Who would have guessed that today’s poet, Thomas Moore of Brooksville, would run into Tom Brady at a poetry reading -- during the Patriots’ first home game, no less?

Chick Magnets
by Thomas Moore

It’s the Patriots’ home opener
and I’m at a poetry opening in Maine.
The Pats are playing the Cincinnati Bengals,
yet Tom Brady is here at the poetry reading!
“Tom,” I say, “why aren’t you in Foxborough?”

“Oh,” he says, “I’ve always liked poetry
and I’m making seventy-two mil’
so I can do what I want—
Coach Belichick isn’t too happy, though.”

The poets read about Cranberry Island,
mice in bread boxes, dragon-flies,
Morocco, eating oysters in Grand Central Station,
summer cottages, and, well, you know,
the kind of stuff poets write about:
heartbreak, and a lot of asters by the side of the road.

“This Savory and James is good stuff,” says Tom
after the reading. “Smother than Bud Light,
and being here is a lot easier than throwing passes”
—his left knee twitches and lifts slightly—
“or getting trashed by the Bengals’ defense.
Plus, these poetry readings are real chick magnets—
you and I are the only guys here!”