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Double Play

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Double Play

A Thesis
Submitted to the Faculty
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts in Liberal Studies
by Matthew J. Anticev

Guarini School of Graduate and Advanced Studies Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire
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Abstract

Sport has an intrinsic function to embrace the differences of all human beings that uncovers the similarity that we all truly share. This thesis project addresses the ways in which sport goes beyond fields of play, courts of performance, and lanes of winning and losing to inform connections that build upon the structures of meaningful life. This collection engages a unique poetic framework through the idea of choice. A poet makes countless decisions as he writes, just as the athlete makes intentional and spontaneous decisions as he competes. Each situation presents its own level of autonomy that has been balanced to create a structure of poems held within the regulations of sport. In many ways sport is poetic; a relationship that dates back to the ancient Greeks and the early days of the Olympics. Sport is poetry in motion and this collection makes visible the function of sport in uniting worlds.

This collection seeks to create a new poetic form that takes some of the rules of sports as its guiding principles. Each standard of logic and language based on the foundation of sport showcasing the complexities of human emotion through competition in ways that adhere to both the mental and physical, and the internal and external. In form, in display, in pattern, and in rhythm this thesis illustrates the relationship between sport, people, and emotion all in the same right. Sport and poetry belong together — they share a deepened sense of creation and craftsmanship. There is a natural affinity between sport and poetry. Each is a form of play and each is cathartic. They both hold the power to take us out of our beings and lift us above ourselves. Poetry brings one into the arena while retaining the magic and mystery of sport.

Preface

Start to wonder, seeking the spirit of competition, by

Pushing the boundaries of this creative rendition.

Obtain what lies ahead, weaved in these tales of motion,

Reflect on the passion and accept your own emotions.

Trust the path that paints the essence of athletic fate,

Sculpted in verse to honor sports and their grace.

Painted in visions that cater to the story of life,

Orchestrated through the rhythms that have defined my sight.

Embrace the beauty of this playing space,

Through lyrical art, you can find your own pace.

Reach the heights of pride embedded within each line,

Yearning to capture these moments in time.

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To my family, your support and care throughout my time at Dartmouth and throughout my life has been nothing short of amazing. You have given to me more than I could have ever asked, and for that I am forever indebted.

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Introduction

When I began my studies in MALS it was never poetry that I expected to gravitate towards. The interdisciplinary approach of the program, coupled with my initial interests in short story and screenwriting, never led me to believe that poetry would be where my thesis would land. But, as such, I was introduced to the poetic form during my first term in the program, and I was immediately struck by its process — it was a process of autonomous thought; an unrestricted release of words onto a page that satiated a curiosity within me that I did not even know was there. It was a form of writing that offered such a freedom that I could not emulate elsewhere. Or, at least not within the frameworks of a classroom. Much of my life outside of school, itself, has been dedicated to sport, particularly rugby, and there has never been a place that I have enjoyed such elation. Yet, there are moments in poetry that I am able to feel that same liberation — that same rush and flow, that feeling of floating in a rhythm so unbothered. Poetry has opened an uncharted consciousness within my mind that seamlessly attaches to the world of sport that has dictated my life to date.

‘Double play’ represents the duality of my life and the layers of my conscience that have been so far enriched throughout my time within the MALS program. The levels of my most outward and inward selves culminating into this final project to create a space open for an all inclusive interpretative experience. Sport is a creative art form, both an experiential and expressive outlet that fosters independence, originality, and openness. There is a natural affinity between sport and poetry — an affinity that embodies the essence of my person. Sport, without question, is a very formative way for me to think

about life and through poetic form I am able to share the ways that worlds unite in the arena of difference. Through threads of emotion, craftsmanship, performance, and storytelling, poetry and sport represent the cadence with which I speak and the rhythm in which I move. Exploring the integration of these two entities has been a channel to enter my most present self and has provided an avenue through which I can share my creative journey.

Act I

Echoes of Youth

How smooth it felt. Coursing through every vein of my being.
 Fingers clasped, intertwined within the fence.
I can feel the bounce of the ball right in the beat of my heart.
 The coordination of fiercely framed faces matches mine.
In harmony, I felt where I belong.

