

it snows

by Bud Smith

so warm ...
rolling stones,
hot rocks: side one
this heart of stone
my girl came home
with a green suitcase
travel record player
we set it up in the pink room
next to the desk where I write
and she dug around
came back with pinot noir
her eyes were like little fires
I leaned back in the chair
that I found in the garbage
cracked all my knuckles
except for the broken one
and said, "we'll still be here
when the sun comes up,
so, take a seat"
"don't get comfortable,"
she cooed, "though life is long."
"It's a trick."
"yup, it is."
the red chair wrapped her up
the radiator sang out
I popped open the wine
with a Nike shoelace
a trick I learned on the internet
she pulled out her paints
one by one by one by one

then revealed a canvas
hidden behind the bookcase
"think I'll paint over this one"
"don't do that"
"then buy it from me."
"I'm broke."
"I'll take a million bucks"
she filled my coffee cup with wine
or blood or crushed cherries
or something
I worked a rewrite over
hunting typos as she *sang*
let's spend the night together
neighbor knocking on the door
my foot stomping on the floor
"ignore the world, baby
thursday nights are for you and me"
"I know that," she said,
pushing her long hair out of her eyes
right as Ruby Tuesday came on
we noticed
that age old thing
all our teeth purple
paint all over the records
my fingers hurting from bad typing
she opened up the window
and we climbed out
onto the shaky fire escape
and watched the snow falling
on 173rd street.

