

# Winter Interstice

*Ariana-Sophia M. Kartsonis*

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Years after the afternoon in the bears' bungalow, the estranged Goldilocks leaves a note on her husband's pillow.

I was skating on thin ice

between who you'd been

with and where and when

and how I wanted you.

I mean I was skating  
italicized.

on *the* thin ice

and whose name you'd

The italics a bunch  
of noisy neighbors

disturbed

keeping us awake

leaning into us

Sometimes in an excess  
of design they gave us

bold-faced exclamation

accenting each breath:

A boy in this town can translate rain. A girl we know has hung from stars. A horse drowned. Pity it. A man crossing a bridge on a bicycle rides opposite the river water for eight kilometers. The day closes in on him. A teaspoon of light runs out. How many sorrows can we cram in the metal box? If Matilda boards a carousel—say The Bronx Zoo carousel where the jumping ponies were carved in 1908—long before Matilda was—how many priests would run bathwater before the music stopped? How many gamblers would run ponies? How many snowflakes would fall between us? What divisive distance would be just right, Baby Bear? How cold is the porridge before us? How cold.

# Cremation

*Ariana-Sophia M. Kartsonis*

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Cremation<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> It should be noted that our narrator, age five, thought cremation to be a hopeful term. She was devastated by Chapter 17 (see *Gestalt*, *Symphonies*, *Cake Batter* and *Penultimate Stanza*, for more specific treatment of this subject). For the time being, it is significant to state, that she was forced to confront the literal magic *trick* of girl to ash, for the very first time.