

Snowless Winter

John Maus

A snowless winter
Oh, how I miss the snow
And in the city that I hate
I don't make sense to anyone
Does anyone know
What wonders the night can hold in the cold?
Can there be inspiration without the snow-
covered wandering streets?
Gently moonlit chimneys and frost-covered window panes?

A snowless winter is living death
Breathing out air without seeing your breath
I'm depressed
And I'm stupid and foolish
Your sick, sunny palm trees are creepy and ghoulish
I hate myself more than anyone else in the city
And it soothes me to know most of them will be dead
In a hundred years of snowless winters

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