

LIAM FERNEY

NC-17

Deep into injury time, these are the moments
 we jam cigarettes into, willing them to bulge.
Grasping at us like lost property's gloves on chubby fingers.
But that was when the Supercoach still smoked.
If he prayed perhaps he was nicotine free?

Hockey blocked out of Santa Maria della Vittoria
 in deference, I concede, to the Eucharist;
we'd arrived on time but the guidebook neglected the believers.
Briefer than a glance at a butterfly in a cyclone:
Teresa shot through, fucked even, by the Almighty
some dog-eared dime store S&M delight.