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DORITA KOZAK

La Pelota*

For Pedro

She lies at his feet. La Pelota. He calls everything "she." The snake in the garden. The hawk in the sun. Our turbo-charged Pontiac. The way others "he" as the generic.

In my own mother tongue, there is no "he" or "she." We are all one pronoun- he, she and God.

She lies at his feet, her leather curves awaiting his virtuous touch. "You must use the boot like the sleeve of violinist. The waist, like an anaconda, to hold the earth close. The thighs like a horse, to follow her without flagging. The gluteals for the final thrust."

He speaks of her in the tones of a credo. He is instructing, inviting me into their intimacy. But I feel as his mother must have when she saved her worn stockings for him, watched him roll the tight ball, just hard enough for his small, naked toes. Watched him run out the door not to return until dark.

He is the eye of the triangle.

The tender transference of love can form in such triangles. I watch him romance the ball, his feet now shod in Italian calf, a week's wages but almost a glove, almost as good as barefoot.

The thousands roaring his name. His chestnut mane like a stallion's. His body coiling and uncoiling. And she is always in his eye.

*The Ball

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