

THE DAY I LOST MY CATHOLICISM

pete was seven years old and
brought home a Tintoretto crayon
scene of what i can't remember

but accompanied by the admonition:
"stay within the lines!"
the pope could not have summed
up the church's thinking more succinctly.

TO WILT CHAMBERLAIN

you were never my favorite center
because i'm partial to the hook-shot
which you never attempted nor needed
and which i feel is as aesthetic as
an entrechat, if a shade this side
of a Fred Astaire turn.

but i will never question your
unparalleled skills from hoop to hoop.
no need to detail your records.
you own them all. and as they say,
we do not have the space here.

the inside move i question was not made
on the court, but made in the bedroom
where you were also an apparent all-league,
Kim Novak to the witness stand.

I can understand that you tire of women
from your olympian abode where even
the starlets must become pedestrian.
but you said you want a family
and some day will adopt
older, lucky kids.

what a pity you have not chosen to loose
upon the world wilt-begat bairn
out of select Juliet Prowse stables.

the potential of your progeny
boggles this lay geneticist.