

melting point

AMBER ALEXANDER

I HAD A DREAM THAT YOU DIED and I was standing by the casket. It was only the viewing, but no matter how many times a friend who claimed to know me best tried to pull me away, my side was still glued to yours. Through wood, of course. The prospects of hot tea, puffy peppermints, and tissues in office chairs did not seem inviting. I'd still hear the same somber piano music through the speakers in the entire building. In this dream time had past. They were calling me Mrs, we must have finally wed. There were a few wrinkles on my hand and the few scars on my wrists had faded a bit more than the last time I checked. No, I couldn't leave you, not when you needed me most. You were floating around in the little particles and orbs in the air nobody else could see; my eyes were calculated in finding them and watching them drift about. Sometimes they even got in my eyes themselves and if I closed my red eyes long enough to let them rest, you would float around in there too.

Later, when everyone had left, they kept saying they were worried about the snowstorm coming in that night, I studied my surroundings. Red carpet with little gray diamonds, gray curtains all drawn shut to block my view of the snow falling down to Earth; perhaps you came to earth on a snowflake too. On mistake, no doubt, you should have landed on another planet. I make sure I'm alone before placing one last kiss on your cold lips; they still taste the same. They still melt the crystals of frost that guards my own heart. The coldness reminds me of the snow again. You were fleeting and geometrical and beautiful and striking. You brought me joy on gloomy days. You will always bring me joy on gloomy days. ✱