The Skaters

Matthew Brennan
Indiana State University

Abstract
As in a winter scene of the Flemish Masters, Skaters glide like swans across the surface Of Lake of the Isles

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The Skaters

by Matthew Brennan

As in a winter scene of the Flemish Masters,
Skaters glide like swans across the surface
Of Lake of the Isles; the rink’s white ice embeds
Red and green scarves and blue down jackets
In bold relief that Brueghel would have loved.
But farther off, beyond the borders of
The rink, sunset reflects like fire in
A picture window; shafts of yellow and orange
Shimmer like the blurred thoughts of someone dying
So that once more I see my mother driving,
Blinded by fog and drifting for an hour
Through Forest Park as if in darkening waters
Until we hear the lilt of a Strauss waltz
And know that life cannot be far away.