

Hockey Poem

The goalie—sixties and fit, his graying mustache
leapt as he spoke—said, *No fucking talk*

about books here, to two defensemen
breaking down a novel. The room—we were

cinching shoulder pads, grabbing helmets—
roared. If you haven't been in this locker room

here follows the list of subjects allowed: sex lives
(with detail), deer or moose hunting, barrooms,

and hockey—kids, adult, professional, pond,
even women's. *We're twenty-first century*

hockey players, I said, and then, *I read*
this wonderful poem the other day. We roared

again. I wasn't kidding but wanted the roar.
Keep your fucking medals for reading poems

or writing them—someday I'll deke that goalie—
catlike at six am on a Thursday,

swiveling, kicking out puck after puck—
I'll crush a body, sprint the boards and swing

in front of him, show him the forehand
twitch and switch and slip puck into net

and then I'll deliver lines on a man who finds
and kisses his brother, make his heart leap

and flutter in the way he thought could never
happen outside this brutal, beautiful game.

Gibson Fay-LeBlanc's first book
of poems, *Death of a Ventriloquist*,
won the Vassar Miller Prize and
was published in 2012. Artist Michele L'Heureux is a painter and
curator who runs galleries at Wheaton College and at Brandeis
University's Women's Studies Research Center.

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