

**COREY OGLESBY**

**In the Quiet Before a Hike, the Star Quarterback Experiences  
an Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response**

It comes to him like warm air  
on the wrist after opening  
a microwave, when he imagines  
being in love. Or the way  
a poorly played piano rubs  
the mind, the misfired notes  
blurring together. Somewhere  
beyond the stadium's glow  
a widow alphabetizes books  
she's never read. A busboy  
takes the harsh drag of a first  
cigarette beside a dumpster.  
We are little hills of sound  
is the name of the play. Full row  
of hairy, painted chests rises, reads  
How Tall Would The Grass Get  
If You Didn't Stomp It Back Down  
Every Other Night? Snap—  
ball disappears into white light.  
Someone's always there.  
Touchdown. Clockwork. He is  
the center of the universe, finally  
unable to surprise itself. The crowd  
a bowl of bees, the applause  
heavy rain. The Chests:  
We Love You And We Are Sorry  
You Cannot Be One Of Us.