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A Game of Hackysack

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A GAME OF HACKYSACK

Long wire legs
bending and winding
in all directions.
Feet bent and curled
in sneakers and sandals.
Straining muscles;
stretching tendons.
Ankles circling
to crib the ball.
Kaleidoscope of colors.
Wrinkled khakis;
faded denim.
Flailing arms avoiding
the bouncing bail
off concave chests.
Rolling off the heel
into the air.
Leaping and jumping,
flying from one player
to another.
Wild chaos;
ethereal beauty.
Bursting energy;
breath-taking stillness.
A one man show —
inside and outside
the ball glides
around calves and thighs
by an enigmatic
magnetic force.
Slipping off a pointed foot
into the air
up...up...up...
escaping through the air.
Thud!
Pavement.
Alone and still.

— Brooke Dennis

MUSCLES IN A SKIN

Muscles in a skin
of marble: immortality
shy the joys of blood.

— Robert N. Georgalas