

At least you're warm like

mac and cheese, it's gooey, and it's stringy and warm and the cheese melts while you eat it in your mouth. It's not just the cheap store bought stuff, it's the textured cheese; not just powder but also your own cheese you threw in the pot while it was boiling and now it's all just melting. It's gooey. And the shower has mold around the edges and it's been there for ages. You're don't really think you're that rich, but the maid does come sometimes and sometimes it's gone but whenever the shower steams it steams and the mold comes back. It's okay. There's shampoo, you know, the jasmine type or maybe flowery or strawberry that blends in with the steam and you're just infatuated, you know, with smell. It's steamy goodness, the smell. Jasmine flowers. Fancy names like that. You have to feel the cocoa butter soap, it's extra rich, even creamy, and the smell lingers for the rest of the day. Cocoa butter and jasmine flowers. And the heater isn't working — it's freezing outside, frosted panes and the windows are iced with snow. Icicles. There's three layers of blankets over you, you counted, and there's three. Your feet were tucked in, and you're cuddling with the bed because it's warm and it's cold outside. Now there's two feet sticking out so you readjust the comforter and now you're covered completely and warm and cuddling with the bed in the freezing cold but at least you're warm. And even if there's no goo or gooey or jasmine flowers or cocoa butter, or any other name you don't exactly know, or no comforter or no blanket and its cold, you know, cold, at least you're

warm.