The Government Finance Officers Association

Erica Bernheim

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
The Government Finance Officers Association

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.