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## Poetic Basketball

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## THE ART AND SCIENCE OF POETIC BASKETBALL

The hidden, humble regimen.  
A hard wood floor  
Under a supple, seasoned quilt.  
An inviting glass backboard  
Bare, begging lined paper.  
A leather McGregor and a blue Bic Medium.  
A hundred foul shots,  
A hundred foul attempts.  
Shoot exhausted,  
Write consumed.

A ritual is born.  
Five dribbles, a series of first lines.  
A deep breath, a flash back.  
Bending in some strange, unacknowledged synchronicity  
Are your knees and my wrist.  
Spin the ball, twist the phrase.  
The harmony of flawless rhyme  
Swish – the placid testimony of perfection.  
An agreeable spin,  
Like a line that bids companionship  
(And like all good things)  
Comes back to you.

He idolizes Sidney Moncreif  
I play.  
She analyzes Wallace Stevens  
I write.  
And I sweat too, in my own invisible and internal way  
For an imaginary moment . . . to be peerless.  
Even sex has not equaled this  
But like It, I collapse – spent and emptied –  
And then bathe in my private glory.

*Continued*

Once, I celebrated a love this simple,  
Inspired,  
Moved,  
Infused.  
Let it be.

Kelly Corrigan