

INTO THE STADIUM

Something new has come over
the young men of this town.
They pick up a stone, raise it
high, in one hand. It lights.
How can stone burn, we asked
ourselves in the better cafes,
in the town. Then we remembered
the comet, Elijah's chariot.

And the young men, some
still in their leather shorts,
like torchbearers then run
through the streets. Every night
you see a few. We used to think
it strange, we suspected a cult.
But now it's accepted; in the
cafes, in the parks, people say
they're running for us.

We're out for a walk,
you, I and our son. We stop
at a jeweler's shop, where pearls
are draped across barite roses.
Our son is missing. Then
I see him, through the window,
in the shop. He's pale, gesturing —
the jeweler knows, nods, gives
him the amethyst geode. Our son
holds it, high, and I see how
small he was, and how now
his time to run has come.