Ari Petrou Petrou 1 Jill Chiodini

Humanities-3/4

3 Oct. 2013 **Boxing**

I love the bag.

I keep beating all of my problems into her.

Hitting and hitting it.

She’s always been willing to listen.

Powder rises like smoke from my hooks.

Finds its way through my nose and I cough.

Or my glasses will get foggy with powdery smoke and I’ll hit her harder.

She comes to forgive me and sees me again tomorrow.

The whole gym smells sour from sweat.

Makes my nose crinkle, but I eventually get used to it.

I’m part of the smell.

And sometimes it makes me smile.

The bag makes me happy.

I love the bag.