

**WINTER PASSAGE
FOR BILLY COLLINS**

Michael K. Gause

It was from inside the humming cab
December 4, 1992
The snow parted for a second (maybe two)
And I was shown how New York ends its innocents
A lesson in blood on the Lower East Side

My gaze committed that scene to haunting
Let it court me on side-blown flakes
Home, it lingered in my gin
It made love to me in repeated sheets until

Years later
It just became part of the snow that sometimes parts for us
Same as the winters that never stop telling me
You will never be alone again

