

CHARLOTTE PENCE

## I'm Thinking Again of That Lone Boxer

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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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