

Ice Storm
Claire Galford

Icy wind slams into the single-paned attic window, and coldness leaks into the unheated room. She cannot sleep because she is freezing, especially her bare legs.

She thinks about putting on her winter coat, the one with the hood and faux fur collar, but she dreads leaving what warmth the duvet comforter provides by stepping on the cold wood floor.

She hears the wind coming, ripping through the trees before banging into the house. Ice and snow cover the shingles of the roof sloping below the attic window.

She remembers other wintry nights, curled together to get warm, two people as one, her lover warming her insides as well as her outside. But tonight, she is alone and cold.