

AFTER A NIGHT OF SNOW CONTINUOUSLY FALLING

a brilliantly cold morning after a night of snow continuously falling, and i'm afraid to leave the bedroom upstairs because i know how much colder it's going to be downstairs, like it always is. and the house is almost without food, except for what i've put off eating, considering its lack of appeal. i lie in bed knowing that for breakfast there will be pickled beets and some old carrots from the supermarket, carrots which were no good to begin with, so tasteless and like cardboard. there's also some skim milk and a muffin still in the bag from the bakery, which might be going green by now. sure, it was foolish of me not to stock up on supplies yesterday, when i knew it was going to snow all night and traveling out to the store this morning was probably going to be impossible, as i think is the case. there is vodka though, in the freezer, one-hundred proof, russian, a small bottle with a beautiful blue label. but also, what a perfect excuse the weather is for staying in for the entire day. yes, the snow is both the reason i cannot go out and it is the excuse. a long day on which i do not have to go out into the world, my, it pleases me just fine. there's plenty of wood in the shed, so i can make a fire and i can camp out in front of it and forget whatever it was that was scheduled for today. i'll put on a couple of the ragged sweaters i've been wearing all winter and make sure the machine is on to field any incoming calls. and i'll have beets for breakfast, carrots for lunch and for dinner i'll cut away the green on the muffin and eat that. the skim milk i'll drink all day to keep me away from the vodka. and the whole day will be a period of pacing and waiting, a time of preparation blessed with silence. around midnight i'll let the fire get low and then i'll pulverize myself by drinking down a few strong glasses of vodka and water. and just maybe i'll squeak out one meaningful sentence on the typewriter.