

Mr. Bonds

by Shane Noecker

I remember where I was
When I learned of your statistical monument
To the biblical promise of three score and ten.
I had just seen a new friend off at my front door.
She and I had lately fallen
Into the habit of kissing as we parted, though
I always had to lean in as she paused coyly
Breathed me in, and kissed me back.
That night I was skeptical and jealous
Of her always getting kissed
So I held myself back.

First: Her voice and laugh fill the air by the door.
Second: How long can two people stand and chat?
Third: She's striding forward.
And then: *She* kissed *me*.

When I sat down and saw the image of you
Watching it leave
I imagined how it must have felt
The ball absorbing the bat
The bat absorbing the ball
Hovering together for that moment
The leather compressing
The wood indenting
Your swing perfect and smooth
And you knowing that this was it.
You had made it.
You were in.
History would have you
Whether or not you hit another one.