

## Cold Front

Outside the temperature has changed. The air is crisp and cool to the touch. We both shiver. Your cheeks turn rosy, mine are just cold. Your nose tip is red, mine begins to hurt. This is not thermafrost or frostbite, not yet. This is the beginning of an argument.

We refrain from talking, a bitter cold truce. Let the children play in peach. They run and throw snowballs in a fast version of Battleship. Frenzied looks of delirium on their faces. They emit sharp shrieks of pleasure. These pierce the fog in my brain.

The promise of body heat pulls us closer, biceps and triceps and other tendrils nearly touch, tension tightens clenched jaws, teeth grind and chatter, collars are pinched tighter, closed but they don't stay. Stubborn and determined to remain autonomous.

The children tire of performing and run up with ragged raspy breath. Their light skin makes them look rosy as well. But perhaps they are just cold too. We go inside for hot cocoa next to the warm fireplace.