

Figure Eights

by Betsy Waugh

I used to practice all day in my
driveway making figure eights
with my new white skates
with the fuzzy red skate
covers my mother calling me
in from the cold to drink
hot chocolate out of my
Santa Claus mug my
hands thawing as I hold
the steaming mug warming my
toes by the living room
fire melting my frozen
clothes into a huge
puddle in the utility room.