

Chris Warner

Another Sunday Night, Another Storm Coming, and Yet One More *Question-for-the-Day*

This morning, over poached eggs
and a second order of grapefruit brûlée,
in an too-warm and too-crowded room,
with all the brunch-chatter and over-priced coffee,
I read: *no connection means assume a decision.*

Though the words might have been *if one can't see.*

When I got home,
the ground was covered again,
I'd left my book at the restaurant,
and the garage doors were all stuck shut.
I shimmied in through a kitchen window.
I had to use the new Ebenezer stone-of-healing for a step-stool,
even though I was finally wearing the new blue suede boots—
the ones you'd said to save for a special occasion.
Is this irony?

But, see, I'd thought I was safe.
I wasn't expecting anything to happen.

Then again, I tend to forget about batteries,
and seem to miss the point of instructions or predictions.
I don't understand the way things operate.
Filters, and caulk. Light bulbs.
All these things that need attention.
The daily. The ongoing.
The idea of replacement.

I don't know what made me think
I wouldn't have to worry about weather again.

I also tend to forget about accumulation, and the effects of ice.

But I'm babbling again, and I'm sorry.
Did you see the sky?
They say more is coming.

Are you in the mood for this?

So: What would constitute a perfect day for you?

Or, ok, maybe this: What's one thing you'd change about me?