

## Dear Coach's Corner

Propagandhi

Dear Ron MacLean,  
Dear Coach's Corner,  
I'm writing in order...

For someone to explain  
To my niece the distinction  
Between these mandatory pre-game group rites of submission...

And the rallies at Nuremberg,  
Specifically the function  
The ritual serves in conjunction...

With what everybody knows  
Is in the end a kid's game.  
I'm just appealing to your sense of fair play...

When I say she's puzzled by  
This incessant pressure for her to not defy  
Collective will and yellow-ribboned lapels,  
As the soldiers inexplicably repel...

Down from the arena rafters.  
If it not so insane,  
They'll be grounds for screaming laughter.

Dear Ron MacLean,  
I wouldn't bother with these questions  
If I didn't sense some spiritual connection.

We may not be the same,  
But it's not like we're from different planets.  
We both love this game so much we can hardly fucking stand it.

Alberta-born and Prairie-raised,  
Ain't a sheet of ice north of Fargo I ain't played.  
Penhold to the Gatineau,  
Every fond memory of childhood that I know...

Is somehow connected  
To the culture of  
This game; I just can't let it go.

I guess it comes down to  
What kind of world you want to live in.  
If diversity is disagreement,  
Disagreement is treason.

Well, you'll be surprised if we find ourselves reaping...

A strange and bitter fruit  
That sad old man beside you  
Keeps feeding to young minds as virtue.

It takes a village to raise a child,  
A flag to raze the children,  
Till they're nothing more than ballasts for fulfilling...

A madman's dream  
Of a paradise.  
Complexity,  
Reduced to black and white.

How do I  
Protect her from  
This cult of death?