Those...

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/21
As seconds turn to minutes, as minutes turn to hours. As hours accumulate, they become those days we miss. The evenings in the cutting winds of late December, where husky coats and heavy shoes couldn't hold back the biting cold. Or the toasty nights of late June on Bryant Ave, pestering the prostitutes, as they strutted along the sidewalks, relaxed, twirling their tongues. Or the chilly nights of an early September, sprawled across the leather couches watching war movies - we laughed. Or the days of always when we built castles in air, of brick homes we would own on the sandy, breezy shores of Brazil. We were the daily news, our names leaping from tongue-to-tongue. Everyone hated us, but we didn't care. So, bring your knives, your guns, even your words – I'll remind you though, we will not care. We will not run. Only, maybe, for some fun. As seconds turn to minutes, as minutes turn to hours. As hours accumulate, they become those days we miss.