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Frostbite

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frostbite
Suzanne Tidwell
Poetry
Extra

yes, **me** down,
 me depressed,
 me sad,
 me alone,
no, me lonely.
me, sitting,
 wrapped in the emptiness of another friday night.
i get so hot, wrapped in something that heavy—i'm almost
 suffocating in nothing.
and yet, unless i wrap myself in something (even emptiness) i'm cold,
 like a child with no skin, caught in a blizzard,
 freezing, ice-and-death-cold,
 yet so fragile, delicate, accessible,
 open,
 the wrong touch could kill.