

“In the Pocket,” by James Dickey

Going backward
All of me and some
Of my friends are forming a shell my arm is looking
Everywhere and some are breaking
In breaking down
And out breaking
Across, and one is going deep deeper
Than my arm. Where is Number One hooking
Into the violent green alive
With linebackers? I cannot find him he cannot beat
Hi man I fall back more
Into the pocket it is raging and breaking
Number Two has disappeared into the chalk
Of the sideline Number Three is cutting with half
A step of grace my friends are crumbling
Around me the wrong color
Is looming hands are coming
Up and over between
My arm and Number Three: throw it hit him in
The middle
Of his enemies hit move scramble
Before death and the ground
Come up LEAP STAND KILL DIE STRIKE
Now.