

Untitled – City Street in Winter
by George Vukelich

There will be rotary plows on the city street –
Doors and windows locked in sleet –
You can bet your boots the storms will be whoppers
And they'll all be followed by belly floppers.
Sleds and toboggans, skates and skis –
Bundled-up small fry with snowpatched knees –
The highest hill, the longest thrill –
 the young ones never get their fill
We old ones watch them with a chill
 and figure out the heating bill.

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