

# Ice

## Luisa Zertuche Valcarcel '27

And as the sun sets in once more  
I feel the cold creep in  
With the slight chill in the breeze  
I know the stars will start to shine again  
And I wish I get to see them  
I know I won't

I feel the cold seep into my fingertips  
The ice-cold water traces the ridges of my identity  
Like it's deciding which freeze pattern will be best.

I feel it sink into my skin  
Turning my cells into the most beautiful of snowflakes.  
Each with their own unique pattern made from my DNA

I examine their beauty with such precision,  
That I fail to notice it melt into my veins  
Delicately chilling every piece of my soul

Decorating it with a pattern of its own  
Turning me to an icicle  
Engraved with the scriptures of my love,  
But no warmth to give

No way to express the words so

The only ones I can mutter sound as cold as the ice around my mouth\*

I will wait for the sun to rise again,  
And I hope the winter is short.