I’m Thinking Again of That Lone Boxer

practicing in Baltimore’s Herring Run Park, floating over the fogged field. City gridlock stood beside him as he slipped and bobbed, countered and angled, practicing the art of when to back down, when to dodge, when to defend. I’d just been thinking about all I’m losing in this thing called motherhood when he delivered a left hook that could’ve spun that string of blue stars around anyone’s head. I refuse to say he was a dancer, for he was what he always was: a man fighting in an empty field against himself. Yet as long as I remember that taut curve of back ready to uncoil a punch, bow of head ready to receive a blow, how can I not believe in the possibility of peace?

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