Midnight Drive

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss1/3
The absence of sounds is what
I hear
No honking horns or
Outdoor activities

I feel my nose drip as the
Warm summer air turns to fall
The joggers running in shorts are
Now in fleece jackets and headbands

The snow route signs are more evident
Along with apartment number 54 and 56
For sale and for rent

The streetlights turn on at 7 p.m.
As the deli shop owner pulls the
Outdoor chairs in and
The ice cream parlors close
For the season

The dogs still bark and the
Homeless man still pushes his
Shopping cart
But the heat now blasts into my car
Instead of the air conditioning

The intersections usually packed with
Annoying cars are now empty and
The stoplight I sit at for 10 minutes now
Turns green before I even stare at it

The gravel still crunches beneath the
Passing tires
But the screeching ones have come to a halt

The overhanging trees that blossom in
Our front yard now dance to the chill
Of the wind