

KNUTE SKINNER

## A Discussion of the Weather

Georgie smiled and recrossed her legs, and I—  
well I looked the other way.  
Not that I had to, mind you.  
Winston, I'm certain, smiled back.  
I doubt that Winston ever in his life  
looked the other way.

The room was a clutter of travel brochures,  
her reminder of all the distant places  
Rollie couldn't afford to take her.  
There was even a brochure in Georgie's hand  
as she gestured to Winston.

And they were only talking  
about the good weather.  
They interrupted each other's mouths  
in the excitation of their eager recitals,  
but even as they praised the persistent sun,  
I suffered a drainage of my vital signs.  
Though I had to agree with their views.

For outdoors, the green world glowed  
with highlights of gold.  
I saw it through open French windows.  
Indoors, it had been days  
since anyone legally sane had lighted a fire.

There was obviously no need for travel  
to exotic climes ....