

...november 8, 2011...

i puddle hop the flooded streets  
to occupy loose coffee shops  
with steaming brews and newspapers  
of sudokus and horoscopes –

in crowded anonymity  
i read about the seawall walk  
where snow geese have turned radical  
taking over bench and park –

a chatter page of rhinestone crowns  
reveals last year's beauty queens  
while woes of wall street's fallen kings  
tops the editorials –

escaping from the icy rain  
i travel italy and spain  
with makeup tips and housing fads  
to feed my chilled imaginings.

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