

## BOBBIE S. CORLEY

### *Ice Skating*

The river has frozen  
at least a foot deep  
and the young boys  
skate to the middle,  
falling with each sway  
to greet their shadows.  
Mauve laughter comes  
from their mouths  
as the shavings  
from the blades under their feet  
leave trails like dripping wax  
from candles.  
I want to be their mother  
rubbing their bare feet  
between my palms.