

On Superbowl Sunday I woke up hungover
Having spent the night as a lightning rod
for sea shanties and tequila

Having been swathed in velvet
And the broken lampshade light
Of other people's lovers

I'm not sure what this has to do with football

But I like it when the boys wear iridescent tights
And smack each other's bums
Like for a quick second they forget they're not allowed to
So they do

Fuck it, right?

Look, it's not that I don't get football
I don't -
But I'm sure I could, if I tried
It's not hard to understand the raw abandon
Of running as far as you can with something
A ball
An idea
A doomed love affair
A night just starting to crack into a dawn you thought might not come

But it does
It always does
Something something finish line
Something something touchdown
Something graceful and gorgeous and shocking

Gold leaf of the edge of a cold night
Soaked and spiced and stepping on the word no
Before it comes out of my mouth
So that what comes instead is
All the seams ripped open
All the songs shouted out loud
Dancers on the stage
And on the 4am streetcar
Spilling over into the morning

And when the beer-soaked bro-nuts
Scream chants of fraternity
And foam-finger themselves
Into buffalo-wing oblivion
I'll roll in

High on lipstick and candy

Roman numerals on the the grass

Look better when you're naked on your back

And you are

Superbly

On the sacred morning

Of Superbowl Sunday.