

Fight Night
by Adrien Potvin

They spark some cheap exchange,
little else on the mind except blood's iron tinge
in the mouth. Little else to say apart from
buddy had it coming.

Yer flex is in flux, bud—brute
bodies, Boccioni blur,
bodied, bloodied, domed, whatever
the passerbys say.

They flail out into the street,
the cab's horn the bell,
the best friend the ref,
the road, the ring. No cops, weapons, heroes.

Blows flow blunt, formless,
shouts ring out across the flat fog.
One shirt torn, the other
just fuckin' *gone*, just like that.