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## New Year

MARK SMITH-SOTO

Icy rain and wind outside; inside, my back's  
To the bedraggled human shape asprawl  
On the comfy corner sofa at the Starbucks,  
Invisibly fenced from the rest of us by swells  
Of back-alley scent. The glass door reflects  
A knit cap pulled low over the face, chin  
Buried in bulky red. I can only guess the leg  
That catches my peripheral vision is a man's,  
Bulgy calf exposed — no way to quite make out  
The tattoo stretching along the patchy skin,  
A blue range of mountains maybe, flock  
Of seabird wings, with just a touch of sun —  
Yes, sun, I don't think I'm imagining it —  
Rising from the folds of a gray sock.