

Skating Away

David Ram

For Annie

Last June I rowed us through this quiet cove,
and now we chatter over crunchy ice.

Mama and I push and glide past Nana,
shuffling in winter boots, as you toddle
about on double runners, skittering
to and fro like a squirrel in the snow.

When you toss aside the milk-crate trainer
and ramble ahead alone, we follow
your meandering path beyond the point,
regroup and pose for family photos.

Then Nana snuggles you between her legs
in the sled, I pull you through figure eights
across the humbling ice, and Mama leads
our modest parade, all of us beaming.

David Ram retired from teaching community college and lives with his wife in Easthampton, Massachusetts, where he practices writing, rowing and grandparenting. His recent poems appear in *Amethyst Review*, *Gargoyle*, *Sport Literate*, *Stone Poetry Quarterly*, *The Orchards Poetry Journal*, *Unearthed*, and elsewhere.