

Cold Spin

By Kaja Weeks

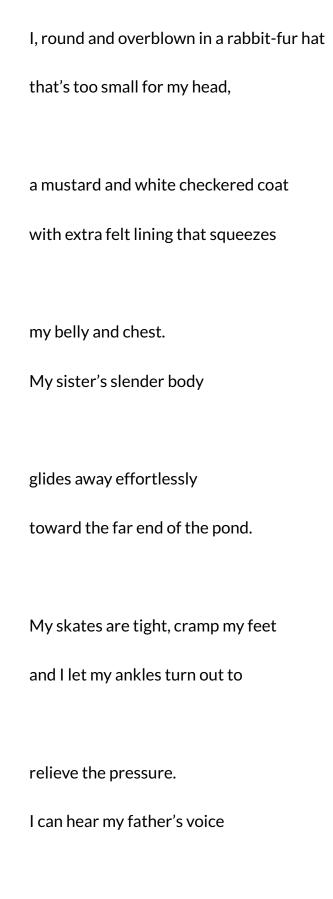
Cold Spin

My sister is fifteen, I am eight.

We're on the ice wearing white leather skates.

She—lanky, scowling, a brown ponytail

swaying as she moves.



shouting directions from the dirt and snow near the Chevrolet where my mother stands, veiled with white mist over her face while he gesticulates, calls the orders: Let the hounds out, exercise, train them, discipline them. I can't wait to move, and push off, one, two, three, glide; one, two, three, four, five, six, glide long and breathe beautiful cold bittersweet smells of wintry meadow. My breath seeds vapor

that swirls front and past my face
and I can no longer hear
a blessed thing behind me.
I skate near my sister, but we don't talk.
Pale reeds and cattails shiver
in waves, murmur in the berm
m waves, marmar m the serm
between frozen pond and half-melted river.
If I were swimming I'd be on my back,
floating, ears submerged, eyes closed,
then peering from a watery window
then peering from a watery window
then peering from a watery window
at the sky straight above.

before I loop my feet around smoothly,
turn and turn, turn—
I'm spinning like a skater.
Back in the car my sister and I
are silent and face opposite windows.
My cheeks are wind-burned,
a drum bellows in my ears,
cold toes ache through numbness,
body radiates heat.
Our father drives and dictates
the mechanics of skating.

white flecks shave upward



Kaja Weeks, a poet and essayist who is

the child of World War II refugees, often writes narratives that highlight identity and inter-generational themes. She has been published in The Sugar House Review, Ars Medica: Journal of Medicine, The Arts and Humanities, The Potomac Review (Pushcart Prize nominee) and elsewhere. Kaja is a graduate of New Directions, a multi-year writing program of The Baltimore-Washington Center for Psychoanalysis. Her writing can also be found at https://lyricovertones.com/)