

The Decision

Your childhood fades through
blond haired dolls and flat pink slippers
past girlhood stints of softball and tennis and jazz ballet
to respite in ladylike repose
on the back of a coffee tinted mare

I see your body take shape
my hair grays

You want more

In Grade 9 you announce
“Dad, I wanna play hockey”
Sure, we can give it a try
– *but you haven’t even skated much*
“I wanna be a goalie”
OK, that’s a key position
–*hopefully it’s not just a whim*

The last possible minute
the heart is constant
desire flows
this is no fad

equipment
new and used
money spent
leather armour
blades of steel
blocker catcher
helmut named Eddy, stick by Salo
encasement complete

ride to the rink
tryouts
nerves but no second thoughts
blue rink
dressing room 4

I pace the waiting area
the cool air makes me sweat

Your feet stutter
toward a circle of girls

I pray
and wonder if my old gear in the garage
helped you decide.