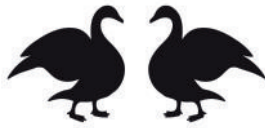


GREGORY LAWLESS

SKATING RINK



From one side of the rink
you can see the other side
frozen, curving, returning,
like the past
you have to live through
it over and over again
before you get it right
and they let you out.
No wonder
children collapse
kicking
their blades
in the air reaching
their hands up
to snatch you
like a new father,
no wonder
a nosebleed here
a rolled ankle there
something broken
you look down now
but you keep going.