

Zayack's Pond: How Memere Met Pepere

His skates rasp harsh grooves into the blue-white,  
sawdust-flecks of ice spraying  
over the mirror surface,  
gloved hands closed into fists,  
his scarf a plaid banner waving burgundy.

She presses her lips together as he jumps,  
drawing his knees up,  
clearing the water barrels and alighting  
smoothly.

She thinks he's a show-off.

He turns around, skirts the edge of the pond,  
ice-trapped weeds catching his skates,  
notices her among many.

She crosses her arms, lifting her chin slightly.

He thinks she's arrogant.

They lock eyes in the heavy gray stillness,  
becoming my grandparents.

My mother, my uncle condensed there  
out of breath-fog,  
my lineage,  
my history  
suspended in that moment,  
reflecting from skate-cut ice.

-Leah Makuch