

Game Day

by Daniel M. Landolt-Hoene

Being awake for the sunrise,
that is the good plan
for writing poems
and listening to engines
birds
and bus stop silence.

Now, I'm going to smoke
out back on my roof porch
from this attic
apartment
in this desert land of big-titted blondes
and listen to

stadium fans
rage like lapping ocean
at every first down and field goal
because their boys are going to make it
going to bring some pride
and show 'em what we got
here in this town of
truck nuts and tobacco spit.

