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.

Christina L. Smith