



Sierra Romero

*My Other Half*

# The Cold

—DeeOnna Denton

The first time I felt  
lonely as a child,  
I sat on the living room floor,  
making up stories in my head.  
Time comes to a standstill  
as a haze passes over.  
Instinct kicks in  
causing my eyelids to peel  
back like window shutters.  
Slow rapid blinks  
as I stare into the fog.  
Coldness seeps in  
starting with my toes.  
Far too young to understand  
loneliness.  
I have never been this scared before.  
My voice gives out during an attempt  
to call my mom, cleaning in the other  
room.  
Instead, I sink back further  
into the rough fabric of the couch.  
Heart thumping as I close my eyes  
and start to shake.  
I whimper as this new sensation  
slowly fades away, but  
it's still five steps ahead,  
patiently waiting.  
I continue to grow up with this  
cold sensation buried deep inside me.

The cold sits there still,  
too tired and cozy to change homes.  
That's a lie.  
Time with its belly too large  
to fit through that damn door.  
You feed it.  
It's not my fault  
I can't handle being alone.  
That's a lie; you don't even try.  
Even surrounded by family and  
friends,  
the coldness creeps in.  
I want to feel normal.  
I need to kill off that part of myself.  
My hand shakes as I aim the gun.  
I can't do it. I want to stop feeling  
alone.  
You won't. It keeps coming back.  
I have no choice but to learn  
how to cope with being by myself.  
It frightens me still.  
Yet, through resentment a bond  
forms.  
Two sides of me  
struggle to live together.  
It's a cycle;  
we both take turns.