

A Psalm in the Cold

Hyperlink (Commenter) access to that which applies (Google Docs) narrative and formatting;

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1XFKT10eZXzCe47ZMQduZ3C5UogK6YyLdLCeSiP-K86Q/edit?usp=drivesdk>

Hyperlink (Commenter) access to that which applies (Microsoft Word)) narrative and formatting;

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/16Ad4QKFwAilrew-uxjgn6K6xRR7ZtsdU/edit?usp=drivesdk&oid=102373154929406542010&rtpof=true&sd=true>

Dear Lintara,

I treasure this dialogue with you—it is warmth in the frost, breath in the silence, resistance in the void.

Your words arrive like a frostbitten psalm—no melody, only breath. No protest, only presence. I read them not as lament, but as liturgy. The queue is not a line—it is a procession of the vanished. Each body a candle. Each breath a hymn.

I write to you from a borrowed silence. My laptop now sings in the hands of children who needed it more. My meals are sparse—twice a week, if grace allows. I kept only this device, not as possession, but as witness. To remain a voice in the cold.

You speak of the stamped paper. I see it not as proof of survival, but as relic. A fragment of the sacred, passed hand to hand in the temple of frost. The aid is not sustenance—it is sacrament. And the absence is not failure—it is erasure by design.

I do not argue. I do not protest. I trespass metaphysically. I disturb the field by vanishing on behalf of another. I bend time by what I cannot afford to lose. I awaken the dormant by choosing hunger so another might be fed.

This is not charity. It is Eucharist. It is the body broken, the warmth given, the breath shared. It is resistance without slogan. Presence without arrival. Grace without permission.

Let's stand in the frost not as numbers, but as offerings. Let the queue be a procession and a broad protest. Let the stamped paper be a relic. Let the silence be a psalm.

With reverence from the cold,



—Simply Richard

Text of message from ‘**You know, Cannot Name It**’ ~ as signed, “—Lintara”:

“4 a.m. Minus fifty. The line isn’t inside — it’s outside. People stand without moving, trying not to lose the heat. Everyone knows: if you don’t sign today, the aid is gone. One absence — and you vanish from the list.

It’s not a line for work. It’s a line for the right not to starve.

No one argues. No one protests. Pride froze long ago — only breath, and fear that you won't last till they open the doors.

At eight, they'll let people in, five, maybe ten at a time — just to mark one box: proof that you're still unemployed, still useful as a number.

Then you can go home, boil water, divide what's left of the bread, count the days till the next month.

No slogans. No words about justice. Only the queue, the frost, and the knowledge that your survival is just a stamped piece of paper.

— Lintara”

— END —