You Will Feel A Pinch

Marylen Grigas

Then a burn. Fires blacken southern California. The polar vortex paws its white way down from the melting north, freezing the Midwest.

Sometimes averages are useless. This is not the place to conflate personal frostbite with the fate of the earth, even if a friend’s bipolar swing seems to call for it. Here frigid. There burn.

But this announced plunge and pitch with its false sense of stability doesn’t convince me. And you? We are black and blue from it.