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Blurs of Grey Excitement

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Blurs of Grey Excitement

The smell of wet newspaper
Overwhelms the cramped elevator.
Jingling eager keys,
I burst into my apartment
With dripping, clinging clothes.
I peel them off
And cover myself with a velvet blanket.
I cuddle by the space heater,
Look past the iron post bed
With starched, beige sheets and a fresh comforter,
And tip toe on the wooden floor
To the painted window sill.
I watch blurs of grey excitement:
Hurried black umbrellas and pleas for taxis,
Desperate, indistinguishable shapes.
I stare into the cold haze
And feel a moist draft against my skin.
Closing the off-white curtains to the rain,
I fall back, legs in the air
Onto my new, fresh sheets.

By: Kris Taylor

"And now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye."

- Antoine de Saint - Exupery

