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(writing as Seven Scott)
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"Snow Day"

sh

Guards
shout
"Lights out!"
Sometime after
midnight when a
six-sided hush
whispers white noise
over the prison grounds below.

sh sh

Marvel
tip-toes into
my cell, taps my shoulder.
My face between gray bars
reforms my bunkmates, Apathy and Guilt,
with white-eyed charms of Curiosity and Delight.
Early this Dying Season for we inmates
to encounter such a quiet, natural peace.

sh sh sh

As
down
it comes -
tailings from a pillow mine
on the Dark Side of Cloud Nine.
Freed from the Shit, Chef Boyardees and shitakes
bud atop lightpoles, razortips, phone banks;
whitewashes the crimson stain from Infirmary Lane.

sh sh sh sh

I
zone out
white-faced
rolling and stacking
'membered Frostys in my yards of youth,
til Dawn reveals a chain-linked Wonderland,
where ballpark bleachers become bunnyslopes and
the contents of impromptu igloos invite the gamblers' speculations.

B. Kerr (as S. Scott)
Snow Day, page 2, new stanza

sh sh sh sh

Fast
down distant
neighborhood slopes,
shrieking black dots ride thin colors on a white slide,
free to seek escape from institutional inhibitions.
Fancy hurries in to tickle me with laughable notions
of wounded effigies in ice, crenellated snow forts, frozen splattered ammo.
Perhaps, just for once, the Warden could see a way to declare a Snow Day, too.