
Rockefeller

by Diana Raab

Each winter Sunday
instead of working in the department store,
my father made his way
down the creaky wooden stairs

to the garage to fetch
his black figure skates
from the rack above his retired car.
He then drove to the city to teach ice skating
at Rockefeller Center beneath
the nine-ton Christmas tree.

On a good day, he taught five
or six stars to skate—Paul Newman,
was one of them. They all gave him
autographed photos,

which he proudly hung on our basement walls,
until Mom—in a clean-up frenzy—
tossed them in a Goodwill box.

Now memories of dad hang
on the walls of those he never met,
during frozen winters
and many months of Sundays.

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