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Slope Dope

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Cover Page Footnote

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The temp. is 24 outside
The windchill makes it 18.
Rushing down through powdery paths,
I follow the trail of the precedent.

My hands grasp the pole’s grip.
Totally controlled plants.
Each corner I maneuver is perfect.
The dissected circles show experience.

My bent knees rest on the boots.
Skis straight ahead are parallel.
Once into a turn they break slightly apart.
The gap distance shows the degree of the curve.

On the WALL, I see a mogul.
As I helicopter over it and land
My body is comfortably numb.
My eyes water with another skiing high.

Polly Lynne Christina Fitzgerald