

# Playing Baseball

## anthem & double-header

by James Como (August 2017)



*Homeplate*, Paul Ward



I miss being part of it, now I'm broken.  
Let me tell you what I mean.

Tracking the ball, a lean path,  
then snatching it cold.  
Back-to-the-infield, over the shoulder,  
nailing the fool who thought it would fall.  
"Isn't he older? Can he be that quick?"

On the bases taking third: intuitive call.  
Or hitting a bloop, see them blinking,  
then, when they're in, going deep for a song.  
Fake here, dart there, always thinking.

Yet these together (even the errors?)  
were not the greatest joy. An epiphany:  
daily life, that fading quotidian, is the fiction.  
Hah. It is the field cannot be undone:  
the geometry within, exacting and true,  
the expanse beyond, a sky blue but tricky.  
An intelligent design, one world, whole,  
no field of dreams this: rather the  
Real Thing, where abideth a Soul.



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**James Como** is the author, most recently, of