The Government Finance Officers Association

Erica Bernheim

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Today there has been a prediction of snow, 
up to half a foot by midnight, and the air 
is full of this possibility. If this were a poem, 
by the end, the snow would begin to fall, 
noiselessly, blanketing even the busiest 
streets in this city with its cold wet.

There would be details about sad people 
in tall office buildings, waiting for something 
to change, how they floss after lunch with 
thread and paperclips, how their teabags slap 
the sides of their least favorite mugs, how their 
one-night stands deserve to count for more, 
how the whispered promise of pie or the cookies 
on the seventh floor can move them from their 
windows long enough to miss the sky becoming 
whiter and the wind picking up litter from the 
streets. After a lunch break too tedious to 
surreptitiously extend, city of maudlin, slashed 
villages, this could stick, I tell you.