

## A Thank-you Poem

Brock Dethier

Read Robert Hayden's "Those Winter Sundays" (link below) or my "Tightening Skates" below. Discuss how we sometimes don't appreciate someone's generosity until we switch roles. Now think of a time when someone did something particularly generous and selfless and describe that time in as much detail as possible. Once you've written down as many details as you can remember, pare them down to ones that will make the reader feel what you feel about the person and situation.

Link to Robert Hayden's "Those Winter Sundays":

<https://www.poets.org/poetsorg/poem/those-winter-sundays>

## Tightening Skates

I gouge my numb index fingers  
under the stiff laces,  
pry for leverage,  
the tiniest bit of slack,  
jerk it through,  
knuckle the gain in place  
up sixty pairs of eyelets,  
Corey's then Larkin's then Tanner's,  
lower back scar bulging,  
knees wet from kneeling,  
jacket flecked with frozen spray  
kicked by kids' skates,  
and thank my mother  
in her ancient, thin parka,  
kneeling beside her mitten shells,  
tightening the first to get laced,  
the butt of each skate denting her thigh,  
hands blotched redwhite from cold,  
hoping her fingers will still obey  
and lace her own,  
give her a moment of grace to glide  
before the first one gets cold ears  
or needs retightening.

---Brock Dethier