

Pope Goes Bowling

Sing, sweet muse,
Of fantastic battles;
Very mortal warriors;
Peyton, Bohn, Williams, and Voss;
And spray deodorized footwear.

Surveying the other team,
He speculates corpulence
Masked in a fog of nicotine.
The pinnacles of athleticism
Devour gravy fries between skirmishes.

Rosin puffs dissolve
Inches from his nose,
As he catches the bag
And marches five yards
Through the no-man's land of equipment.

His steely gaze
Glares holes into the formation
Sixty feet from his line of artillery.
He lowers his gauntleted hand
Into a tiny fan designed for beer condensation.

He examines his weapon;
Crafted by the god Bill,
Known for his skillful manipulation
Of tools and remote controls;
A worthy ball of tremendous potential.

Cored with a weight block,
Smelted from steel by physicists,
Coated in reactive resin,
Tapped from forbidden forests,
The name of the ball is engraved as Gladys.

Bludgeon in grip,
He steps in counted measure,
Swinging Gladys in a pendulum motion.
He releases the enchanted globe,
Holding his pose for ancient sculptors.

Gladys rolls in precision:
A spiraling wobble,
Culminating in a mortal hook

Into the heart of lined soldiers.
He wonders if they hear the one that gets them.

A spectacular explosion
Greet the warrior
And dismays the opposition.
He searches through the scattering—
No soldiers remain in the field: a strike!

Rejoice in victory, muse:
Of pitched battles,
Heroes' triumph,
Rampant high-fives,
And the comraderie of the beer frame.

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