

The Busker at Folsom Field

Caleb Hoversten

Colorado air numbs the hands it can find
So most just stay hidden in pockets and gloves
Not so lucky am I, so uncovered are mine
Wishing the air would not sting, but it does

I sit outside of the stadium tonight
Whipping an overturned bucket with sticks
I give the masses a rhythm so they might
Give me in return but a dollar for tips

My audience scurries: they are all passersby
Likely en route to some much warmer places
Complaints about windchill, the snow and the ice
The way that it hurts their toes and their faces

One says to another, tomorrow, a blizzard
I say to myself, how will I find some heat?
My hoodie is thin, but I cannot shiver
Because if I do, it will mess up the beat

A young man approaches and dances while talking
About football games with some people he loves
He wants ten more points, by me he keeps walking
As I keep on drumming, all I want are gloves