Snowlit
by Brian Gross

Maybe it was the snow that made me go on that opening December night, the specks floating across bastions of light that fall perpetually consequentessly, until they build on my eyelashes and lips in the 8 o’clock dusk. The snow that made me go on a stroll through all the days I hadn’t slept at a chapter ending, but lay restlessly wondering, the women I had still never kissed, the problems perpetually consequentessly building on my eyes and lips and I slipped away. The wind tells me to focus, the blue shine from the fluorescent pond draws me over and I slipped away from the stress and the coffee headache and the nine pages waiting to be mislabeled my final draft. They’d keep waiting.

I drew my cell phone from its holster, the modern lover’s six shooter, and told that dear little loved one it was time for me to tell her something worth saying.