

POETRY

*Edward Dougherty*

THE BANKER IN WINTER

So frigid. Eyes water. Nostrils freeze. Teeth ache. Walking his dog, bundled in a fur-lined cap with ear-flaps. He impersonates a warmer version of himself, the one who eats roasted tomatoes with a thin smear of goat cheese on crudités. Stalled five houses from home, his yellow lab squats over the hard snow. The dignified man gazes over yards, over houses, considering how to regulate derivatives without throwing Wall Street into a tailspin. The dog pinches a soft, healthy log on the edge of the neighbor's lawn. Steaming.