

Ode to a Gray Day

by Phyllis Chesler



It is gray today, and wet, very wet; it's as if I'm a character in a British mystery drama, in London perhaps, where the rain never stops. Here, in the New World, the rain also pours down, the wind shakes the trees, the water is swiftly moving, even racing—and thus, 'tis the perfect kind of weather for reading and writing, and for welcoming a day indoors.

I'm on Gardiner's Bay in East Hampton, both working and resting. A tropical storm is predicted, the humidity is 89%, the pollen is off the charts. Not exactly perfect weather for those who suffer from arthritis, as I and as so many of my age mates also do. A day for Super-Tylenol.

And so I will read a forthcoming book by Kenneth L. Hanson,