The Stale Indiana Winter

Clarity falls with the thermometer. There was an eight-car-pileup on I-70 after light flurries with no accumulation. The participants were all driving thrity miles under the speed limit.

I opened a window to let the morning air welcome me awake, but my fingers became caked with that chalkboard-esque film of road salt and winter's breath.

yes- winter is beautiful.

The streetlights that usually have some angelic glow to welcome the early risers on their morning lover's stroll, are having their brilliance being absorbed into a gray abyss.
Today's jog down the trail
was about as colorful as a
sparrow.
My thoughts are becoming torpid-
they complacently wander through
injustice, and love and what I had for dinner-
And what Nature provided so vibrantly
streams together, like those runny
"Paint with water" coloring books that
I did at grandma's.
Then, in my haste, I would
hold them precariously until it became a picture,
swirling with dead grays and brown,
water running down my wrist.

I end up at home.
with the chill of a cold front,
sitting on my spine.
Whistiling in my ear
that it is a long time until the sun comes home too.

Rebecca Richards