

KATHERINE FALLON

Rec

Because we are lesbians, we met playing  
basketball in West Philadelphia on a team  
called the Three Dollar Bills. You talked to me

about the ecosystem of my childhood, long left  
behind, and licked the sweat from my shin  
in a game one week later. My very insides

shifted. I was not ready for you, being freshly  
alone and willfully displaced, the city good  
as new, so I knew little but my bodega,

the putrid warehouse where one buys live birds  
to slaughter, and startling heights. On court,

I threw bricks but ran fast, and you towered,  
boxed out, guarded us from intrusion.