

Skating

By Veronica Zanco

There's a fine record to play upon quarter-inch blades
Transport me to the land of toe pick staccatos, the ssk of a clean landing
the creak of deep edges, brisk blanketing breezes

Spins whirring reality as ice swirls beneath steel
blood rushing to head and fingertips, warm tone ballooning within
There's a fine record to play upon quarter-inch blades

Choctaws, twizzles, loops, swishing melodies floating upon memory
(each loop etched one-and-a-half blade-lengths tall, one blade-length wide)
the creak of deep edges, brisk blanketing breezes

Limbs singing out crescendos, each finger ablaze
Silence holds breath, climbing the air, a ssk, and release
There's a fine record to play upon quarter-inch blades

Ponytail sailing the footwork of quickened notes
turning, twisting, weaving in and out, mind only the music of body, drifting away
the creak of deep edges, brisk blanketing breezes

An edge gone awry, body a mellow thud to the release
of pounding fear (worse than bruises), sharpening nerves
There's a fine record to play upon quarter-inch blades
the creak of deep edges, brisk blanketing breezes

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