

HUGH FINDLAY

The Must

Monday morning, 5 a.m.
quiet pre-workday winter
and breath freezing cold
as my kitchen floor.
In rooms asleep
a child dependent
kidnapping my time,
a pregnant wife and
her vomit of tears.
The day ahead, a
labor of machines,
the steely breakdown of
mind and body,
oiled by paychecks.
Out the window,
the dark street, the
black still shell of
sleep on the snow.
I wonder
if I could melt the
light fall of snowflake
with just my breath while
lying back-down naked
on the front lawn?
How long would it take
to completely cover me,
just the occasional puff
of steam where my mouth
makes a hole?
And what if they
didn't find me
until Spring?
I wonder
if the snow would mind,
if the lawn would care,
if the ground beneath
would hold me
responsible?

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HUGH FINDLAY'S WRITING AND PHOTOGRAPHY HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN NUMEROUS MAGAZINES AND ANTHOLOGIES, IN PRINT AND ONLINE. HE IS IN THE THIRD TRIMESTER OF LIFE. INSTAGRAM & TWITTER: @HUGHMANFINDLAY

