

Inconstant Nature

by Angela Kubinec

I drive west in the afternoon, where in the summer a searing light brands my windshield and scorches my retinas. But today I am late, so the angle of incidence burns differently. A falsely Hayman sky has become cozied with clouds that formed as the sun prepares a goodnight kiss. Like a spent lover, all that is left are embers that, as they cool, paint the linens above with blushes, sighs, and gentle moans of color. I imagine myself draped in expensive silks, reclining in the foreground of a work by Maxfield Parrish, for this sky is a huge oil painting of surreal beauty, and I want to be a perfect, permanent part of it. I consider stopping the car in order to cry in its direction, but a line of trees is obscuring my view. The closest I can get to it, as I pull into the drive, is the halo around the warehouse across the street from my home. Getting out of the car, I walk down the street, sweating and hoping to feel the last smoldering moment of its life, like I wish for the flaming leaves to cling to the trees for one more day in the fall. I think for a second that I should have called my husband out to witness this thing, but I am instantly made aware of why I have not. My sky's rampant loveliness has suddenly cooled, turned to wistful streaks of blue and grey, and reminded me of the inconstant nature of my love.

