

FORTY-ONE SECONDS ON A SUNDAY IN JUNE, IN  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

*for Michael Jordan*

rising up in time, michael jordan hangs like an icon, suspended in space,  
cocks his right arm, fires a jump shot for two, the title game on the line,  
his eyes two radar screens screwed like nails into the mask of his face

bore in on the basket, gaze focused, a thing of beauty, no shadow, or trace,  
no hint of fear, in this, his showplace, his ultimate place to shine,  
rising up in time michael jordan hangs like an icon, suspended in space,

after he has moved from baseline to baseline, sideline to sideline, his coal-face  
shining, wagging his tongue, he dribbles through chaos, snaking serpentine,  
his eyes two radar screens screwed like nails into the mask of his face,

he bolts a flash up the court, takes off, floats in for two more in this race  
for glory, it is his time, what he was put on earth for, he can see the headline,  
rising up in time, michael jordan hangs like an icon, suspended in space,

inside his imagination, he feels the moment he will embrace, knows his place  
is written here, inside this quickening pace of nerves, he will define,  
his eyes two radar screens screwed like nails into the mask of his face,

inside this moment he will rule on his own terms, quick as a cat he interfaces  
time, victory & glory, as he crosses over his dribble he is king of this shrine,  
rising up in time, michael jordan hangs like an icon, suspended in space,  
his eyes two radar screens screwed like nails into the mask of his face