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Snow Sticking To The Hood

Thomas R. Smith

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SNOW STICKING TO THE HOOD

I've driven ninety miles and still some of the inch-thick crust of last night's snow clings to the hood. It's like a lamb being slowly sheared, this blue-skinned beast with patchy fleece. A swath suddenly sifts loose, a climber torn by gales off Annapurna, flumphs upward against the windshield, then over the top into the slipstream, hurled God knows where in the cold sunlight.

What's emerging? I look sideways, see my father at the wheel, not dead anymore, but young, with his full head of wavy hair, his aromatic cigar, his supremely confident expression. I'm barely tall enough to see over the dashboard where high-velocity winds flay the snow with their knives. There's a lot of violence out in that world, but Dad's in control here. It's hard to even imagine taking his place. I'll stay small for now, where the wind and snow go their ways. And we'll arrive safely wherever it is we're going.