



8-15-2018

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Abstract

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Recommended Citation

Buckley, John F. and Ott, Martin (2018) "Green Arrow vs. Hawkeye," *Westview*: Vol. 34 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol34/iss1/16>

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Green Arrow vs. Hawkeye

by John F. Buckley & Martin Ott

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.