

“Rink,” by Raymond A. Foss

After Minnesota's lakes
in the winter of '71,
it was no big deal
but for us it was
it was something we did together
dad, mom, and us
some plastic, boards to frame
the edge
and a thin film of ice
added layer by layer,
day by day
brittle pockets of air,
deep solid parts
and ragged places
where the lawn dipped, sloped
draining the hose after each time,
so it wouldn't fill
setting lights to shine on our practice
under the stars and moon
using it after school too;
but mostly at night,
watching mom figure skate
and dad teaching us hockey
before the lure of skiing
changed our winter sport.