

## **Grandstand Fantasy**

### **A Study in Emptiness**

Grandstand at sundown  
embraces an emptiness  
replete with potential  
watchers and watched.

Screams and cheers, none,  
nor any spilled soda pop,  
nor adolescent boys testing  
their fear of strangers--

Greased pigs won't play  
before an empty house,  
nor will jockeys race fast  
horses for just nobody.

Shiny seats wait, all pretty  
in rows, for homo sapiens  
to bounce upon their boards  
from planned excitement.

Soldier-like in rank and file,  
bright red backrests stand  
at rigid attention where no  
eyes are and no announcer is.

Low sunlight plays to the  
stands (since no performers  
are), revealing geometry  
never proven by Euclid.

Emptiness is given shelter  
under one generous roof,  
pillars reaching up and out  
in a far-flung Calvary.

No one departs and throws  
away no trash, asking  
"Where does an empty  
grandstand go at night?"