The Boys of Night Winter

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Their puffy winter jackets lifting their faces high above the horizon the boys troop in from the snow

unshaped voices shaking snow out of the smoke-tinted sky even inside the house

they don't take off and hang up their smiles but start tossing a tight bundle of words among themselves

white flakes still tickling blond brows and turning to salt in the deep wells of darkening brown eyes

there's no room for me inside but I can't swing the front door open against the wind beyond

I have no choice but to turn into snow not a snowman but a snowfall or maybe a snowman's naked soul