

## THE ICE RINK

A hundred blades  
flashed, scraped, whined  
to music thunder.  
Arcs of ice flew in the air.

A whip line formed.  
It snaked past me,  
snatching my hand.  
Speed rushed at my hair.

I clung to the line.  
It rippled and wavered...  
it stretched and it spun...  
then it broke.

Hands grabbed at thin air,  
feet turned inwards  
as skates splayed out -  
headlong for the barrier,

and one by one  
we crashed and sprawled at its feet  
like newborn giraffes,  
but we didn't care.