

The One Girl on the Soccer Team

Luck opened that day the way a tree bares its leaves —
 not to any *me* or *you* but to something
 seasonal: fall
 soccer, or the headaches that began that fall
 — dishes I threw at some wall in my head,
 at the pictures the children's books had hung there —,
 or the ball, a saucer gone sci-fi, 3D suddenly,
 landing square against my head.
 In my neck's green stalk I felt
 the shudder and the rightness of the
 gap where the one head
 had been kicked off by this other, flying head
 and then they stood above me, closing the gap
 where the smell of grass leaked through.
 They were pinnied like racehorses, they
 suddenly knew my name and the brave ones
 spoke and spoke it —
 but even that was not enough to make me happy that
 fall.
 How can it be enough to have one's mind knocked
 back
 into the larger, grassy mind
 and have the angel appear: she had me
 under her antiseptic wing, it was
 the soft school nurse, it was
 the bed I've always dreamed of,
 the screened-off domesticity
 where some human voice keeps asking how you are
 and then begins the lovely story —.