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.

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