



Image from Citizen Tea

David Harrison Horton

Muhammad Ali vs. Cleveland Williams

(November 14, 1966)

Round 2

There is the middle and movement.
A bird chirps through an opened window,
as the kettle nears a boil.

The moon has moved,
and the scorpions have burrowed
into the trees.

There are signs,
and a desire for a hot breakfast.
The old women with shopping carts

march slowly to market, marking time,
as the tea cools
in a cracked cup.

Muhammad Ali vs. Zora Foley
(March 22, 1967)
Round 4

A mother tells her child
that not everyone
can be beautiful:
There are better things
to be proud about.

A single oak in a city's center
is more valued
than the many in the grove.

Up at 9,
and wanting connection,
a WeChat post about nothing
says more about emptiness
than the distance
in your vacant eyes.

Muhammad Ali vs. Oscar Bonavena
(December 7, 1970)
Round 14

Even peacocks tire
of their radiance:
Marathon dancers barely able
to support themselves, 1950s.

There is no trace, only a line,
leading to middle distance
and sway.

There is color and commentary, neither necessary.

The story is old,
and repeats.

And repeats, and repeats.

David Harrison Horton is a Beijing-based writer, artist, editor and curator. He is author of *Necessary* (Downingfield, 2025) and *Maze Poems* (Arteidolia, 2022). His work has recently appeared in *The Belfast Review*, *Roi Fainéant*, *Modern Literature*, and *Yolk*, among others. He edits the poetry zine SAGINAW. His website can be found at davidharrisonhorton.com.