

Excuse Me, Mr. Sandburg

Screw the little cat feet, frankly.
This is a cat's ass of a fog,

heavy on your chest and choking the breath
out of you. So thick it won't come in

through an open window, thus giving you
the illusion of warmth. Your windscreen,

however, is rimed so solidly it takes you
ten minutes to scrape it, even with the blowers

on full whack. There's just no opening, not
the smallest crack to get an edge in to start

the clearance. Just give up and walk.
It's better for you. As long, that is, as you

keep to the sidewalk, for your tendency to wear
black may be the death of you otherwise, as cars

fail to distinguish you from anything else.
If there were sun, perhaps, they could tell

you from a lamp-post, but it's pitch-black.
Pitch-white, I should say, for the fog even

takes away the dark's distinction. Still,
no one saw you walk into that mailbox,

so that's all right. Second thoughts, stay home. Call in. Say
you're doing it for the environment. It's that kind of day.

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