

Dream

I was talking on the  
phone in the middle of a  
cornfield as snowflakes  
pounded to the ground at my feet.  
Hammering through the grainy  
afternoon sunlight  
the flakes melted  
on my face and  
dripped down my cheeks  
dressed in red rouge  
and black mascara.

With each  
polluted drip of the  
melted snow, I caught  
a word from the person  
on the other end  
of the phone line.

I knew it was God.

But the dead cornstalk leaves  
screamed at the pelting flakes  
with every strike  
and I was deafened by the battle.

He continued  
to spout the message  
that I needed  
to hear but  
it was only

static snaking through the airwaves.

I couldn't seem to make God  
understand that the connection  
was bad—

But He knew already  
and didn't care.

With the click of  
disconnection

the snow stopped.

I trembled with contempt  
in the middle of the  
snow-covered cornfield.

*Christina L. Smith*