

Michael Brownstein

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

It's dark jerseys defending for Magic City  
The 100,000,000 spectators break down  
Into their component parts of sunglasses--  
Circles of frenzy, dark doughnuts glazed  
With speed, circles of muscle that sail back and forth  
Left--right, left--right,  
Feeding themselves to the afternoon television  
Inside an aquarium of perpetual grey light:

This is a professional football game,  
So now the muscles contract and expand nonsensically--  
What a sight! --And to see that, to actually hear  
And see a criminal idiot address a joint session  
Of Congress, circles of muscle throbbing  
In unison--Can you comprehend what that kind of thing  
Does to me? It drives me further and further up the wall  
Of the stadium, where I look back down and see  
The classical, sad football players collide  
In flat ballet shoes on the astroturf