

eric sommer

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chicago in rogers park

steering wheel
in fixed set through
the dotted, pocked ice-splattered
windshield I gaze out
past the ice melted
by the dashboard heater
now working furiously to
warm the front seat
and down glenwood avenue
the warm yellow glowing
tops of streetlights
standing out against a background of
whiteout snow-storming
and reflect and instantly
identified by the billions of
turbulent snow-falling ice crystals
that blow, and swirl, and blow
and rush down the empty street
and then turn red and yellow and red again
as reflected and refracted by the
meaningless
useless traffic lights
when cars pass on my left and hit
the breaks on greenleaf street

figures move in a drifting white haze
corner to corner
the snow relentless, building, drifting
white haze forming perfect curves
on white ridges in a white snow sahara
that fold back on themselves

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and burst back to me in rippled fragments
the sound of the elevated train competes with
the howling wind which
easily holds its own against the clanking
unnatural iron snake
moving towards the loop
through the howling wind
as the windshield wipers
stop and the windshield briefly clear
spackles up again
in a few seconds

and ice and snow crystals and cold and wind
paste up the windows and
seal me into the rental car
amid this magnificent panorama
on glenwood by greenfield
exploding in waves of white, furious howls
and moving snow dunes and drifts
already up to the side windows
and a snow dune landscape
just beyond the car parked in front of my
parked observation point where
the glass block wall
of the red line tap
reflects this magnificent drama
to an empty, vacant
snow filled street...

next to the red line tap
in rogers park in chicago
in february