

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 blank-
eted 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.