Seasons

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Seasons

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Tears stroll, like lovers on a winding path. They tumble, embracing, caressing; staining sweaters with their joy. I love that sweater -- powder blue cashmere with the lipstick smudge -- it used to be his. I remember our romp in the leaves last fall. I laughed, mercilessly, when he fell in the acorn ditch and again when he sang my favorite song. Luther Vandross, he was not, but I indulged him nonetheless."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2008/iss2/22
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Tears play, like siblings in the season’s first snow. They run, rolling, twirling; stinging you with life’s icy mists. But sometimes they kiss you. Sometimes they comfort and cling to you, as though life itself depended on it. I remember our embrace in the mountains last winter. I laughed, nervously, when he whispered his secret, but cried, incessantly, when I understood its truth—we only had six months.

Tears sing, like red-breasted cardinals in spring. They tweet, chirping, whistling; pleading to be seen and redeemed. They breathe life into weary places and kiss souls with healing vapors. I remember our kiss in the hospital last spring. I laughed, blushingly, when he proposed with a Funion ring, but wept, achingly, when he died before I could answer—I said yes.