

## Piano

The snow bit into her back, soaking through her already damp clothes; her sweat froze to her skin. With her eyes shut, she sunk into the deep, white sea, letting herself drown. The cold licked at her chapped lips, washed over her cheeks, and kissed her rosy nose. Her eyelashes fluttered as she opened her eyes and stretched her arms out wide as if she meant to catch the falling sky. A mortal snow angel. There were no clouds.

Blank.

A perfect grey.

Although children's joyful squeals were in the distance, to her it was harmoniously silent. As peaceful as she'd ever wished it to be. It was welcoming, friendly; a quilt that draped over her chilled body, newly sewn like a gift from her grandmother.

She parted her mouth and stuck out her tongue, allowing the snowflakes that gracefully fell to waltz across her taste buds and melt against the warmth of her saliva. Her lips stung in the frozen air, but she smiled slowly against the numbness; it was overpowering.

She clutched onto the intenseness of this feeling. The snow that soaked her bones sunk deeper into the marrow, melting what little heat she had left. Her skin burned as she continued to wander in the frosty water. Each second she lay in the cold ocean amplified the stillness of the air that crashed in waves of dense, pleasurable pressure.

She crossed her eyes, her gaze sliding down her softly pointed nose. She wished her paramour were there to tenderly brush where her wintry admirer had left its pink lipstick. It was easy to imagine him lying next to her, his heated body weighing down her arm as she held him against her chest. The sensation of his head on her shoulder trickled down to her stomach and happily settled in.

It lightly danced upon her organs and leaped across the length of her body. It hummed the Clair de Lune and performed a ballet to the sound of her dreams. It whispered love letters to the snow that teased her bones; it yearned to caress her crimson cheeks; it serenaded her soul with a simple song so softly she could barely hear its voice.

But before she could embrace the warmth the thought of him tried to bring, it slipped between the gaps of her fingers and flew toward the blank, grey ceiling above her.

She didn't reach for it.

Her eyes closed once more. Silent.

The ice forming underneath her kept her grounded. She let it grip her neck and pull her further into the numbness. All she wanted was to fall deeper into the musical quiet, and feel her love tumble down with her -- alone together.

Her breathing began to shallow, seeming to have reached the shore of the white ocean beneath her. How lovely it would be to let the tidal wave of melodic silence crush her into the depth of cold she currently floated in.

She shivered, stuck in the staccato of strained detachment. Speechless. Moonlight Sonata performed as the image of her love adorned the grand piano and epitomized the essence of which she wished to endure for all eternity.

She was pulled back under, away from the shore once more. She let the feeling of paralysis sweep over her; the children's voices several miles away sounding suddenly like the rhythmic lapping of water on a crystal white beach.

Turning her palms to face the surf, she tapped her fingertips to the steady cadence of the piano piece that played for the snowflake waltz. She left slight imprints with each pulse of her hand and let the music soothe the chill that racked her body.

Gradually, the sound of her dreams intertwined with her dancing fingers and swayed gently up her arms, into her shoulders, and once more to her stomach. It harmonized with the snow and composed a symphony with the Moonlight Sonata, seeping affectionate warmth into the places the thought of him always brought.

She imagined him gripping her hips, refusing to let the grey canopy drag him away again.

She smiled.

Frostbite should not have felt so deliciously like home.