

Chilled Blue

You twist the car key
vents exhale a chill

You turn on the radio
push buttons
tune out awkward silence

I reach for your hand
You grasp the shift
I wipe away frost on the window
and my tissue tears into wet, dirty pieces.

The right words burn
in the exhaust
My breath turns to clouds
Reaching you is like trying to grab a box on the top shelf —
only every touch pushes it toward the wall.

Your door slams shut
You're gone—
to scrape ice?

I turn to a frosty window
wait for spring.

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