

Pleasure Skaters

We have been fighting.
On a frozen tear of a lake,
We free skate frustrations out of us,
Wounded with words, dull swords.
Our silent skates communicate,
Cut ruts revolving round edges,
Equal circles in a race for grace,
Till silence alone is meaningful
In this last-chance mating dance.
A new moon hides in a hoary haze,
Still as any stillborn thing.
Speckles of sparkling snowflakes
Come down like a quiet curtain.
I can only make the night go faster,
Touch hair-trigger hands,
Protect her from falling upon
Twisting tracings;
Stressmarks in our faces
Wanting to let go, wanting to hold on.

— *Raymond Filip*