

and the run through the pink clouds has  
ended, he skulks up the stairs and crosses  
the threshold into the dark living room. Sweat

runs down his nose and falls onto the amaranth  
tiles designed to camouflage the mud

and keep it from the phony hardwood floor.  
On the couch a man watches a Mets game  
and a woman beside him smokes Newports.

She eats a *Hungry Man* dinner in the TV light.  
The man owned a sports bar years ago, and on that

old bar top still there are dozens of baseball  
cards with his thin face pasted over the players'  
all smiling beneath thirty years of varnish.