

# The View From the End Zone

by Marissa Thornberry

A lush green stillness divides,  
abides,  
creates  
a chasm of unexpected intensity  
that flows from our propensity  
for opposition:  
Their blood runs Reddie red,  
our pulse pumps purple.  
We can still be friends,  
just not today.

Fingers tap together.  
Nails split between tense teeth.  
Heels raise up—  
this is what tiptoes are for.  
Eternal moments keep sliding,  
sliding by  
under anxious anticipation.

All are on foot,  
both sides leaning,  
leaning inward,  
getting closer by the inch,  
threatening to collide,  
to combine  
in a mutual tension of hope,  
which threatens to hold us all—  
for a moment—  
together.