

Grandmother: That's nice. Send her our love.

Grandson: When can I interview you for a family history?

Grandfather: Meet us at half past a freckle.

Grandson: I wish I could take a selfie with you.

Grandfather: We wouldn't be in the picture, but you wouldn't be alone: The stars are out, day and night.</i>

I point the camera phone toward the last of the Olympians. Thanks to the drop in temperature, their track of white diamonds is faster than it was earlier. Once they are gone, silence will reign for the most part, interrupted occasionally by strollers and canines on evening walks. Stamping my feet and shaking myself, I crack my crystalline shell. In the rental, I block out Old Man Winter by conducting a hypothetical interview set in the family kitchen, with Karen in the all-important role of Mom.

<i>Son: Did you know Andy Warhol's mother appeared in his 1966 film named after her?

Karen Mom: I didn't know he had a mother.

Son: Were you cross-country skiing on the golf course today? I bet I saw your tracks.

Karen Mom: Don't sit at the table with your phone.

Son: What's for dessert?

Mom: That's for me to know and you to find out.</i>

Before I put away the phone, I thumb through my newly acquired, raw, unedited source material, including countless close-ups of pristine snow and its ancient fractures. For future reference I rename the folder of photos, whispering as I type:

<i>Streets in undying light.</i>

Ach! I'm terrible w/ this pen!

*(SNOW)
(and the 'big' publications!)*

Wheeee!

*Ha! ha!
(armadillo 'eye' on a sled)*

*(Times tree) Yay!
TAY!
DA!*

This story gives me that special <shiver>! In the presence of good literature!

perfect!!! Ready! Home run with this piece!

Most suggestions are just that. LOVE THIS PIECE! Time to submit - EVERYWHERE!!