Blanket

Does it matter to you that it’s snowing in West Virginia and people keep saying the word *blanket*?

Over the cars: a blanket and the streets are blanketed and the schools are closing under blankets of wet snow.

I’m sitting under a blanket missing every place I’ve lived—Pittsburgh’s edges, Boston’s proper sidewalks, the cold shoulders and steel jaws of New York. Do you remember our last walk?

The leaves were sticking to the ground, the park was orange and oddly warm and people were laid out on blankets, little islands, little worlds of what they loved, wanted to love or no longer loved, but were trying, for whatever reason, to hold onto.