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## The Skaters

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### 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.