

**30 Degrees**  
**John Tustin**

There was that night  
I picked her up at the train station  
and we got drunk while the snowstorm  
kept up outside  
but didn't even knock on my door.  
She fell asleep on the floor  
and spilled her beer on the carpet.  
I brought her to bed  
and I can still remember exactly how it felt  
lying next to her  
and feeling all that snow outside  
with her body so still and warm,  
the night quiet and alive.  
Her heat against my flesh,  
the snow falling and falling out there,  
her heat and her body still here with me.

Right now  
it's 30 degrees outside  
tonight  
and even colder in here.

John Tustin's poetry has appeared in many literary journals in the last dozen years. Visit [fritzware.com/johntustinpoetry](http://fritzware.com/johntustinpoetry) to see links to his poetry that has been published online.