While photographing

An old sun dial

In a snowstorm

An iranian woman

Standing in the doorway

Having a drag

Said "nice day"

She invited me in

We laughed and whispered

While a film was shot

In the next room

Then I treked through the snow

To a nearby cafe

By the buses

Just down the way

There I see

The sharp reflection

Of a stranger

In the window

Of this empty cafe

He reads

What is unknown to me

Near the hanging vines

And magazines

I sip my coffee

Thinking deep

As the snow

Gently falls

On the streets