

# QUENCHED

TONI SCORSESE

New York, mid-December. I'm eight. We played – rough & tumble; I'm knocked to my back.

Beneath is hard, cold earth...no wind in my body can ease a burial. Instead, my eyes awake...

Gold and Crimson. The skies above, as gray as the earth beneath – the colors pop, signaling another year lost.

Florida, mid-December. I'm 54. We played – rough & tumble; I'm knocked to my back.

Beneath is hollow, deadened earth...no wind in my chest can ease this surrender. Instead, my eyes awake...

Gold and Crimson. The skies above, as empty as the earth beneath – the colors fade, forecasting another year wasted.

Earth, mid-December, I'm older. We played – rough & tumble; I'm knocked to my back.

Beneath is frozen, barren soil...no wind in my lungs can ease this reality. Instead, my eyes awake...

Gold and Crimson. The skies above, more open than the earth beneath – the colors offering another year *possible*.

I catch a snowflake on my tongue.