Yet, there is one kid who lies before the grass — and I know him,
 Perhaps in another life, but I just cannot place him.
Across the ages, our paths have been beset,
 In the corridors of time, he's lost in the crowd.
And, with every lasting thought, the distance grows between us.
 With hope we'll meet again, my dear friend unknown.

Trapped within the echoes of these moments cherished,
 I wait for the days that brought me such joy —
When youth's fire burned bright in the sky.
 How smooth it felt, those days gone by.

Well, now, it's time to go home,
And stare at the wrinkles on my forehead.

The Dream

The sound of squeaking sneakers races
Rattling through my ears at dizzying speeds;
The gust of manmade winds whirl wistfully passed my face,
scraping the surface of my scorching skin.
My body trembles in bliss upon hearing its call.
The forecasted rains slide down every fold,
Every droplet rolling quicker than the last,
The zest of sweat dripping and dropping into the puddles we've made,
The puddles we seek no more than to guide our direction.

Yet, our direction dribbles in a determined dance,
Buzzing and bouncing and blazing in its grace,
Fumbling and fooling the hands that facilitate its journey;
All to realize the dreams captured in these shared moments.

Stolen

I already know.

My exact move, I already know.

I'm going to go. I'm going to take it. Right when he's not looking.

My eyes gaze towards the mound and lock,

My knees bend into position,

My lead arm dangles,

My boots lock firmly into the dirt.

My body tingles in anticipation.

Come on, come on, come on... he turns.

BOOM!

First Quarter

With the sound of the whistle's breath,
The calm crowd boils in the sweat of the moment.
The glistening hardwood erupts in an infectious applause.
Whips of rippling cheers traversing through the ears, for what?
The game has only just begun, but the spirit of the arena is ignited.
Numbers flickering in bright lights, people pulsating with purpose.
There's an energy here that surely cannot remain.
Let the clock tick down, the seconds unwind, the plays unfold before us.
And the game takes its shape,
may the first quarter's flame forever stay.

Shoot!

Shoot!

Not with your arms

Not with your legs

Not with your hands.

You have to shoot!

No, not with your shoulders

Not with your glutes

Not with your feet.

You have to shoot!

No, not with your wrists

Not with your knees

Not with your hips.

You have to shoot!

Not with your back

Not with your chest,

But, with your ethic.

You have to shoot!

With your desire,

With your fascination,

With your genius.

Now...Shoot!

Can this be stopped?

The body a weapon, the mind a paneled control center, the competitive soul barks with vigor. Limbs forge together, heads stand still wrapped to calm the brain as guards align perfectly to protect the gates of grinded teeth. Entrenched in carnage — caked and spattered in the crevasse of each fold, the margins of failure hold so narrow. No mask to hide the face of a restless mind, no shield to armor an opened chest, only ligament and bone brought into frame, exposed to live this fight. Frantic heads tilt in a frenzy as eyes dart madly. Blood splatters, ears rip, noses burst, tissue turned plum, knitted bodies sewn into scarves of meshed flesh; the butchery so hard to stomach. Gnarled knees, crooked collars, twisted tendons, knots lay dense in the eyes of every watching mother; surely, this mayhem must be stopped.

Can this be stopped?

Sanctity

Casuals need not be afraid, for the whistle belts in sanctity.

Sanctity that fills the voids of sorrow with herds of beaten legs trodding through dirt.

Dirt that kicks to the beat of thumping hearts.

Hearts that pound to the rhythm of cleared ears,

Ears that open to accept the depths of what is to come.

And what is to come hides in mystery.

Mystery that engages those unknown.

Unknown characters quickly lost in the pair of eyes;

Eyes that communicate for the perception of others.

Peace in Pandemonium

Shapes shift seamlessly,
liberating lines of run rage ruthlessly,
quick hands craft the cleanest of cracks
leaving dizzied defenses distraught.

How can I feel beyond these lines?

How can I see without direction?

Pain lay rested in the bays of tranquility,
noise left whitened in a spray of acoustic hum,
the scent of sweet pores lay numb
as the pattern of players process into place far passed the pack.

