

Winter in Phoenix Arizona

by Mark Waldrop

Winter in Phoenix Arizona happens in July.
An overgrown lawn is working its way up onto
The sidewalk.
And then there's you with your mower,
A hidden newspaper in the middle of everything.
Snowflakes puff out from under
Spinning blades.
You hover above like God, with sunlight dripping
Out of your face, melting the collage of real estate,
And community events.
Sweat in your glasses makes a
Drunken fun-house mirror out of
Your feet, cut-up comics, and disconnected
Crossword puzzles. Obituaries.
Separated syllables scatter -
Wind blown snowflakes cascade
Like little white gymnasts over the grass,
Driveway, and into the neighbors roses.

