

# 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.