Between The White Lines

My sanity awaits in the slate of grass ahead,
Every gaining step marks transition.
The duality of my conscience beginning to unravel
As beads of sweat spark renewal.

Every gaining step marks transition.
My mind clenches like unforgiving teeth
As beads of sweat spark renewal.
Gnawing at the grinds of bloodied flesh.

My mind clenches like unforgiving teeth
Calm in spirit, yet racing at the heart
Gnawing at the grinds of bloodied flesh.
Each tick can be heard so clearly.

Calm in spirit, yet racing at the heart
The clock will soon strike.
Each tick can be heard so clearly.
With eyes tightly shut, I venture into a disarrayed darkness.

The clock will soon strike.
Up. Bind. Set.
With eyes tightly shut, I venture into a disarrayed darkness.
The polarity of the mind runs stark between the white lines.

Up. Bind. Set.
My sanity awaits in the slate of grass ahead,
The polarity of the mind runs stark between the white lines.
The duality of my conscience beginning to unravel

The Show Must Go On

Clinging to life, my breath runs awfully short.

The shadow of my former self looks in awe.

I'm not sure what led me to such a dark place,

But, the show must go on.

Trapped within myself, I gasp for air.

With only a blink it all seemed to change.

I lay here now unsure of the coming days,

But, the show must go on.

Nothing is as it once was, I am hardly recognizable.

To no answer, I ask 'Why,' 'Why me,' 'Why now.'

In this world life may never be the same,

But, the show must go on.

With each day unlike the last, ahead is the only way.

I can't keep looking back, I can't keep looking back.

Ridden by my own thought, I dream of a life before,

But this life halts for none. The show must go on.

Communicate

Without making a sound, there is a language who whispers
through the beads of sweat that dance off the body —

A language so pure, so universal that it knows no bounds.
One who traverses the very barriers that we create in vain.

A tongue through which all can speak,
and an accent that stretches the whole world over.

We can taste the sweet cries of victory,
and touch the blade that pierces in defeat.

In our eyes, we hear the screams untold
Our cheeks, they pulse inward and out, and in and out;
It is without words that we can understand this language so ingrained.

The smell of sorrows that permeates our flesh
can be heard without a sound.

That Ball

The House was quiet and the world was calm:
Go grab a ball!
That yellow day
Glowing of such fire
Nourished by every bounce.
The world became the ball — the conscious ball,
The ball that spoke above the page, like perfection.
My truth is in that ball.

Free the mind of any dismay and find the fruits of your labor

You can smile at the progress.

Free the soul of the skeletons that precede and find your purpose

You can appreciate the journey.

Free the body of the tension that tightens your spine and find peace

You can live to see your own world.

Free the eyes of its innate lust and find satisfaction in what is yours

You can recognize your truth.

Free the spirit of every evil that blackens the clouds and find sunlight

You can endure the rain.

Seek Beyond

What is the truth that lies beyond the grind?

Is it wealth, is it honor, is it fame?

In the whirlwind of life, we seek to find,

Success and dreams that we can ponder.

With time, we sweat, we strive, we win,

But, in this dance of life you have to give up your peace —

Without a sound, you must trade your peace and test your patience

In the pursuit of your greatest quest.

The language of sweat on hallowed ground

Transcends words, it speaks of the soul,

Towards a purpose that makes us whole.

So, seek the truth beyond the daily grind,

And find the peace that binds your purpose.

Act II

Gates

The gates of an ethereal community stand ahead.

Gates	but	Gates	It	from
not	gates	that	is	the
of	of	stand	now	outside,
denial	protection	perpetually	only	caged
or	to	open,	the	in
limitation,	respect	waiting	choice	its
	the	to	of	sealed
	boundaries	be	he	chaos,
	of	leapt	who	
	tradition.	into.	faces	
			onward	
			to	
			enter:	

from the inside, this is the community of sport.

Two Worlds

Where spirits soar and ambitions attain their highest form.

Two souls,

Both bound by difference emerging where words weave dreams and bodies create art.

Two minds,

Where emotions prevail in the heat of existence as time and space coalesce.

But, the poet roams in realms beyond the grasp,
The athlete runs behind the might that fuels his purpose.

