

# 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.

