TV Hockey

Players, humped as oxen, brood in boxes;
One by one stumble from their cages
(Lift of gulls, swing and loop and lag
And in amnesia trace
Archetypal dreams on sheets of ice).

Whistle blows, beaked sticks dart, peck
At the moving puck.
On tin white sky the little black moon spins.
Crowd is crowing; gulls
Glide in their swoon; tranquil
In a fold of mesh lies the black moon.

by Anne Wilkinson (Canada)

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