

## At the End of the Street Lies the Sky

*Michael Parker*

At the end of the street lies the sky  
dressed in the purple magician's robe  
of eventide and the winter storm.  
Tonight she sculpts stairs of ice and  
snow. She casts spells upon the laden  
earth and the dying man can hear  
her invitations in the blizzard, in  
dreams that are like all other dreams  
except soundly, deeply, more vividly.  
He leaves while his wife is sleeping.  
He leaves without any good-byes.  
There is no gentle kiss for her lips  
no tousling of the boys' hair or  
kiss for the daughter with the moon-  
shaped face. This is not intentional.  
How could he know the destination  
of this dream? He leaves his house,  
walks down the silent street  
past the rows of barren trees  
that shield the homes of dear  
neighbors who helped round out  
the days, grow the kids, and watch  
year after year arrive and depart.  
He does not think this odd tonight.  
He considers this an adventure  
walking past the shroud of snow  
and onto the glistening stairs  
that climb the breast of sky.