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Green Arrow vs. Hawkeye

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Abstract
It was during the twentieth annual Secret
Green Arrow vs. Hawkeye
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It was during the twentieth annual Secret
Crisis of the Infinity Hour, after Emerald Ocular exited
the issue, entered the metaquantum splitter,

devolved back into Clint and Ollie, hit hot showers,
then hit the bar at the Inn Beyond Eternity, that it began
with a thumb war. Green Arrow used his fingernails
from snorting military-grade speed to time shift
his middle finger into the palm of Hawkeye, who gripped
and ripped on the blond beard, kid gloves now off.

DC’s finest Bowman bent with both force and
finesse a pool cue over his opposite number’s noggin,
splinters stuck in his scalp like wooden cowlicks.

Marvel’s arrow slinger was used to using everything
as a weapon, including his rage. He kicked the eight ball
into the light above, casting them both into darkness.

But Oliver Queen was used to night hunts from
surviving months on that desert isle. With a rubber band
and a stray golf pencil, he punctured an eardrum.
Clint Barton was used to relying on all his senses, circus kid learning to trust the touch of bow and sword, the curves of spies, the wife who was a songbird and killer like Oliver’s own. As clearly as he smelled the blood streaming down the side of his head, he sensed the spunky tights and beer breath, the purple of his outfit a bruise surrounding him. He danced with the man gripping his own quick hands to the music of glasses tumbling, rogues cackling about compound heartstrings and fancy footwork, the dizzy syncopation of their pain-soaked rumba, dual archers stamping at insteps, aiming for arches.

The crisis of worlds became the union of soldiers accustomed to firing and aiming simultaneously to survive, draw and hold, breath and stance, target and desire.