

Danielson

Best of all wrestlers you float above your own body as it takes
its punishment but you feel every blow feel alive as your pale chest
wells red your eye throbs your head and neck a ledger of mistakes

You've given it all up before but only because you had to save
yourself from yourself your bloody compulsion your battle against
your own spinal column for years I heard your name hushed tones
excited for the things you could do if they'd only let you in a video
twenty years grainy you arc gracefully toward your opponent
and drive a knee into the side of his head it looks so real it must be

There's something in the way you do this incredible and terrible thing
this beautiful and awful theater of the body of the mind of the mob
something that says you have found the joy of creation and execution
of throwing yourself bodily into the wreck of becoming the wreck itself
surfacing with a grim smile not safe not whole but somehow complete