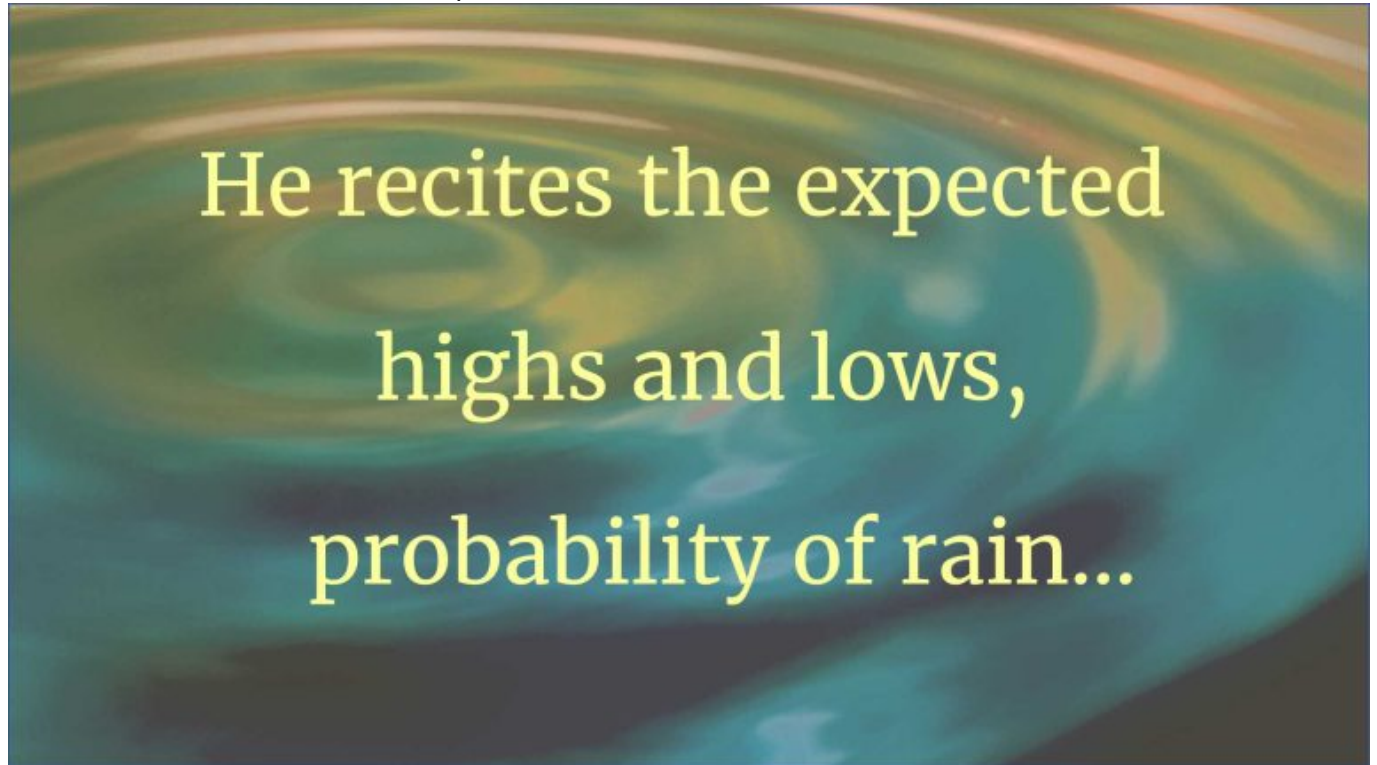


Still Cold

Category: Poems

written by Maria Terrone | February 13, 2026



On his birthday, my father tries
to eat osso buco with its tiny marrow-spoon.
He scrapes at the shank, a felled tree trunk
on his plate, raises the shreds to his lips
until we cry out, watching them spread
over the table like shame.

The glass the waiter places down breaks
into a cold sweat, and I think
of the water too icy to swallow
that my father hands me each time I visit,
with a weather report copied
from the newspaper in labored script.

He recites the expected highs and lows,
probability of rain, air pressure, wind-chill factor—
science attempting to predict,
busy with its delusions. Was the sky sunny
that winter day he was born or threatening
rain, did snow erase the familiar landscape
as Alzheimer's erases his? Who can know?

My father is always cold.
He lines up all his socks on the bed
in tight wool bundles, like hand puppets
without faces or shrunken blankets

too small to keep a baby warm.