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WE BEGIN AT LAKE CALHOUN

by Jia Oak-Baker

When the weather grew bitter that winter,
we chose to enjoy it. Too in love to feel
sorry for ourselves, we couldn't sulk
inside that drafty house. No way we could pay
to crank up the heat. Instead, we strapped on skates,
etched lines and figure eights on the lake.
Our laughter cut through the silence,
echoing in the clean air each time we fell.
Peering through cracks, we caught sight of the rush
and the blackness of the water beneath us. How
were we to know in time those fissures would give?