



Still

by Hugh Findlay

Plopping down to watch roundball on a winter Sunday afternoon. Big, cushy, leather La-Z-Boy, with my feet up. Savoring the first cold IPA of the day. Hiding the remote so the grandkids don't swipe it. Snowy, dark, and windy outside. Front storm door complaining about it. Damn nice inside where it's warm and comfortable. Smell of chili simmering, or is it stew? Low babble of conversation from the kitchen. Dog is crashed out flat, chasing rabbit. Sleep now sneaking up on me too. What's today again?

hero in my house
fairly average career
winter in my mind