

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.



James Como is the author, most recently, of