

Bowling Night
Peter Joseph Gloviczki

Here, I'm not Brian Wiping sweaty hands I bowl. Sheriff Nelson shows up:
I'm *STRIKERX*. on faded pants But like a bloodhound 2 a.m. *Time to leave*.

Just finishing, I shout, But he reaches for my children: Yellow Ecstasy
just give me some time. Green Hope, Red Bomb, and Blue Wave.

The sheriff slams my family Days later, I told the judge:
against the rack & Our fists kiss. *He assaulted my kids*

*We were just searching
for peace through thunder.*