So, let the athlete run their race unattached,
And let the poet pen their dreams through every crack,

In harmony, these worlds shall intertwine,
Two different paths, yet both divine.

Weave

Every pass pitched behind, every foot falls with each step forward,
An ode to tradition's worth, and an allegory of remembrance.

Through trials endured beyond the surface, where spirits leap,
Shoulders lock in a primal embrace.

Brave souls collide in pursuit of the gain,
with hands that wield like artists bold,

A tribe unites, amidst the green expanse, with bonds so strong,
Swift as falcons, they charge ahead,

Within the touch of rounded leather,
Past and present now intertwined,
through the unseen threads that we weave.

Winning

But, winning isn't everything.
Isn't that interesting: 'winning. isn't. everything.'
I wonder to myself, 'what loser could have possibly coined that?'
I mean, in what universe? Winning? Not everything?
Surely, only a loser could say that!
There's nothing like winning, no greater bliss,
no better feeling than to know you've won,
Than to realize that you beat everyone else. It's great!
Every challenge, every battle, I conquer with pride.
I'll climb any mountain, I'll touch the sky if I have to.
It's every man for themselves, and it always will be,
I scoff at those who dare to claim otherwise — why?
Because they'll lose.

Winning isn't just a word, it's a way of life.
And, yea, maybe there is a cost, but of course it's worth it,
It's always worth it, because winning is everything.
How can you be so naive to think otherwise, right?

The Games We Play

At the top with the ball,

my touch filtered between the fingers of strangers,
connecting the hands of foreign lands in the games we play.

Upon the fields, a bolded canvas,
where tales of triumph and struggles seize the day.

Through fingertips, a symphony unfolds,
Boundaries shattered, borders erased,
A universal melody of stories untold,
In this cosmic embrace, we find our place.

Not a mockery to be made,
not a heckle to be shouted,
but only an appreciation to be accepted,

So let us revel in the games we play.

Half Time

In! ... Out! ...

One more: In! ... Out! ...

Keep your hearts on fire!

Keep your brains on ice!

Let's

go!

Come on!

Keep the legs pumping!

Keep the energy up!

Fight!

Dig!

Take space! Back each other!

Back yourself!

For those before us and for those to come.

14 minutes for the rest of your life.

Tunnels

Face to face, compact like coal, coalesced by a rich seam of muscle,
bone, and scream the unrelenting force of mass bound into one. In a cadenced
rhythm so carefully pitted in the breath
of each battered beast tunnels collapse into deepening darkness.
Time suspends in the cavities of tangled limbs laced and locked
forward.

Turns

Lights cast shadows on the bones of former selves,
Skies bellow as fingers dance under the floodlit sky.
Roars of passion scream with the undying wind.

Each step bounces blissfully.

Pop! Cut!

The spinning grace of beaded legs,
The allure of such magnificent muse,
The chase through crafted creases.

All to fall in the crumbles of desperation.

With one turn, there can be many turns.
It is why we choose to play.

Fear

Impossible be the day dear to all the world

Acquainted with honor, admired in love,

I wish that you stand up delighted, proud of every mistake.

So by the end of my life, I can believe in a world that is well worth
listening.

I seek compassion with every step and forgiveness in every day.

In my life, what can be the meaning to live.

Sleep

Hidden within the depths of reality, the lights ever-flash
Blinding my perception, my presence neither future nor past.

Nestled in the swallows of disarray, my mind wanders without control
Ahead lies a choice, one that diverges from body and soul.

I sit between a bridge, each side selling its honest vision
Lost in its path, I lay still unable to make a decision.

With no plan of where to go, or direction to lead me through
I can't help but to see the world that holds so very true.

And with the turn of a shoulder, and the slit of an eye
The light pierces through, igniting my rise.

Right?

I stare with eyes unbothered
as the tree-line breathes life into every dying soul.
This is what life has been nestled in the gulf of the valley.
My mind lost at peace,
my movement powered by the sun's everlasting ray.
An escape to taste the freedom of the natural world.
The flat land slides beneath me, descending beyond my path
I traverse the line of reality
as clouds diverge from the horizon:

Keep right — there's only so much left.

