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 ....