

Ice

HOLLY GURAN

You are no companion
for this aging lover
 lying in wait under snow.

I don't know
 when you first caused
 my feet to doubt themselves,

 feet that once did figure eights,
skated backward
loved to skate
 on that particular rink
 a flooded tennis court at dawn.

I've been told
 Shuffle like a penguin.
 Resist the urge to lift each leg high.
 Attach a spikey device under boots.

On this earth whatever holds
 still haunted by the thrill of edges
 cutting your glassy face.