

# The Fog Rolls In

---

Joseph Warner

I remember the fogs of my childhood. How they pooled over the field at the end of the suburb, hung heavy over the untamed grass, hiding the dewy sinewy stalks. It stayed there, quietly, silently inviting us to play. We did, a collection of boys donning baseball caps to explore that gray expanse. I could hear the mice scurry by as I played land locked marco polo with fog bound friends. Even when I couldn't see my own hand in front of my face, I could always look up and see the early morning sky colored in with pink and orange crayons. We'd stay there until the sun and the fog slowly dissipated.

These days I've left suburbs far behind opting for alleys over cul-de-sacs and ditching the ball caps for a nine to five. I've spent my early mornings walking, pacing between buildings, between floor and ceiling of concrete and fog. It hangs overhead like a low ceiling weighing down on my shoulders and slowly collapsing my spine. It is rich and claustrophobic with the smell of car exhaust and cigarettes hovering in the air. It's hard to catch my breath, let alone call out to long lost friends. I stay silent, knowing I will get no reply, but I still know that the sun will rise and the fog will slowly disappear. I'll see my friends again, clear as day.