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The Neighborhood Girls Fall for the WKBN Meteorologist



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The gist: The meteorologist pushes weather from the westside. He's the darling digger of the cold front, *Live from WKBN*: the highest perch remaining downtown. We want his temperature, we want to feel his forehead, to measure it in our mint-green kitchens at midnight with bar neon pulsing down the block. The valley falls silent when he works thunder across the counties — Mahoning, Trumbull: what muscle. Oh what a thing to watch for. These warming Friday nights when even grandpas unbutton their work shirts we park out behind his station and arch back against the back bumper, a street of hydrangeas in our hair. A lot of salty Chevys. A lot of lipgloss zombies. Any second now he'll exit, the second storm is coming, but can't he know we'll wait all night? — our hearts without accuracy, our money on the side door, our eyes bullseyeing the sky.



