

PROPRIOCEPTION

like phenomena, the importance
of baseball to my marriage

can best be articulated
as extra-sensory perception

unexplained response
unidentified stimuli

the particles float in the air
enter the brain as data points

I try to remove a bra
that is already off, feel for glasses

that are already on—these are
failures of proprioception

physical variables whereas
mentally a different chain rattles

some small organ senses new
baseball information I do detect it

I get notifications in surround
sound I fine-tuned

in a household many devices ding
the home run is spoiled by ESP

by app and by husband's text but the
atmosphere is comprised of sport

I perceive my husband composing
a message to me in the next room

THE ALL-STAR GAME IS STUPID

thinking like a rhizome
peeling into autonomous cells
autonomous zones
questionably appropriate puns

to get the band back together
first the band has to break up
assemble some supergroup
a clump of resistant bacteria

spoof suit per theme trips
for the dog and pony show
academic competition farce
representing the institution

expect a lot of drama
the individual on a pedestal
test the pearls with a bite
scratch diamond into glass

someone will absorb critique
when their materials fail
it's not personal in the end
as long as we look like a team

I MEET PEOPLE I DON'T LIKE ALL THE TIME

data tells a story
clutch isn't reflected
please invite me
I mean
yeah right
Hunter Pence
eats
pizza with a fork
as we all know
whatever that means
these new statistics
what if old school relevancy
hear me out
an average man throwing
cans of corn
100 cans 100 times 100 days
outline the parameters
100 pounds of corn
nerds doing analytics
questionable day-to-day
eats shit like you for breakfast
actual emotional problems
hits for power
really starts to make sense

BOO CLEVELAND BOO

for Willa

Maybe there were some home runs
on Dog Day, but we didn't notice.

The celebratory fireworks are suspended
when the stadium opens to dogs.

My friend's child put down her hot dog
and a golden retriever licked it.

This freed her up to focus attention on
cotton candy, showing us her tongue.

The child among excitable mutts finds her kin,
contributes to the din of panting in her way.

We brought no animal, but our tickets led us to
the section designated for nervous cannibals,

the canines chaotically biting into Dollar Dogs,
promotional convergence I seem to have

fabricated as April 23 was not a Wednesday.
Tell me a better fib than Dollar Dogs on Dog Day,

the game even more afterthought than usual
here at Affordable Local Field, brought to you by

our friends at Some Large Bank. A few rows down,
a woman opened her foil to find an empty bun.

Tell me a better metaphor for a letdown than a wrapper
for a wrapper with no guts: have you seen this dog?

Kiddo left with a dirty face before the seventh. Months
later she'd be booing the rivals two states away.

AMERICAN THINGS

I sometimes like to see the flag
flapping at the top of a construction
crane. The loneliness of the flap,
the anthem's punch line, consoles
me like the moon or a good cloud.

When a vulnerable person sings
the anthem, the crowd sweeps me up
with the upswell. We carry
him to the finish line together.

Ceremony is sentimental and its
mechanism functions and it works
on me and my tear ducts and simple
imagination. Tell the story of a leader
and every listener will imagine herself.

Some pomp belongs in stadiums.
I prefer arriving fashionably late
and missing it entirely, but you keep
catching me crying at a montage
or confessing that Astronomy 101
made me want to grow up to be the
director of a government agency.

When I cry at a ceremony, I hate it
a little, but I wish I hated it more.