony
we all here now play,
our plastic instruments
jazzing rapidly, hysterical,
staccato-like,
gouging out loud notes,
chords out of glass.
The icy sheet music crying
from your rising heat within.
We're off in a flash
down treacherous paths.
A capsule of fear.
A capsule of hope.

