

## Cornhole

Time is a flat circle—or maybe a lumpy bag we toss across the lawn. We're flipping for sports we miss, and we land on the cornhole championships, brought to you by ESPN. I think I may have missed my calling. Some scout should have spotted me in the backyard teaching myself to juggle sacks of magic beans and said, "This kid's got it." "It" being a talent for recreation that now warrants a split screen where announcers mull over the strategy of barbecue with diagrams measuring distance. Distance between us. Distance as we write outside the margins. Distance as walk outside them too when thoughts and people threaten with their stinky breath. These athletes on TV wear masks, retreating to their phones instead of towels between turns, and they're sponsored by some sausage company. The ad runs in a ticker at the bottom of the screen faster than they ever will. And that reminds me that I never minded breakfast for dinner, and what does it matter now anyway?

A friend told me that, last week, he watched the international sign spinning championships on the very same channel. "They were from 2019. It was one helluva year for sign spinning, I guess," he says.

I imagine a Ken Burns production, title simple and brave across the marquee—

Cornhole.

With a close-up of a wooden box painted red, white, and blue with a cavern in the middle. Never mind how he'd make the episode names kid friendly. He'd manage. We all will.

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