

Utopia

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Abstract—Apparently there's a huge artery that runs along the inside of my thigh. Or is it a vein? And what's the difference? Regardless, there's a blood highway right there. At night, I sandwich the heating pad between my thighs, right up against this blood highway. Then to stay warm, I imagine that warm blood being pumped throughout the rest of my body. My hands, my feet. Up into my heart and into my brain. Warm blood.

Index Terms—cold, mornings

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Mist spills into the shower from the broken window. Steam colliding with fresh morning air. I keep waking up with this *thing* in my chest. I don't know what it is but I do know that I haven't taken a genuinely deep breath in weeks. In the shower this morning I was fog, a collision of hot and cold.