

Skating At Twilight

by Sara Hunter

Skating at twilight, the wind in her face,
She guides as I glide 'cross this wide, frozen place.
My ankles are sideways. My toes have gone numb.
She squeezes my mittens to thaw out my thumbs.
The first stars are twinkling. It's time to go in.
Mom can't resist it. She takes one more spin.

"Lace up your ice skates. It's time to break free,"
I hear my mother's voice calling to me.
Spinning and twirling, as we race 'round the pond.
If I get too tired, she pulls me along.

One cold Christmas morning, I bring my kids back
To skate on the pond when the ice has turned black.
Mom's at the window, skates in her hand
To take my kids skating where I first began.
Circling, following Mom's figure eights.
She smiles all the while as she spins on her skates.

"Lace up your ice skates. It's time to break free,"
Calling my children, she's calling to me.
Spinning and twirling, we race 'round the pond.
If she gets too tired, we pull her along.

I wonder sometimes what life would have been like
If I could have frozen it there in the ice.
I think nice.

Her ice skates are hanging in front of my desk.
They find me, remind me what she did the best:
Gliding at twilight, the wind in her face
And wings on her feet 'cross this wide, frozen place.

"Lace up your ice skates. It's time to break free,"
I hear my mother's voice calling to me.
Spinning and twirling, we race 'round the pond.
If I get too tired, she pulls me along.