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Two Resignations

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Cover Page Footnote

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Two Resignations

1

I am standing alone on the corner here
While the frigid blast
Is ramming its needle-fingers
Through my limping coat. . .
Through my senseless body.

I am standing alone here
Making no effort to
Cringe behind my collar,
But letting the speeding crystals of
Snow and ice slap me cold in the face
In hoping. . .
Hoping that I might revive.

I can't tell you how I am dead. . .
Today is Ash Wednesday
And they'll tell me I am dead
And that I'll turn to dust.
But you know all that; you've died before.

2

I can't tell you how I am,
But I don't have to because you know—
You know how to step in front of a car
And don't care.
But tell me, but tell me this,
What is living here?
And say how we are.

Will you walk with me?
Walk with me by my side
Through the slush-black sidewalk mazes. . .
Brush off the snow that drips heavy
From my brows and blinds me. . .
Say you too have been lonely these months,
For I cannot see beyond the pelting moment. . .

phil parisi