

I CATCH THE VOLLEYBALL BUMPED BY AMY RAY

And plan to make a gift of it to you.
She's your ideal, not mine. Even this dream
should be yours. Yet, I'm amazed

how simple it is. Her arms, their thick veins
sticking out, her big, athletic, rocking
thighs. I open my hands

and the ball drops in. I remember years ago
mashing my tamales with a fork
in rage when you said, yeah, you'd fuck her.

Furious—the power
she had, just because she was
impossible. In the dream,

she's so close I could ask
for her autograph. But how to give you the ball,
without speaking? It's too big

for your mailbox. Impossible, your beautiful
ideals, the women you will never know,
the women I become.

Jessica Moll