

## Stadium Lights

Heather Willard

Humid air hung over the field  
that August night.  
It was the first time  
I saw his eyes:  
cerulean--not a common blue.

Stadium lights bronzed his crew cut  
and added a gleam to the helmet  
he casually dangled from his fingers.  
Tight gold pants and maroon jersey  
cut to define muscled shoulders and calves.

Homecoming banners must have tangled  
my senses, cluttering my mind  
like crepe paper at the prom.  
He was my pep rally,  
my winning touchdown,  
my Hail Mary with no time on the clock.  
And we were the front-page picture  
on the Saturday morning news.

Somehow the years blitzed by,  
the banners fell, lights grew dimmer,  
more sacks and interference, penalties  
drawn as he drank away our youth.  
And I realized I'd been wrong:  
his eyes were only blue.