

# Wide Receiver

By Mark Halliday

In the huddle you said "Go long—get open"  
and at the snap I took off along the right sideline  
and then cut across left in a long arc  
and I'm sure I was open at several points—  
glancing back I saw you pump-fake more than once  
but you must not have been satisfied with what you saw downfield  
and then I got bumped off course and my hands touched the turf  
but I regained my balance and dashed back to the right  
I think or maybe first left and then right  
and I definitely got open but the throw never came—

maybe you thought I couldn't hang on to a ball flung so far  
or maybe you actually can't throw so far  
but in any case I feel quite open now,  
the defenders don't seem too interested in me  
I sense only open air all around me  
though the air is getting darker and it would appear  
by now we're well into the fourth quarter  
and I strongly doubt we can afford to settle for  
dinky little first downs if the score is what I think it is

so come on, star boy, fling a Hail Mary  
with a dream-coached combination of muscle and faith  
and I will gauge the arc and I will not be stupidly frantic  
and I will time my jump and—I'm just going to say  
in the cool gloaming of this weirdly long game  
it is not impossible that I will make the catch.

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Source: *Thresherphobe* (The University of Chicago Press, 2013)