

MY ORBIT
By Tom Healy

I spar with a boxer
who'd destroy me
if this were anything

like fighting.

But on this wood floor
I am what I pretend to be—

my hook blisters,
my jabs blind.

I am the sun

in a Copernican circuit
of sweat and bruise.

Enter my orbit
at risk to your own.

My wild swings
will scorch your fields
and bleed the sky.

Defend yourself.
Defend me.

From *What the Right Hand Knows*
©FOUR WAY BOOKS