The white glory of a rink.

As I watched, it became the shining 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 out-sized 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 sky like the face of a drum. As I watched, it became the shining 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 out-sized 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.