he's called—
wears his speed skates barefoot.
He's an orthopedic surgeon, so I've heard
but wouldn't know;
and they say beware, his blades
will cut you
if you're slow. Ask him
why he skates,
and he'll tell you 'bout
the long glide, strong stride,
steel on ice—
prowl of the pack
full moon howl
flying through the night
mantra of the blade
heat of the meet
rhythm of the motion.
And I thought I heard him
say as he raced away—
high on ice, the stars sing me
their prophecies!

Richard Bronson, M.D.