Rob Taylor

Viciously in our Throats

so close to this man
fevered and screaming
at the refs, the coaches,
the players (especially poor
Owu, the opposition's keeper)
and now at the police officers
with their slick black batons
he is screaming at them
for blocking his view and
as he screams they swagger
towards us and more of us
join in until the whole
section is shouting and
they finally back off
though someone near us
throws an empty bottle
which nearly hits its mark
and we feel suddenly close
to a certain kind of death (a
stubborn form of life throbbing
viciously in our throats)
as the police officers walk
to the side, batons swinging
casually, and the keeper drops
the ball off his foot and away ...