

We had a home in the plains

I wonder where it is today

We haven't been there in a

hope we go back there sometime soon

The life of the summer was out there

A party almost every night

My family, my friends, their families, their friends

I hope we go back there sometime soon

It's been years now

We don't go back there anymore

I asked my parents what's so wrong with going back

And all they did was cry

More years pass, I'm on my own now

I still think of that house in the plains

And all of those parties of course

So I look up the directions I'm on my way there now

It's been three days

I'm still looking for it

It's winter now

I can't imagine such a dreary setting

for the best place in the whole world

I found it at last

But I'm saddened by what I see

A dead tree out front

And what looks like a shack

It looked bigger all those years ago.

I walk inside, everything covered in sheets and dust

I start to get a headache But I shake it off

And go upstairs

On the bed I see a newspaper

"Kidnapped boy rescued just in time"

states the headline

It's dated back eighteen years

I'm almost twenty three now

I wake up in a daze

flashing blues and reds on the ceiling

Lots of shouting

I feel tears running down my eyes

I wake up again

I'm in a hospital

Passerby's saw my car in the driveway of that shack

They went to check it out

And found me unconscious

My parents beside me

They tell me the story

I was kidnapped as a child

And I was held in that place

That I had been dreaming of

All these years.

It's so cold outside, around 10 to 20 degrees. It's just me and the snow, the kind of peace im already accustomed to.  
I am on a hunt, going to try to shoot a deer. I've been out here for around 5 hours now, probably going to pack it in soon.  
I saw one, far off in the distance. I tried a shot, but the shot was too far, he was running too fast for me to keep up.  
It was a really nice buck too, hopefully I'll find one soon.  
Wait...I see one, a nice one. I gotta go, wish me luck. Hopefully I'll come back with a nice kill.

It's a different scene

When there’s no white cover

Abandoned,

broken,

dead.

You can hear the creek of the old wood from the barn

the slightest blow of the wind is relentless.

Depressing.

The tree branches hang like they were never

Never alive, always dead.

They just dangle there  
Lifeless.

Standing alone,

forgotten by the snow,

an abandoned barn holds host  
to memories of shelter and warmth

and the laughter of children.  
Invisible from the road,

forgotten by the snow,

It holds itself through

the test of time

and it remembers the days of

laughing children.

Sturdy and secure,

forgotten by the snow,

the barn waits for the day

when someone will rediscover it’s glory,  
and the barn will hear the laughter of children once again.  
Abandoned and quiet,

forgotten by the snow,

the barn becomes a haven,

the day has finally come

for it to once again hear the laughter of children.

An Open Letter to Winter Dearest Winter,

Seriously?

Snow?

Look at my house

Do you think I have Central Air?

I live in the middle of nowhere

It hasn't snowed here in fifteen years

Why would you snow now?

Do you just have it out for me?

I don't have any neighbors to bum heat off of

You just want me to freeze, is that right?

Well guess what winter?

That's what airplanes are for!

I'm moving to Italy

Have fun crapping on other people

Because I'm never going to deal with you again

Sincerely,

A country cottage resident

With more money than they let on