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Cold Yet?

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Cold Yet?

I hold my chapstick like a cigarette.
Lit between my two fingers,
I think it makes me look cool.

Minty fresh, it's Christmas in July,
Or October, or whenever the hell I want
To feel like celebrating myself.

I feel warm whenever I want to.
I make my own sunshine and lightning,
I light my own fire; I fill my cup,

And empty it day by day.
Maybe I don't fill it every time,
Maybe it takes a lot more liquid than before.

Habits are hard to break, like a bone but unlike
A promise to myself, to you, to
The ice in my chest.

Warmth is nice, but sometimes I want the bite.

What's the point of a fireplace if you don't light it?
Will the placebo make up for the mint on my lips
And the frost on my fingertips? Does my lightning hurt?

Maybe it's enough to play pretend
With my chapstick between my fingers,
Cool breath on my lips,

And words unspoken on my tongue.

Caitlin Scheresky is a sophomore English major at UND. When she's not reading or writing ideas in her notes app, she's petting every dog she can, drinking her body weight in coffee, or listening to music.