franklin house shuttle

i had never seen it snow on a sunny april afternoon until today it made me mad but it also made me smile nothing is impossible later i see a field of grass and trash as we drive down eleventh street sun rays flicker off snow flakes flicker off tin cans and broken pieces of glass like the portal of reflection from a flash light stinging a mirror i see this field everyday one day i want to clean it up i wonder how many others feel the same way feel sad sadder yet still is when i feel most alive when i am not living at all