To Run

To run in this arena is to lead with intention,
to drive through darkened halls trusting that the light will soon show.

And with every step away, the self becomes left,
the soul separates from every bashing body.

The difference of today and tomorrow lies inside the trials of every man,

but one thing will always remain the same:

There is no place for he who seeks the valor of one over the devotion to all —
for the weight of legend lies on the welted shoulders of bruised bodies.

With Time

Every bead drips down, falling to the land where every man is free.

Every bead — plunging below, puncturing the ground,

Permeates the nooks and cracks of the surface —

Opening up the worlds of difference that unite the flight of this same journey.

Every bead plants seeds of the future.

Every bead rolls off of every endured forehead,

Growing the visions of generations to come;

Watering the fruits of inspired youth.

Every bead dribbles through its path, filled —

With dreams encapsulated in the the nectar of our souls.

In sweat, we ache, in sweat, we throb,

but with sweat we grow the hope of all those who watch.

Hustle

Time balances in the rafters next to legends,
Telling of what can and cannot be achieved.

Yet, time cannot be won, instead it is lost —
with every waning second time becomes wasted.

Therefore, how can we win?
How can we beat time?

This game does not come with instruction,
there is no blueprint; this is not formulaic,

rather the opposite holds true.
For rules, you must turn inward.

This is your game, and thus,
you must play within your own arena.

Deadlines and due dates do not exist,
It is limitless; we are limitless.

So, for you?

Get it done — You have to get it done!
There's not much time left.

So Far Between

My heart sweats to a tune I cannot follow.
before.

My ears speak to the echoes of a world

My eyes bleed without control.

I stare into the cities above, searching.

Searching for sight.

Trapped within myself, I gasp for air.

Nothing is as it once was.

Nothing can ever be what it used to be

Captured in an entity unknown.
retreat.

With hands that never stop, there is no point to

Each day unlike the last, ahead is the only way.
in awe.

The shadow of my former self looks

Withdraw

Every proceeding step drags,

caught in the current between what is possible and what is

not.

Under the ripples of crashing waves,

a thought arises in the ashes of volcanic sweat:

When the lights go out,

and I'm free to feel the pains of a world turned over —

my body aches

my eyes hang low.

I can finally smell the roses,

for there is no time left.

Dear Old Friend

Your heart was warm,
your soul as pure as they come,
your smile so very contagious.
With every passing day,
I remember that feeling you gave me.

But, now, I sit and watch
As the words cease to be spoken,
As the movement ceases to bounce,
And the memories fade to gray.

The miles between us are ever boundless.
Distance dissipates into the ranging sky,
And I long for the day that we may meet again.

In every game we shared,
Our spirits roared with vigor.
Our breathe so deep and pure.
Where have the years gone?

I was too young to understand,
When you left with no goodbye.
In the realm of sports, our spirits soar,
with no time to sit and pause...
I can't believe how fast time has gone.

Act III

Dear You,

Life was so beautifully simple, your eyes widened at the slightest amusement. Life was so naturally innocent, each step forward met with a smile. Life was nothing but sports, not a worry but the overcast above. I'd never imagine being as old as twenty two in this scrambling universe — A universe so eager to move forward with no setting to be reversed. I don't know why this life programs us to fear the unknown, it's not something I can grasp with so many years to go.

Now, I'm left hardened in this disarrayed illusion

Love,

Me

You Can

I cannot help but shake the demons that pervade my every thought

I cannot stand to reflect upon the values of my contribution

I cannot think to express the character of my true nature

I cannot carry with me the words that I so choose to deliver

I cannot sing to the tune that I wish to belt atop mountains

I cannot run with the winds that excite my youthful cheer

I cannot dance to the beat that rushes through my pulsing heart.

You can fail without regression.

You can walk through paths that inspire your greatest gifts.

You can accept the fates of pain that will sprout leaves of gratification.

You can channel the truths of the world that beam in your presence.

You can sprinkle whispers of trust into the rooms that welcome your vigor.

You can challenge the devils that corrupt your purpose.

You can blind the wrongs that mask the intention of your every gaze.

