

COREY OGLESBY

**In the Quiet Before a Hike, the Star Quarterback Experiences
an Autonomous Sensory Meridian Response**

It comes to him like warm air
on the wrist after opening
a microwave, when he imagines
being in love. Or the way
a poorly played piano rubs
the mind, the misfired notes
blurring together. Somewhere
beyond the stadium's glow
a widow alphabetizes books
she's never read. A busboy
takes the harsh drag of a first
cigarette beside a dumpster.
We are little hills of sound
is the name of the play. Full row
of hairy, painted chests rises, reads
How Tall Would The Grass Get
If You Didn't Stomp It Back Down
Every Other Night? Snap—
ball disappears into white light.
Someone's always there.
Touchdown. Clockwork. He is
the center of the universe, finally
unable to surprise itself. The crowd
a bowl of bees, the applause
heavy rain. The Chests:
We Love You And We Are Sorry
You Cannot Be One Of Us.