

Dream

I was talking on the
phone in the middle of a
cornfield as snowflakes
pounded to the ground at my feet.
Hammering through the grainy
afternoon sunlight
the flakes melted
on my face and
dripped down my cheeks
dressed in red rouge
and black mascara.

With each
polluted drip of the
melted snow, I caught
a word from the person
on the other end
of the phone line.

I knew it was God.

But the dead cornstalk leaves
screamed at the pelting flakes
with every strike
and I was deafened by the battle.

He continued
to spout the message
that I needed
to hear but
it was only

static snaking through the airwaves.

I couldn't seem to make God
understand that the connection
was bad—

But He knew already
and didn't care.

With the click of
disconnection

the snow stopped.

I trembled with contempt
in the middle of the
snow-covered cornfield.

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