

The Night Mayweather Took It

by Angela Kubinec

Rounding the corner, I saw
school zone warning lights sending confused
flashes out at one a.m.

Cayetano, on the second undercard, didn't win

they blinked

what I had felt as I watched
him lose was a mixture of boredom and dread
his head being pounded
ten rounds
he never wavered or threw much of a punch, either

my lover scolded me for not recognizing
heart
in a boxer

you take your licks until you
win, drop or die
even if you know you are losing

I watch boxing from a shallow
visceral viewpoint
all the stuff mothers are supposed to hate
sound of spit in the bucket
cutman pinching blood
rains of sweat

bags of ice in the corner, waiting
the pounding on the ropes

screaming

anyway, I wanted to say to him, I understand
poorly timed signals, the resentment of being measured
and the grief of losing

some song about beauty and wanting what you've not got
graced the radio

his scarred knuckles were shiny under the rhythmic amber glow
hand loose on the wheel
confident

