

Winter Blues

by Tim G. Young

My friend told me, today was one of the worst days in his life. I asked why? He told me the pouring of the rain all day, the sound of it in the apartment, the fact that the heat in his building so rarely came up, and that the hangover he woke up with over twelve hours ago had not made a proper retreat.

He told me he hasn't stepped out of his apartment for almost a week and that his stash of canned soups, loaf of frozen bread and several sticks of cheese had all but vanished.

He told me he could feel an army of tears building up behind his eyes. He said he had exhausted his supply of paper towels from constantly blowing his nose. He said he thought his cold had signed a lease with no intentions to ever move out.

He told me there was one new thing he was beginning to get really good at. My ears perked up until he told me the new thing he was earning his expert medal in was naps.

He told me he had begun six new writing projects and threw them all in the trash.

I told him he was in the awful grip of the dreaded winter blues. I reminded him spring would soon make an entrance. There would be sunshine and it wouldn't matter as much if his heat did not come up.

He told me he didn't need my poor excuse of an attempt to cheer him up. He told me he didn't even want to tell me anymore about how miserable he was.

So I told him to shut the fuck up and go take one of his perfect little naps.

He snapped back at me the same curse. I told him he looked like one of those sickly little dogs that was shaking all the time. I said I had better things to do than to listen one more minute to all his shit.

Then there was silence. I began to feel like I was catching his cold. I reached for my hat and coat. I stared out at the rain then turned around and lay down on my bed.

