

Dodgeball in the house

My fifth grade gym class had
perfected my skills.
Peter, the Russian, wasn't bad either.
Our strategies involved,
trench warfare behind
couches and coffee tables

There was just... one thing
I had the home-house
USA advantage;
and his feet
gave away everything.

I sniffed around and then "Ah!!
he's in the living room,
Behind the blue love-seat."
Silently, as my Navajo blood came
To life, I made my approach.

It should have been executed
Perfectly, but the KGV called
gave him my whereabouts,
and we steady/readied ourselves
for and all out...

The first came flying out at me,
as the yellow fuzz nipped the tops of my hair.
I retaliated as Dunlop 3's and Wilson US Opens were exchanged
like items in a black market,
from Kaliningrad to Indianapolis.

We danced the same moves
we would use
for overhead smashes
and slice backhand drop-shots
down the line.

We decided on a draw,
and no to tell mom about
the broken vase.
The scent of his feet lingered for days while
the windows of my room were opened clearing out other emanations.

I guess I didn't really mind,
the smell
three months of it got me used to it.
I wonder what readjusting
Would be necessary in Russia.

-Abel Contreras