

SEASONAL AFFECTIVE DISORDER

WRITTEN BY KIERSTEN NABERHAUS

The air this February is crisp cold and dry.
It's unusually warm but my reptilian blood
still rejects the chill, seeking out those
small spots of sunlight on the parched grass
that grinds its teeth as I walk on its frostbitten fingers.

The world is in grayscale. The hoop, the sky,
the chain-link, the cement. Taking off one mitten to
sweep hair from my mouth, my fingers crack.
I no longer have skin, but scales that scrape
and snag at my clothing.

The basketball in my sister's hands
strikes my ears, like a frozen slap to the face.
You are a puffy coat with fur around the hood,
bouncing, panting, laughing and the only source
of color, the iris blooming in this sore eye,

ignorantly blossoming despite the destruction
that surrounds you. The loneliness has not yet made
an impression on you, has not begun to wilt the
roses in your cheeks. Has not yet washed out your
chalk dreams and sing-song schemes
as it has mine.

Kiersten Naberhaus is a junior in English Education. She loves her husband, her family, her friends, and theatre magic.