

Climbing

by Katherine Fallon

She is there, in her gym, when it happens.
I don't ask for ice, and soon, she forgets.

Hurt finger curled toward my palm, the other
four explore her as the wall: collarbone

for delving, hips for a palm-wide grasp, toes
between toes like hand holding. I push

against her feet as though they could support me
on point. They can. Do. To touch her, I hide

the injury, broken digit whimpering when asked
to be an ice axe, to anchor, anchor, hold.