

“Free” by Ava Jo

Blades blurring, wind whipping
Cold biting at my flushed cheeks and nose
Spinning, gliding on the slippery carpet of ice
Chattering fading to the background
Free.

Suddenly, losing control
Flailing, hands slamming down to stop my fall
Grounded.

Ice so raw it burns
Noises rush back like water from a broken dam
Kids screaming as they swerve around the rink
The scrape of dozens of metal blades
Holiday music assaulting my ringing ears
Rising again like wildfire
Pushing past my limits
Determined to stay
free