

LAGOON

I shift to the right, the left, tip like an inflated knock out dummy. With my Frankenstein feet I place blade before blade and ride the silver train, my coat pocketing the wind. I skate past the dark ice which is supposed to mean something. I skate near a red mitten with nickles burned an inch into the ice. The weeping willows tap their feelers on the ice. Think of the fish tipping the discs of their eyes at the rumble of skaters. In October the water is a yellow plastic pool when the willows drop all their leaves. We pull crawfish from the slurry with broken chicken backs tied to kite string. The mystery holes claimed to contain deadly water snakes or aquatic rats are just dumb crab houses. The bluegills are so hungry they snap up when you gob on the water. Even now the water is alive while I stand in the middle of the pond. Pearls of fish and crab breaths dot the ice. Stay away from the orange flags where someone's dog fell in.