

Midwest Physics: First Law

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Labor Day weekend, American drones whir over Syria, Somalia, Yemen, and Afghanistan, and a father drives his son past acres of wheat on US 23 from suburban Ohio to Michigan Stadium.

They watch people run and hit. They eat overpriced pizza, dry cheese sliding off tomato sauce. They praise the pre-game F-16 flyover.

Tailbone scratching metal, the child looks up. A striped flag spangled white as the father's sweating forehead; the father clutching the boy's anxious hand in his saying, *All my hard work*

is for you, Bachu, for this. No rushing the clock, they revel in pass after incomplete pass. On third down, the boy stands to cheer, alone as the father sits, immovable.