

# Nuclear Winter

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Originally published in  
*APA's Newsletter on  
Philosophy and Medicine*  
91:1, Spring 1992  
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Suddenly we are snowmen,  
our frozen breath packed tight  
around our faces. Above us,  
the atmosphere flutters down,  
white like angelfeathers.  
And then, forevermore,  
cold meteors crunch into the ground  
as if into powdered Styrofoam.