

Coming In From the Cold  
Deven Cucolo

Coming in from the cold,  
I took off my hat and hung it on a hook.  
I put my gloves on the counter and untied my boots.  
I unzipped my coat, losing my outer layer.  
I peeled off my snow pants and hung them on a hanger.  
I placed the jacket and pants in a closet and closed  
the door locking them in.  
In the laundry room I grappled with my turtleneck.  
I unzipped my jeans and pulled my limbs free.  
I slipped off my socks.  
These underlings I let fall to the floor in a heap.  
In my bedroom I turned off my light.  
I took off my hair and tool out my teeth and placed  
them on the dresser.  
I felt along my back for the catch and unzipped my  
skin.  
I stepped out of my skin and folded it neatly.  
I placed my organs in their proper jars which I'd  
decorated with stickers and smiles.  
I unhooked my bones and hung them in a closet and  
closed the door locking them in.