A Small Town in Early December

By Andy Kenniston

As the sun interred itself at five o’clock, those of us sitting down to confused dinners were treated to the sight of approaching water vapor walking along the ground as if it was heading to Carl’s Deli to pick up a prosciutto and provolone on marbled rye.

As the ground-cloud swelled and loped across hills and through trees, we stared out with dry eyes at wet air, at once so familiar yet hiding intentions that need not be shared with the townsfolk and their Wonderbread and Spaghettio meals on avocado TV trays.

Milky fog filled the streets and space between blades of fresh-dew grass until the only detail seen through the Earth’s breath were the yellow eyes of apartments and houses, forever unblinking.