

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.
Whistling in my ear
that it is a long time until the sun comes home too.

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