

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)