

## Victory Song

The day I happened into Jerusalem  
It was along the same set of railroad tracks  
In Pennsylvania that Marianne Moore  
And Jim Thorpe walked on their way to the circus,  
A shortcut from the graveyard where they were  
Remembering the dead who died before them.

She was carrying a man's large umbrella,  
Cherry-handled, closed black cotton spokes;  
I watched Jim turn, that athlete of the soul,  
And inquire as they walked along the tracks,  
"Miss Moore, may I carry your parasol?"  
She prized the word choice of her wayfellow.

And then, to share the courtesy of the question,  
She turned to me. We all three took our mark.  
What delight I felt in my body's structure,  
Words, similitudes, the speed of them. Hark!  
Pindar invoked us, the coals of juniper,  
As we raced that day into Jerusalem.

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Steven Walters's poems have appeared widely in such journals as *The Cumberland Review*, *Aethlon*, *Kestrel*, *Angle*, and *Freefall*. He lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan.