## TERRI AND THE BOXING MATCH

## by Carl Santoro

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L	needed	to	win	vou.	

You were the prize.

He was the sudden wedge.

I became the boxer's glove.

The moments he swung

Only filled my ears with passing wind.

I saw you, you saw me,

And then I saw our clouds.

A scream, an "Oh noooo!"

My stomach pulled in a deep breath

my lips curled up into a smile.

It's been ten hours

I'm loving this feeling

of crisp, white, clean

hospital sheets.

Available online at  $\tilde{http://fictionaut.com/stories/carl-santoro/terri-and-the-boxing-match>}$ 

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The nurse saying, "Terri, is here to see you."