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## The King Pin

Erin Roper

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## THE KING PIN

Erin Roper

A passionate hobby or a serious sport?

Neither, but a lifestyle.

Bowling was everything.

That universally known din could be heard  
even above the barrage of uninspired and tasteless  
tunes blaring from the overhead speakers.

The ball in motion - a timpani roll, thunder  
The connection of ball and pins - cymbals crashing, lightning

It all took him back to centuries past  
To times when he ruled from the sky and storms  
would color the backdrop of his wrathful countenance

His existence had become a new aged symphony, accented  
by the stench of sweaty, preowned shoes and alcoholism  
that which gave it authenticity.

Generations had passed since he had had his own kingdom.  
There once stood no greater.

Despite the waning of his magnificence,  
Today he ruled once more.  
Times had changed, but not that much.

The champion of the Greek Church  
The supreme deity or the captain of the team  
Mere synonyms, it made no difference

Mount Olympus - their dominion, his throne  
Nowadays, these polished lanes of pine and maple were his home.

Omnipotence outdated.



**IMAGES** Manu Satyan