

Cooler

By

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And I spied from across the platform an old cooler.

The white body stained yellow from years of use.

The red lid faded to a dull orange.

But the years were otherwise kind to this container.

As I gazed upon it I found myself lost in thought, the miles it must have traveled in its lifetime.

And I said aloud "It's fucking cold out today."

"You said it," a fellow traingoer agreed.