You can.

Cheaters Never Prosper?

Cheater, cheater, cheater.

Oh you got me!

But, when they don't get you?

Well, when they don't get you. You win.

You see, this world is built on cheaters.

Look at America, for God sake.

Cheaters, liars, stealers, criminals, You name it.

Thomas Edison didn't invent the lightbulb.

A-Rod, Lance Armstrong, Brady, and Belichick

The rich don't pay taxes. The list goes on.

Everyone cheats the system. Just do it like a winner.

My advice? Cheat — just don't get caught.

Cheaters always prosper when they don't get caught.

Waiting Here Again

I walk in paths already paved, only this time with different prints.

I jog in gyms ajar with flooded steel and lift up heavy tin.

I run in rain and snow and sleet, yet somehow still pretend

That one day maybe long and far, I won't be waiting here again.

I dance til dawn and dare to fly with wings so fine and thin.

I shake and shift through shadowed nights, where does my lot begin?

I fight in fear with flailing limbs, yet cant help but pray within,

That one day maybe long and far, I won't be waiting here again.

I take a breath and break my wind to halt soon therein,

I see a sign with staring eyes and wonder how long it's been,

'Cause one day maybe long and far, I'll realize that you're your only friend.

In Vain

He throws to be comprehended,
Teeters, taunts, and twists to evade the opposition,
Jumps and hurdles to be misunderstood,

But, he stands before himself, in the reflection of his own arena,
In the battlefield, with shells of his former self slain beyond his path.
Layers of unfulfilled husks shed in the wake of his beaten field.

With a careful confidence,
he flirts with perfection
under the guise
of his own
demise.

Hidden

Hidden under gritted teeth and glowing skin lies a gracious pause.

A powered thrust pumps forward,
like currents of electric charge zapping through twisted cables.
One circuit united in the light of countless bulbs,
coursing through a stream of fleshed sockets.

Bodies bind atop an ovaled prize,
protected amongst a hardened shell —
like a pearl sitting unscathed, tucked in the bed of a mollusk.

Hooked under the cot of bodies,
seasoned with musted sweat and stale breath,
and shuffled through the feet of legends past and present,
the oval-ed stitch of leather slowly shines under the pillage of surrender —
Revealing a world beneath the surface.

Quarter Back

Snap. Flip. The silver shine glowing in its descent.

Heads up! — for the home team.

Chest tight, feet firm, ten toes touching the tips of the earth;

every fiber of muscle twitching in sync.

A clicking clock, crying crowd,

A frenzy of family, friends, and fans,

All to start the heat of the game.

Face to face, a ferocious fight unfolds between the gilded gladiators.

The cuts of this curated crusade glisten on the gridiron,

Graciously gliding in the spiraling seconds

as time ticks upon the marching men.

The quarterback stands at the helm, —

a maestro poised with magic mystique.

With each pass exchanged, the ball sings in flight.

Aerial artistry, gliding gracefully across the park,

Weaving woefully under the guise of strategic schemes.

But, with a false formation and the jump of a route,

The pigskin freezes, picked out of the pocket of the passer,

Into the hands of the opposition — head hanging, shoulders sunk,

alone in the thoughts of the sideline:

If only we could have defended first,

If only we could have that quarter back.

Friday Night Lights

The day was long yet it always seemed that way
finally, night begins to fall.
Nothing remains but a glimpse that never seems to sway
the time has come once and for all.

Piercing down the everlasting tunnel my eyes lock into place
the daze of a floodlit blaze now shadowing passed.
Hidden behind the troops, my heart begins to race
Certainly, I have found my place at last.

Without a screech, my mind screams in every direction
Running through the gate.
The time is now, the nerves pulse through my reflection
Channeling what's at stake.

In the deafening silence, I find my inner might,
The passion ignites, a fire deep within my core,
Drawing strength from within, ready to fight.
For this is the moment I've been waiting to endure.

Go Forth

Bouncing off darkness, cutting through the air,

A pressuring pulse pounds through the ears.

A scattering of steps weigh sideways,

Weaving, defying time and space.

We go forth, propelled by a force unseen.

