

If you reject them,  
you will be ridding yourselves  
of the five best items  
for keeping other people's poems  
from blowing away,  
of the five items best suited  
for throwing through the windows  
of the Ford Foundation,

and if you keep them,  
you had better not forget  
to make them available  
for public inspection,  
because, if left unused,  
they rot, and in so doing,  
they are radioactive.

-- Barbara A. Holland

New York NY

olga korbut

always having been fascinated with gymnastics  
and mans' ability to twist himself into tangles  
I flicked on the television  
in an hour of poetic godless despair  
and the womens' team championships were under way  
the Americans trailing the Russians

I watched with a three year old amazement  
as the girls vaulted into the still air  
danced on the huge square mats and tip-toed  
along the balancing beam

they all had rhythm  
concentration and guts  
and were polished under the gun  
Hemingway and Goya would have smiled

then I saw the baby Russian girl prance up  
I can still see her image pausing on the top unparallel  
bar, waiting for balance to leap backwards  
head-over-heels into the boundless air

backwards with grace of a porpoise threading a hoop  
she flew ...

I am still cheering

If you missed olga korbut that night  
as she caught the bar with chalky hands  
you missed one of the rare reflections of God.