

Tournament Hopeful

My interest in the sport is only theoretical.
Like a Roman augur counting crows that turn
in a vermilion sunrise stripped of the colors of astonishment,
who never looks past number and direction to the art of chance
or to the way bright wings lift when they beat out the sound
of passing, who never wonders, awestruck,
where they're going, or why, or sees more than the future
in the flash and flutter of the straight-flying dawn, every year

I fill out my bracket using the A.P. stats as guide
and watch your team win or lose. What do I know
about this court with its tall kings, its royal advisors?
See how they surge together at the time-out, huddling
and praying and flaring out like a ten-armed hallelujah
exploding into motion? And in the air, like fate,
a three-point shot swishes true to the basket and the world
erupts in applause. I duly notch my bracket but thrill
when your crow's feet lift with surprise. Love,
you have me good arc and all net.