

Grand Marais, Minnesota

Paige Miller

The wind delights in throwing water against the shore of smooth stone
Letting a lake pretend, just for a moment, that it is ocean
So it roars twice as loud just to prove that it can
Echoing across the shore, rocks coated in ink,
shadow hiding all that is not
Laced in silver
Within this light and its absence sit three women, spines pressed against the rocks Same
wispy hair, one grey, one gold and one dark,
Hair that sways like spider silk on the cold breath of the waves
With a wool blanket, though they're all allergic, it keeps them warm
Three moments of a life
One looks at the sky in wonder
Another in peace
The third, in remembrance
There was a famous picture taken, once, in black and white
Of three dancers
Mother, daughter, grandmother
Of three generations
Standing proud and lean, images of the present, the future, the past.
Though these women here on this rock wear no ballet slippers
Their eyes *pirouette* across the infinite sky
With breaths that *relever* in soft grey puffs, slipperless but graceful, as they curl And and
bend between the wisps of pine scented air
They are not dancers, these women
Who were once girls
Who used to be children
Children that used to curl in the womb of the woman next to her
Because next to the youngest there stands, out of sight a woman that could be And next to the
oldest, hidden between the lines of time, stands the oldest woman that had been The chain of
these women are infinite, though you can not see them, the stars can, and they watch, transfixed,
barely twinkling as they look at these women who gaze back. No, these are no ballerinas
But this moment, this moment is a dance
And if you close your eyes
You can watch it glide between time and space, to thread together the souls of the breathing and
the breathless.
Close your eyes it whispers, and dance in the moments that are infinite