



7th ANNUAL
POEM
TOWN
BRADFORD

ICE SKATING

In my youth, ice skating
On the farm pond
once covered with ice
Was exciting and fun
It is now just memory.

Bundling up in winter jacket,
Snow pants, hat, mittens,
And boots. Hand-me-down
Skates slung over shoulder
Off I went.

It was cold, the wind blew
Across the open field.
On gently sloping pond banks
Rocks were scattered around
Like checkers on a checkerboard.

One flat rock became a make-shift bench
When I tied my skates.
Shoveled clean the gleaming ice
Waits skater's antic
Including mine.

Gliding across the pond
My blades engraved the ice
Click, click, click, click
I felt Freedom
And filled the air with song.

I didn't do spins, jumps or one
Arm behind the back racing.
I just hoped to stand up and not
Catch a pebble or stick in my blades
As a "Belly Flop" hurts.

Adrenaline high, around
and around I went
When nearly frozen, cheeks
Rosy pink, Toes and fingers numb
Off came the skates.

I'd trudge home
To find hot cocoa waiting
Get warm by the big black
Kitchen wood stove
Then do it all over again another day.

GERTRUDE SAVAGE
Etna, NH

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