

Security Notes to the Museum of Winter

by Ivy Alvarez

In the Museum of Winter, there will be no oranges, except for the rumour of fires; no reds, except for tongues, burnt on the lips of cups, their lava mouths. The experts will be Inuit. They have all the knowledge requisite. Wolf-sheep hybrids are highly prized, especially their teeth, how they wear away at the placards, the walls. The mistress curator keeps the rooms ten degrees below comfort. I often see my breath long before I exhale. Snow is holy here, blindness a mark of respect. She and I reminisce over chilblains, compare our blubber, bemoan the calipers at our pinched waists. Behind the wainscoting, the mice scratch, struggling to keep warm.

