

**Blank Verse Poem:  
Unrhymed Iambic Pentameter (at least 10 lines)**

## Soviet-born spectacle

Second coming of the Russian Rocket,  
With lightning skates, no lack of glitz and tricks,  
He's magic on ice, he floats to destinations,  
Gone by all sorts of locations — Patience.

He may mishandle the rubber yet, just watch,  
An errant pass is commonplace for the Great  
And Magnificent right winger from Moscow,  
With tricks galore, no lack of razzle and dazzle.

A pass, or two, or ten, from behind the back,  
Perchance a bad stickhandle, or even a penalty,  
But consider all the good, the bad is outweighed,  
And you may just catch a smile across your face.

You ask yourself, what will this guy do next?  
The unpredictability is so  
Ironically, predictable,  
You know that Max will do something special.

You may find yourself up from your seat,  
Admiring this magical, creative magician.  
He glides to the puck, cradles and passes it,  
Briere is found, the man at the net, *their* net.

He fires the slap shot into the short side  
The top shelf where momma hides the cookies,  
He's shot, he's scored, the Sabres win again,  
Credit Afinogenov with another assist.