

S...N... ● ...W D...A...Y + 1 (●ne)...1!

By Anne Mikusinski [mikusinski](#)

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Some write poetry while others are truly Poets. I can't help thinking that Mikusinski falls into the category of the later. She has that gift of writing without indulgence and yet leaves the reader utterly indulged, replete—melding universalities with intimacy both vast and drawn. Or maybe I'm just her huckleberry for those withdrawn days of observations and introspection: "When all I want to do is stay / Inside... Reminds me of / Time passed / And all things unrequited / And unfinished." "In searching for placement / For orphaned words / Or scattered thoughts...Before I return / To my solitary avocation." She reminds me of that first sip of wine you took from the bottle you couldn't afford...worth reading over Anne over. (Spacing is poet's own.)*

Snow Day

Something about

Listening to Jubilee Street

On a grey Sunday morning

When all I want to do is stay

Inside

But obligations draw me out

To brave the elements

Reminds me of

Time passed

And all things unrequited

And unfinished.

Especially when the violin chimes in

Weaving its counterpoint among the

Words

Of a story

Containing too much regret.

This Tab Is Playing Audio

A quiet undercurrent  
Serves as accompaniment  
In searching for placement  
For orphaned words  
Or scattered thoughts  
Recklessly joined together.  
And sometimes  
A distraction  
As I watch  
A ragged group  
Embracing and embraced  
By creative noise  
Arms and hands  
And legs  
Spread impossibly wide  
To let their muses in  
Before I return  
To my solitary avocation.

**THE POET SPEAKS...**

**AUTHOR BIO:**