Cold.
Burns my nose,
my cheeks,
my fingers,
frosts my breath,
and stings my eyes.

I. Lights shining
on a winter night
stare through the
icy blackness,
and people stare
at them
in turn
with blurred and
watering gazes
quietly thinking,
worried,
asking themselves
questions
forced upon them
by the lights.

II. In winter
I walk
with my hands
in my pockets
and my elbows
hugging against my ribs.
The crisp air
bites against
my nostrils,
and I remember
times lost
in warmer arms.

III. I see faces,
cold faces,
pass by me
quickly
without ever
glancing up,
wearing cold smiles,
blank expressions,
and always vacant eyes,
their features
burnt upon
their faces
with some
grim and horrid
iron—
scars set there
forever.

IV. Nothing is honest
any more,
not even
childhood.
Christmas is gone,
prostituted,
clothed in tinsel,
great and ostentatious,
led around
the nation
on a leash
and stored away
after a long
and thorough
milking.
Children too,
are shackled
and led quickly
our children

to the marketplace,
that it is wrong

sheathed with
for men to cry?
dubious values

and taught
VI. Sometimes
to buy
it seems
(but mostly sell)

and shown that
as if there is
everything
just winter
has its price.
for us all.
Mommy and Daddy
We walk
wall them in
with hands
and tell them
in pockets
how,
while the cold
and when
burns our noses

to buy
and stings our hearts
and
( but mostly sell )
shown that
everything
has its price.
and taught
VI. Sometimes

Mommy and Daddy

wall them in

and tell them

how,

and when


V. What greater sign

is there

of our dishonesty

than that we teach

against love,
to strangers

and charity.

Too late,
and do their best

they find themselves


in the cold.

left out

in the cold.

and are always

on their guard

against love,

and charity.

Too late,

they find themselves

left out

in the cold.

V. What greater sign

is there

of our dishonesty

than that we teach