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Basketball *for Bill*

Home from the courts,
you fall into the chair
and say nothing. Your hand
grasps at that new arena
of your forehead; sweatband
perimeters the basket,
eyes bounding and re-
bounding . . .

As you lean forward,
your lips move, mime a call,
hands twitch, grasp at something,
some circle, some ball
of air.

Your hands fill the spaces
with arches like the spine itself,
that back sails godlike
to a moonless ring.

You have alligned
the universe with one shot.
Constellations renew themselves.
Here, at least, replay
tells all: you bow,
taking your place among stars.