

1983

End Zone Poem

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END ZONE POEM

Sitting in class one day
the teacher kicked off a great idea,
one that could be turned into a poem.
I caught the idea on the ten yard line
and sprinted off
down the sidelines.
Suddenly my concrete ideas broke down
and I was tackled from behind.
I started over, gaining three stanzas before
my lack of images brought me down
I tried to rewrite it but
a mixed metaphor wrapped its hairy arms
around me.
On third and three we tried another approach:
we went to the air and connected, past
a line of huge grinning cliches, I'm in the clear,
moving and cool, hip faking, stiff arming,
I pitch my legs high
and take off for the end zone.

Michelle Kruse