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Lyrical Essay

 Quietly awakening from a long winter’s sleep, the greens poke up through the still wet Earth. Green growing grass has always been an interest of mine. How does the sand and salt forced onto it from the plows not kill it? The lack of sun and warmth sucks the luster from each blade, but it manages to paint the canvas green again each spring.

 Destined to not become the brown blades hidden under the course salt and sand, I pumped my body full of vitamin D everyday. November arrives and I get distracted by the start of the holiday season. Decorations consume each corner of my busy brain. No room for the color blue because the sparkling lights emit their own hue. The shimmering visions that glow into my slow-moving car each night help to ease my heavy heart that has started missing the longer daylight hours.

 Before I know it, the animal’s water bucket has become frozen. Heavy are my shoulders as I slink my way to the barn to grab the heater. With the handle end of a garden shovel, I puncture a hole through the layer of depression that is the sheet of ice. The heater has settled into the bottom of the 100-gallon bucket, yet the ice that is building into my brain continues to grow thick with thought. On my walk back into the house I remember the promise I made to myself in August.

“You are not going to become consumed by winter-woes, so keep pushing along and do things that make you happy. Relish in the blessing of each brand new day,” I think to myself.

January is such a long, cold month with little to do because it is so damn cold. Home parties of Pampered Chef, Lula Rue, and Tastefully Simple arrive in the black and red box. I commit to at least one and my heart is lightened from the anticipation of something to look forward to. The invitation is stuck to the fridge by my flip-flop magnet. A smile comes across my face as I remember the store my mother and I were in when we bought it. The warmth of that summer day enters my body and for the first time in over a month, I feel the weight of winter shed from my shoulders.

There’s nothing wrong with sadness, but this is something wrong with self-pity. I turn on the music and crank it up so loud that the crystal in my cabinet starts to dance on their glass shelves. Accepting their invitation to move, I dance and twirl around my dining room table. Now motivated to keep moving so the feeling of euphoria doesn’t escape, I climb onto my elliptical machine. Twenty minutes has gone by as I look at the heart rate that has just registered on the machine.

“There you go girl! You’ve managed to escape the blues for just one day. Let’s strive for two, three, four, five, hell, all of the days that carry you to spring,” I self-talk.

The green of the grass snaps me back and I realize that I have made it to spring. No longer a Debbie Downer, I take hold of the rake and begin unearthing all of the spikes that are peeking up to say hello. The vodka-lemonade sitting on the stairs begins to sweat in the sun, but I am enjoying changing the canvas of my yard. I will taste the cold, sweet beverage as soon as I’ve made it to the garden box. Spring is such a sweet gift; a reminder of new life, second chances and, warm, long days ahead. Ahh!