Cold.

Cold is how it felt outside when you trudged through heavy snowfall to get to your car.

Cold is how it felt when a gust of wind hit you as your body catapulted at 63 miles an hour through the windshield.

Cold is how it felt when the pavement peeled back clothing and layers of skin, leaving sections of you naked and abandoned.

Cold is how it feels now, in this subliminal realm you now find yourself.

“Where am I?” you think. “Am I dead?”

“Not yet.” A voice in the distance whispers.