Golfers will tell you
they’ll hit 100 bad shots
to hit one
where the sweet spot of the club
meets the sweet spot of the ball
making the sound you always think of
when you think of a golf ball being hit
driving the ball straight down the fairway
the club feels so good in your hands
you forget the last 100 shots
the one in the trees
the one you lost
taking a drop
the one you sliced so badly on 9
it hit a cart at the tee box on 8
all forgotten
ready to hit 100 more
into the sand
the rough
and the water hazard
just to hear that sound

Poetry’s the same
you write 100 bad poems
about the girl who cheated on you
or the one you think cheated on you
but could never prove
but that’s okay because you cheated on her
that time you told her you were out of town
when you were actually down the street
spending the weekend with that girl
you both work with that she can’t stand
that you want to sleep with
but act like you can’t stand
so she won’t think anything is going on

just to write that one poem
the one you don’t cringe when you read
the one that’s as good on paper
as it was in your head
the one a reader gets
even though they had to work for it
giving you a type of bond with them
encouraging you to write 100 more
abusing metaphors
comparing sailing to freedom
love to just about everything
and golf to poetry

UNTITLED 2  Norma Jean Montejano