

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 8 | 1999

Baseball
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BASEBALL

The games we played as children! The way the birds screeched at sunset and the earth swallowed the sun! Then Timmy would begin to cry and Billy would comfort him by whispering into his ear the names of forgotten shortstops and we would hide in the tall grass of the outfield with our gloves over our mouths. Always our summer days would end this way with the playing field scarred and our bats in splinters and our heads longing for the stars that soon would appear and form the constellation of Mother calling us inside. But we, with our warm breath and bones, did not want to return to our homes, we wanted to play on and on until the baseball broke apart like a dandelion, and the leaves fell, and the snows fell, and the air . . .