

THE CRUELTY OF FOOSBALL

The real losers of foosball
must be its small athletes.
Imagine being one of them,
shishkabobbed in rigid position
in tightfitting, generic uniform
while some drunk foosball enthusiast's
misguided instinct or whim
spins you upside down
in a nightmare junglegym.
Trapped in your little foosball reality,
without significant features painted on your face
and a hair helmet molded on your head,
your reflexes and athleticism
shackled to a lackadaisical
armchair soccer star's demands,
your glide entirely dependent on a grabbing hand.
Gored on the glory of an illegitimate ballfield
at random, in ill-lit basements,
you'd endure the torture of advancing
only sideways, and never ahead.