

Golden Boy

Picture this:

Mississippi midnight

Sweat

and

Heat

Stark apartment

Ageing boxer

Slumped

Cornered

and alone

A broken fan

Turns

(Real slow)

Round and

Round and

Round and

The TV flickers

Rippling mute waves

Across the low ceiling

Far corner:

Dog-ear photos crowd a solitary shelf

Black, white

All washed out

Soon to fade

to nothing

But behind closed eyes

Plays out a different reel...

...of bobbing and weaving

and the old-one-twos

the smell of the blood
the cheering
the boos
being king for the day
and everyone's friend
with slaps on the shoulders
and praise without end
photographers' bulbs
which light up the night
the gloves held aloft
to whoops of delight

So it's hard to explain
What he's finally become
A forgotten old has-been
A pathetic old bum

But another slug of bourbon
Should take away the pain
And the years will melt to nothing
And he'll be the Champ again