

Tyler Dobson

"Winter"

January 23 - February 24, 2013

He wakes up to the sound of his iPhone alarm playing *Stumbleine*, by Smashing Pumpkins and brushes his shaggy blond hair out of his eyes. He looks out the window to see that snow fell while he was sleeping and stretches his body. The sun shines in and in his half awake state he can feel the magic of the moment. He scans the countryside. It's freshly covered in white, the fall leaves are no longer visible, thin sheets of ice glisten over the rocky coastline. There is an early morning haze mixed with the optimism of youth. He removes his heavy winter blanket, registering the warmth from the wood stove in the living room below. As he lays in bed in his boxers, the brightness of the future is mirrored in the brightness of the day.

To compliment an already good vibe, he decides to roll a joint. It's winter vacation, although it seems like it was just fall. Time has evaporated into thin air, or maybe it just went up in smoke. The holidays are over and the parents are back in the city, but he and his older sister extended their stay at the country house. She already left to go cross country skiing and meet a couple girlfriends for brunch. It's so chill to be home alone on a sunny winter day, relaxing in your boxers, listening to some 90's alternative. Its 2013, but it could easily be 1995.

He breaks up the weed and twists the paper into a modest joint. He jumps out of bed, grabs his iPhone, and heads downstairs to make coffee and smoke by the wood stove. On the steps he slows to survey the family pictures that have accrued over the last century on the wall. Four or five generations. There is mom and dad in the cabin at Sugarloaf, his grandparents, his golden retriever as a puppy, a chronology of himself and his sister growing up, and a family picture in which they all wear *Birdseye* sweaters from L.L. Bean. He is sixteen. Time flies.

At the foot of the steps he pauses in front of a circular mirror. It's a perfect moment to capture on Instagram. Him with his shirt off, his blond bed head framing his slightly mischievous face, about to relax on the couch with a cup of coffee and a joint, and maybe later crushing it on his snowboard. His friends from the city would "like" this.

He puts the joint in his mouth and raises his iPhone to the mirror, snapping the selfie with the early morning sun backlighting his slender form. In the image his iPhone partially obscures him. Its presence resonates with a contemporary moment.

#goodmorning #winter #smashingpumpkins #smokeone #lovelife.

Then he presses SHARE