

Foul

Slapped face down onto the ice
the kid in the red plastic helmet stares
whiter than floodlights, eyes
wrinkling in silent wails.

Two other women and I gasp
out of our gossip, lurch
inward to straddle the boards, but
stop — this kid isn't our own.

Mother? Ten feet away stands
harder than diamond rings, face
stiff as impeccable curls.
Her gaze freezes the rink.

We watch her — she knows,
shooting a mean smile
straight past the kid crying
into her void, alone.

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