

From the Locker Room, Away

The guard's a collage,
tower tall callused hands imploring, eyelid
a sub-fingertip wonder.

Like a stenciled dune, lucent
& barely flushed, with his half-closed
upturned hand—half-waiting—lined
from his luck line, not quite cracked.
Sirens sign to him in red sound radiation
& voiceless calls for coming.

Their tremors, numbered
subversion from hands to rim to net, floor thudding, second
by second, the spin awaited, the turn
paced from the start.