

Huracan nube

flies, buzzing, radio or TV static, none. but gales. the gales of a winter storm, a blizzard. they grow stronger and clog up my ears the same way the high altitude of driving up a mountain does. god is it cold, and lonely. everyone's inside, no one wants to catch a cold. no one wants to get blown away. no one wants to fail at surviving. no one likes losing at games. life's game. i wish i were a tree, a willow tree. the weeping willow survives even the iciest of snowstorms. her green, long, limby leaves turn so white that the contrast of her trunk and her limbs against the dark, snow-mud ground, look straight out of a black-and-white movie. i'd hold her if i could, if i weren't frozen, if i weren't swallowed by frostbite-even if she never moves. even if i'm purple. even if she turns back to green in the blink of an eye. because at least she stays outside. and at least she's not afraid of the gales. the gales that cloud my mind.