

1992

The Favorite

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The Favorite

On Friday night he is the life blood
Of this two spotlight town.
Under pale purple lights,
On the only field in the county that isn't plowed under
With corn or beans
The Favorite dominates.
Diving off tackle
And kicking up dirt,
He runs, tackles, scores,
Punishing all takers for failing to be as magnificent as himself.
And the overawed fathers nod,
Arguing over bellies swollen with lukewarm booster hotdogs
And twenty years of beer,
Whether tonight's star
Runs more like Nate Washington,
Or Butch Westin,
Or some other forgotten hero,
Who clocked out at five
And made the game tonight.

There are those people,
Goddamn liberals, everyone of them,
That are fearful and envious of his confident swagger,
They bemoan his attitude, asking
Why can't he hit the books,
Like he did that kid from Easthills, the one whose chinstrap broke,
And helmet twisted half way 'round?
You know, the kid who lay on the thirty
Until Bob from the life squad
Gave him the salts.

The Favorite won't even play ball again,
College will rust and die
Like the Malibu behind the garage,
And tonight's hero will be another mechanic,
Or broken back farmer,
within three years.

Long ago I would have
said How right those teachers were.
And how the horse should have been reined,
If not broken.
But then,
If I were made God
Before I could drive,
And fathers lined up their daughters for me,
And poured me their beer
While their young sons fought to wear my number.
What would I care,
About Trigonometry?

– Andy Heckert '93



– Colin Mack '94