

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 3 | Issue 1

Article 4

January 2003

Learning To Spar

Richard Jordan

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Jordan, Richard (2003) "Learning To Spar," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 3: Iss. 1, Article 4.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol3/iss1/4>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Richard Jordan
Learning To Spar

Go back before the day I found you, Dad,
firmly bound and cuffed. And who was that
on top of you in spurs and tasseled bra,
as if you were a sacrificial bull?

I'm eight years old and hanging by my briefs
from a tree limb, wedgie buried deep.
That's Chuck, the thug, all 5 foot 10 of him.
"You wuss," he taunts. "Cry baby, Mama's boy."

And here you come. Chuck peels off on my bike.
The branch gives out, I fall and whack my head.
You snort and spit, "Can't you defend yourself?"

So Dad, I dedicate this verse to you
and Chuck. I've given Mom a copy, too.
She says she'll help you with the imagery.