

Be Careful What You Ask For

by Emmy Lu Daly

Fingers numb, neck stiff, nose red.

Ah, how I dream of a warmer time.

Will it ever come? Will I make it to then?

Months pass. I am expiring at the bus stop.

Fruitlessly fanning my face with a newspaper,

about to dissolve into the concrete.

Why, why did I ever long for a midsummer's day?

Wouldn't I be happier if I learned to accept what is

and just live with it?