

The Album That Changed My Life
Jeffery Conway

TO AN ANGEL

The first time we meet
in New York City
it will be snowing.
No one will stop
to take a picture
of us as we stand
inches apart and shake
hands on a busy street
corner. Taxicabs
will continue to pass,
spattering dirty slush
onto our wool coats.
We will walk
in silence to a café
where we'll sit
for hours sipping
espresso, fingering sugar
packets. The smoke
from your cigarette
will rise and hover
around your head
like mist in a graveyard
covering
a tombstone at dawn,
the epitaph barely readable.
Just after midnight
you will lean forward,
your face—pale
and thin—emerges
from the haze, eyes
dark as skulls',
and slowly, unnoticed,
we will kiss.

Copyright © 2006 by Jeffery Conway