

# 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

