

*Baseball Poem
(Pitcher's Lament)*
Pete Nett English 6

The catcher decided,
and I concurred,
what the manager had always condoned,
and the fielders now took for more than granted,
and the spectators encouraged through
noises of disgruntled expectancy,
that I sneak a fastball by him.

The batter,
apparently unaware of our conspiracy,
snuck it over the left field fence,
watched it bounce onto the vacant tennis court,
carom off the pole which held up the net
and come to rest with some dead leaves
off in a distant corner
near a crushed can that once held yellow tennis balls.