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Seasons=Delights

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one she had plucked her frozen dinners out of. Grateful, but not risking a murmur of thanks, he half tripped over his own feet as he hurried to the adjacent case.

He stood much longer than necessary with the glass door open, allowing the frigid air to cool his burning cheeks. He pretended to consider which brand of pineapple juice to purchase. As if he had a choice. Knowing he couldn't stall forever, he grabbed five cans of Minute Maid, two in each hand, one pinched under his arm. Hesitantly he poked his head out of the icy swirls of fog; the redhead was gone. Relieved and heartbroken at the same time, he nudged the glass door with his hip.

He spoke. "My dad used to say there is no harm in looking at the menu." He had meant it to be funny, to break the ice, but even to his own ears he sounded like a jackass. Becca made that same face she made when he loaded the dishwasher too full, or walked to the mailbox barefoot, or forgot to put his razor back under the sink when he finished shaving.

Behind him, the glass door of the freezer finally closed, the rubber gasket making a sucking sound as it sealed. The sound reminded him of a kiss. Not a peck on the cheek like when he left for one of his business trips or brought home flowers, but that frantic kind of kiss that used to leave his lips raw and his chest aching.

Seasons = Delights

Sally A. Roberts

Rain

Droplets

Winter-robed

Crystal snowflakes

Flutter earthbound in winter=s frosty light.

Snowflakes delight in winter=s wonderland

Swirl in sunshine

Springtime=s melt

Droplets

Reign.



SELF PORTRAIT Nakita Vojnovich