

# In Hyde Park

AQ1

TOMAS UNGER

5 The cries and chatter of children playing soccer.  
Or playing at playing soccer.

None of them sure anymore  
who's on whose team, or where in all this field  
theirs ends.

10 And no one wanting to pause  
as the goals once marked by certain shadows  
fade who knows where—the children altogether  
too busy crowding the ball to wonder.

15 Who knows  
why it seems unearthly—the kicks and calls  
that come to you as memory  
while you sit against this tree because,  
rough bark, it presses you, it proves you're here—

20 Just turning your head to look out over other  
expanses of field, great trees and paths,  
  
makes the noise grow far, their whole game become  
25 this faint quickness in the grass. Now fainter.

Something besides  
the evening sounds of children playing soccer.

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# The Cricketer

TOMAS UNGER

AQI

5 Or was it just so much standing under the sun,  
the cricket years, the immense boredom  
of being there fielding nothing, feeling time  
suffuse the space in its stasis, not to pass.  
Fierce focus stretching on would find its end  
in a kind of oblivion, and I'd be standing  
10 poised as all the rest, comprehending nothing  
so the mind would intrude, the action ahead  
absurd and quieted. Someone was running  
between wickets, back and forth, I was running  
for centuries. Now I stand where I am  
and it's never long before memory makes me  
15 nothing's fielder. And it will not end  
all over again, there's no end to the being there.