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Poems

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Poems

Abstract

HOLY ECDESEIST BATMAN, NO CONTACT HOCKEY

John B. Lee

HOLY ECDESEIST BATMAN

it's not erotic
the stripper
rubbing her crotch
against the stage
at Hanners
dead eyes
a doll's eyes

she wants it
about as much
as she wants
a wood screw
torqued into her skull.

I have no illusions
of taking her
away from all this
even though she may be bright
a street poet an artist
secretly a virtuoso on the oboe
working her way through medical school
for she is not really here
her most intimate sensibilities
detached
by some hurt
her body moving unmoved
sexless and plastic.

NO CONTACT HOCKEY

we cure
the firehall blues
with booze

after we've hung our skates to dry
like ripe skins

we talk about accidents
checks
slashed faces eyes carved out of skull's knot holes
or how one year
Al saw a boy die on the ice
his jugular cut
and pumping red

but mostly we talk about scoring
the easy grace
in the best of us
swivelling into perfection
only then
when the puck arcs past a shoulder
or slides cool and swift
along the ice
to tangle in the netting
like a hard black fish
that darts of its own accord.

we get drunk
on victory
smashed
on defeat
and when we go home to our wives
tired drained with the telling
of the same stories
in as many ways as we can conjure
we go with the knowledge
that we will pay dearly tomorrow
for the glory
we hooked
tonight.