

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 8 | 1999

All Over The Lot James Tate

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

James Tate

ALL OVER THE LOT

We were at the ballgame when a small child came up to me and thwacked me in my private area. He turned and walked away without a single word. I was in horrible pain for a couple of minutes, then I went looking for the rascal. When I found him he was holding his mother's hand and looking like the picture of innocence. "Is that your son?" I asked of the lady. She shot me a look that could fry eggs, and then she slapped me really hard. "Mind your own business," she screamed. The boy grinned up at me. My old tweed vest was infested with fleas. I started walking backwards. People were shoving me this way and that. To each I replied, "God, I love this game, I love this game."