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Aftermath of the Ice Storm

Catherine McCraw

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Aftermath of the Ice Storm

by Catherine McCraw

The house is frigid,
all the warmth seeped out hours ago,
when the power went out.

The furniture looks the same,
but it's too cold to touch.
The bed doesn't invite me in,
the armchair isn't snug,
the countertop's as slick and icy
as a skating rink.

The air bites my skin,
as I wander from room to room,
bundled in a blanket.

Worse than the cold is the silence,
all voices stopped.
The CD player, radio, TV have laryngitis,
electronic larynxes frozen.
The refrigerator refuses to hum and
the heater won't hiss.
I have the only working voice
in the whole house,
but when I open my mouth
chill air rushes in, inhibiting speech.

Biblical images become profound.
God is light, the Good Book says,
and light means heat, and heat means life.

So, I'll make a spiritual pilgrimage
to the Holiday Inn down the highway,
perchance to find heat, to find light,
to find life, to find God.

I know exactly where He's hiding,
during all this miserable mess.
He's in the top drawer of the bedside table,
right where the Gideons left Him.



Photo by Roger Roussell

