Tournament Hopeful

My interest in the sport is only theoretical. Like a Roman augur counting crows that turn in a vermillion sunrise stripped of the colors of astonishment, who never looks past number and direction to the art of chance or to the way bright wings lift when they beat out the sound of passing, who never wonders, awestruck, where they’re going, or why, or sees more than the future in the flash and flutter of the straight-flying dawn, every year

I fill out my bracket using the A.P. stats as guide and watch your team win or lose. What do I know about this court with its tall kings, its royal advisors? See how they surge together at the time-out, huddling and praying and flaring out like a ten-armed hallelujah exploding into motion? And in the air, like fate, a three-point shot swishes true to the basket and the world erupts in applause. I duly notch my bracket but thrill when your crow’s feet lift with surprise. Love, you have me good arc and all net.