

*The white glory of a rink.*

THE MOON HUNG IN THE SKY LIKE THE FACE OF  
A DRUM. AS I WATCHED, IT BECAME THE SHIN-  
ING FACE OF RINK, WHERE INDIAN BOYS IN  
CAST-OFF SKATES LAUGHED IN THE THRILL OF  
THE GAME, THE SMALLEST AMONG THEM ZOOMING  
IN AND OUT ON OUTSIZED SKATES. I OFFERED  
MY TOBACCO TO THE LAKE WHERE EVERYTHING  
STARTED AND EVERYTHING ENDED, TO THE  
CLIFF THAT HAD MADE THIS THE PLACE OF MY  
PEOPLE, AND I OFFERED MY THANKS ALOUD IN  
AN OJIBWAY PRAYER. THE MOON HUNG IN THE  
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