

... from *Macaroni and Cheese Manifesto* (Third Edition)
Copyright © 2009, 2013, 2018 Steven H. Biondolillo

With hope and heartbeat

The wrestlers spring onto the mat,
Into the circle—human cats
Stunned and naked, bodies spare,
Relaxed and tense, inhuman stares;
Their breathing seething, set to pounce
As names and classes are announced.
Into this moment all contracts,
As primal need strains towards contact.

Their labors, dreams and wills imbue
This simple space, this time of truth,
With meaning and transcendent power—
The testing ground, the “crowded hour”—
Eternal struggle to control
One’s life, one’s destiny, one’s soul.
Now here they stand, exploded view
Of human spirit, human roots.

Upon a time in Greece and Rome
Once wrestling champions were enthroned,
Assumed their places next to kings,
Inspiring throngs of men to sing
A body song, a dancing chant
Of rhythm, beauty, stealth and stance.
All those who sought the place of Jove
Embraced the way of blood and bones.

On this hard mat, in this cold hall
Young lions wait the zebra's call;
Though fear is near, desire's strong,
And to themselves they'll soon belong;
One simple thing would make them whole—
A single moment of control.
In history each seeks a home,
With hope and heartbeat, like a poem.

Copyright © 2000 Steven H. Biondolillo