

Postcard from the City of Ice

By Preston Meys

Superior grew desolate once you left for exotic Milwaukee. Sheets of ice cover the concrete at the end of March and there's no joy in winter anymore. The world snows and hails only to melt, unable to birth something that can stay – except for the prized Great Lake, of course, which blows its bitter breath through the deserted streets. Seagulls are swirling over my house and will be replaced by a blizzard this Saturday. Unlike the birds, I'm stuck shoveling my way out of this place and still never manage to leave; I'm not allowed reprieve from this onslaught of six-month snowy turbulence. What I'm saying is, won't you fly home already? Or will the cold lodged in my soul frost your wings unusable if you do?