Wicked Winter

Caedence Jones

Snow falls suddenly on the dead lawn,
The nightly news says to stay inside:
"Ice is coming."
Stock up on endless essentials,
Stay together and don't open up—
The cool air is deadly this time of year.

Winter breaths burn lungs—
Each inhale a barbaric bullet
Firing through thoracic cavities.
Gripping a ~~gun~~ cellphone
To capture the snow in the sky.

Ice is sticking & slicking the roads,
Avoid driving in dangerous conditions.
Switch right to left — sleight of hand,
Easier access to an armed accessory.
Shiny safety off — three thuds,
A loss of guaranteed Good.

Fractured ribs from supposedly slipping,
Asphyxiation in the bitter breeze.
Choke down & cough up ignorant icicles;
Three months in Texas to be killed by the chill.
Assert it was anxiety or blame his bipolar—
Anything to absolve the bergy bits & growlers.

A little boy in a blue bunny hat slipped
In the stale snow & slid, from Minneapolis to Texas,
On his Spider-man backpack.
The sun hides behind gray clouds,
Afraid to lay eyes upon the American soil,
Imprisoned in several feet of solid sleet.

A spoiled snowman stands, half-built & beaten.
The nightly news says to stay inside:

“Deadly weather will continue.”
Winter destroys & denies,
ICE is everywhere,
& it is only January.