

## Skate

Now a year after your death, fish-mother, skate,  
you swim up off the surface of the earth:  
your other-worldly face  
not saying anything  
face I can never meet  
inside the inside face  
not since the land came wet  
out of the water, face  
under all the pieces of light,  
how could I get to you?  
Never leave you. Please you!  
Teacher, spine in my spine:  
the spelling of the world  
kneels down before the skate.

—Jean Valentine