

Cold

by Gary Moshimer

Winter will be cold this year, you tell her. You read that. She says she is with child with her new husband. You tell her she's forty-five, it is selfish. The baby. It's fine. You demand to be at her tests. Evan may let you, she says. He's a doll. She would never use that word. She's in a whole other world with this Evan. You drive down to see her, she is so old-looking, her hair chopped, her belly riding high, it doesn't seem right. All negative, says this positive Evan. What do you know? You say you know it will be cold. A cold year.

