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Thick Cold Cream

Thick cold cream
layered over row houses
whole neighborhood's locked down
haven't ventured off in two days.
first snow of the season
no one's outside, I've peeped
out the window
looking for other souls across the yard,
to the other side of the block
even the quarter kiosk
is silent and dead.
dim haze comes to town and stops
all hustle.

We're not the same people
time has stopped. thick cold cream.
layered on roofs n' cars n' streetlamps,
fences, hedges n' sidewalks.
has stopped Time
stopped all hustle
left is . . husk of our homes.

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