

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Arnold Lazarus

The kickoff is a launch of love; in flight
or flutter the dove is received with ceremon-
ial respect, clasped to this runner's ribcage
like a message from the Holy Ghost.

My loins quicken to a call of trumpets.
As the heavenly bird is snapped to me,
I click from rabbit spurt to centaur gallop;
I chew the turf with pumping pagan cleats.

Making a first down stirs my religion up.
And faithful to my ends, I only err
in strategies. Impolitic at times
toward left or right, I hurl my moment's truth.

Between the halves the warden's locker words
may intercept my visions of an angel
in red sequins, tossing silver excla-
mations in the cold unravished air.

The other team is also an affair
of love; the enemy is zen-inertia,
hollow disengagement from the ground rules.
lack of traction for the yardage leaps.

While padded crowds and hungry scholars munch,
something in me celebrates Good Friday,
says farewell to flesh, cries "Stop the clock!
Oh, let there be only Football Saturdays!"