Peeping to See if Spring has Sprung

by Larry Strattner

The sun sparkled on the pure white; as if someone had spilled a bag of perfect diamonds on the world. Small flakes still danced on the frigid north wind but it was no longer snowing hard. The world had the squeaky-clean look new snow does so well.

“It's fucking April eighth for chrissakes,” he said to the Yard Gnome.

“You were expecting a bluebird to fly up your nose, maybe? You were expecting a virgin? April around here is like those girls you used to run around with. You knew they were doing other guys but they swore they only loved you. Right up until they did some other guy again. That's what April is like around here. I thought you knew that. You've lived here long enough to know that. April can't stand to be true.”

“You know, for a goddamn Yard Gnome you are one mouthy sonofabitch.”

“Yeah, well, for a human who has supposedly reached the age of reason you are one stupid sonofabitch. You guys stay in the goddamn bars all winter, wait for the one day when the temperature goes above forty five and start chirping around like those stupid early Robins you find with their feet frozen to a branch on the first of May. It's a wonder you can even get out through a normal doorway after all those beers. Hard to say who's dumber. ”

“How about dumber is a goddamn Yard Gnome with his paint peeling off, standing in snow up to his wedding tackle?”

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/larry-strattner/peeping-to-see-if-spring-has-sprung»*
Copyright © 2010 Larry Strattner. All rights reserved.

“Right. Has it ever occurred to you over all these years that you are having a conversation with a Yard Gnome?”

“It's been a long winter.”

“It's always been a long winter here. We have this same conversation every April.”

“I suppose. Hey! It looks like the sun's gonna come out.”

“Don't bet the farm on it.”