

the crescent moon eyes  
of children exiting the school bus

their sad faces  
hang  
in defeat

submitting to the sting of the cold

parents picking up  
the next week's haul  
at the liquor store

cursed words twirling into the air

the tarnished sun  
setting

a murder of crows  
keeping the bare trees warm

while a train trudges  
through the snow  
in the distance,

screaming  
that it has had  
enough.