

TERRI AND THE BOXING MATCH

by Carl Santoro

I needed to win you.

You were the prize.

He was the sudden wedge.

I became the boxer's glove.

The moments he swung

Only filled my ears with passing wind.

I saw you, you saw me,

And then I saw our clouds.

A scream, an "Oh noooo!"

My stomach pulled in a deep breath

my lips curled up into a smile.

It's been ten hours

I'm loving this feeling

of crisp, white, clean

hospital sheets.

The nurse saying, "Terri, is here to see you."

