Holding Court

By Jacob Saenz

Today I became King of the Court w/out a diamond-encrusted crown thrust upon my sweaty head. Instead my markings of royalty were the t-shirt draping my body like a robe soaked in champagne & the pain in my right knee — a sign of a battle endured, my will tested & bested by none as the ball flew off my hands as swift as an arrow toward the heart of a target — my fingers ringless yet feeling like gold.

Source: Poetry (May 2014)