

# Thin Ice

*Ken Raines*

I watch two girls on wheels.  
Four neon-green wheels  
on each foot. Rollers

in the shape of a blade,  
they schuss and stall,  
and hesitate, and slalom;

Stutter down the easy dry slope  
of driveway concrete  
fresh poured last summer.

On the hour, the radio reports  
sixteen degrees and falling  
In a steep chill-factor wind.

But the hurly-burly ballet  
continues undimmed in Lycra-  
bright enthusiasm.

They skate with the grace  
of those unhobbled by concern  
over false starts and faux pas.

With no signs posted  
to advise skaters  
of their own fragility,

or caution them that their egos  
may one day give way  
with only an ominous crack

of belated warning,  
They roll on  
with bolder and bolder strokes.