

Six More Weeks

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Wisconsin winters leave much to be desired.
Snow falls, then melts, then falls once again.
The news says it's climate change,
my mom says it's reparations for the nice summer weather.
I say it's another reason we should move south for the winter.

Signs come from above
or below,
telling us that six more weeks of this is
to be expected.

Salt covered boots sit piled near the door.
The wind howls against the window
like a voice being ignored.
February, the most unwelcome guest
doesn't know when to depart.

They say March will be better,
that the grass won't be hidden under snow
for much longer.
We wait for the day winter leaves us;
we yearn for the summer sun
to melt away the imperfections.

We just hope that when snow melts,
it's gone for good.

Somehow it never is.

Photo: <https://unsplash.com/photos/closeup-photo-of-flower-covered-in-snow-KHDeVpytLuU>
by Hide Obara