A dance without limits, a boundless embrace —

Where legends rise and hearts are set on fire.

Hop, Turn, Go

Where legends rise and hearts are set on fire.

Dance without limits.

Go forth, propelled by a force unseen.

Hail Mary

One!

Two!

Three!

Pockets collapse in a melee of armed patrol.

With darting eyes, I scan across the turf in a helpless frenzy.

No one! No one is open!

The buzz of the horn fills the captivated crowd.

Triple zeros ring under the floodlit skies.

Got to go now!

My legs take control, dancing right.

Spinning left, surviving passed outstretched arms, I breathe.

My elbow cocks further than ever before. My arm flies forward.

My soul projects beyond my body and I close my eyes.

Silence emanates into the night sky.

But, then what?

What if the lights never switched on during the darkest days,

If the fire never lit in the coldest evening, if the sun never rose east.

If the trees never blossomed upon spring's grace, if the moon unleashed the tide.

But, then what?

Anxiously waiting in the cauldron of our desires, we seek the limits that this life has to
offer.

But, there's more beyond the boundaries of what we behold.

In the absence of light, we create our own,

To illuminate the world, to make our souls gleam,

And realize, that what if all along —

that was the dream.

Penance

Caked on your soul, evil lingers with no remorse
One by one, the lottery begins: My outstretched hand taking oath.
To stand within these depths, renewal awaits its calling
For the time of new life is here.

Twist. Splash.

The devil runs scared of the baptism that ensues,
Lying in the crevasse of it all — only to be washed away.
Repent! You have been washed with the blood of the Lamb.

The law of sin wages battle in this never ending cycle.
Your everlasting impurity erased...
Until next time.

‘To Play’

To play is not simply just ‘to play.’

To run with legs like liquid whips, slicing with such form, loaded with such snap

To play is not simply just ‘to play.’

To play is to commit to the voice that lies well out of view,

To forge links of entrusted pasts held within the flip of every racing moment

To honor the roots of ethic that glisten through every seeping pore

To play is to share in a realm of undisputed purpose —

To bequest the path that leads to the footsteps of the awaiting gates of community —

To find the truths of a life worth living —

To play is not simply just ‘to play.’

In Tune

With only a slighted glance, each pair of eyes lock firm.
Fingers pointing, waving direction in assumed orchestra.
Hips turned left, bodies reacting right at the turn of a hat;
A choreography of instinct, harmonizing in this one attack.
Voices catching voices in a melodic exchange;
a signal of singing melodies spraying in accord.
Through eyes and through fingers, through hips and through voice,
A tapestry of expression unleashed in this intricate ballet.
The human connection thrives, uniting souls in rhythm,
as their spirits intertwine.

The Jersey

Donned beyond the flesh,

stretched far passed the collar,

and tucked into worlds past, present, and future —

‘the jersey’ goes well beyond the fabric.

A portal into generations before and after,

only to be understood in its place.

An undying dream transcendent of time,

weaved within the threads of every stitch,

A token of honor, a crest of commemoration —

it is a duty to maintain and recognize well passed the self.

A duty to those who came before,

and a responsibility for those to come ahead.

A legacy to uphold, a legacy to continue, and a legacy to ensue.

The jersey is not yours... it never will be.

For you are just its worthy placeholder.

There's Something in the Pavement

Socks on concrete, my feet mesh with the street.

The burning energy runs through me, waning at the cotton below.

My mind lays unhinged on clouds of bliss

Unbothered by the white noise beyond

Reaching to the rail, I crouch to the edge of the stoop

Looking on to dreams that stretch well beyond the pavement.

The blossoming blacktop skips to beat of the horn

Driving a narrative only it can understand.

My soul now healed, growing in the moments of peace

As my shadow eclipses the man before me.

And with every fleeting step

I can't help but think: when will I be back?

Sport

This is a language, universal in its vernacular.

Spoken not only by way of mouth, but fluently translated in body.

A vocabulary of action, a dialect of movement,

A dictionary with endless definition.

The intersectionality of worlds apart compound incessantly to identify a community

A community based within the idea of a game,

as multilingual wounds bleed before the tongue of nations.

This is a language. Sport is my language.

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