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In the Stands

For Paul Zarzyski

July dust hovers then covers the horse going down. Cowgirls dressed in red and rhinestones tremble like beads of sweat in summer sun. Then bronc and rider break from spin to-spin-out in one clear Hail Mary straight-away for the stands. The calm pulse of no return quickens to a melee of yells, of men and women straining for a better view—as the bowlegged roan, yoked in chaps and spurs, runs, lunges and dives.

The crowd rises, beer cans and children in hand. Every summer in a moment we forget what we owe and risk it all on a clown taunting a bull, or cowboy in the air. We bank on luck not our own, brush the dust from our clothes, and pray our bodies grit the same way out. All year, the rider's record hanging on, the whiplashing body, the black hat clinging to the motion, reminds us whether up or down, win or lose—we know *luck* and keep on.

David Louter

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