

Go Long

My buddy the quarterback said to go long
music to my ears the chorus of my song
I could easily outrun all the puny secondary –
the guys from one block over on wealthy Dewberry.
We were all better at football on Lillian Street
beating the crap out of those guys was oh so sweet.

Now mulling my interests, passions and such
I wonder why I love football so much
what with a life of writing, thinking and teaching
my football mania seems a tad overreaching
but still my arm flexes watching that heaven
connect in a perfect arch with his swift receiver.

Being Cajun in Texas where sports are king
probably explains something of why I'm so keen
and my pulse quickens as I remember
the neighbor boys' shouts and calls in September
to meet them in our favorite autumn spot
down the street in that vacant lot.

Most of my life I've gone for short passes
connected with ideas and English classes
no novel for me, I fell for poetry
nor did I brave the rigor of a PhD.
Now finally, with my scores of years its not so wrong
to watch, leave it alone, wait a while, and go long.

Author's Note: I couldn't go to sleep last night after watching the Bengals beat the Ravens (recording), so here I sit at 4:15 am just finished this poem. It became almost biographical I suppose, but as I tried to sleep I got this image of me racing to catch the long ball as a teenager and that vision would not let go until I wrote the poem. I'm tired now, ready for sleep. I hope it was worth the effort and you enjoy it half as much as I liked writing it.

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