

Poetry Workshop I

Christmas Music
Joe Bruner

Outside the world is blanketed in
snow and silence.
I stand at the window, a soft
golden glow spilling out on the
salt encrusted sidewalk.
Staring through the frost crystals
crissing and crossing over the pane,
two sandy-haired young boys
stand amidst a growing pile
of red and green shreds.
Beside them, videotapes in hand,
their parents laughing
at the unrestrained joy.
Behind this family a tree stands,
twinkling and glimmering with
festive lights and sparkling ornaments.
Suddenly a flake lands on my cheek
and it sinks in.
I turn around and admire
the silent flurry of millions
falling all about me.
I hold out my arm and watch
as they cling to my jacket and
melt in my hand.
The flakes fall in the light
of the lone street lamp wrapped
in green pines and red ribbons.
I make my way down the
slush covered street,
enjoying the pure and total
silence.