



I was inspired to write this by both the community I grew up in, as well as my relationship with my father. Its one of the more personal poems I have written, and I am happy for it to be included in this journal.

When tryouts come,
pick the players
that can swing the farthest,
the ones that you'd wish
were your son,
then equip them
in the finest uniforms
so that the school can see
how much each one
is worth.
Watch them throw the ball
back and forth,
dive for catches,
and scrape their knees like
toddlers that have suddenly grown up.
Stay on the field
until night falls so that
by the time you get home,
your own children are already in bed,
while the ones you've just coached
are in the back seat
as their real parents
curse your name
on their drive home.

When game day is finally here,
stand next to third base –
the one farthest away from the stands

Where your wife watches –
so that you have the optimal position
to yell at the umpire.

Spit and spat
about how Chris Landry did
make it to second base
until finally you are suspended
for the rest of the game.
Then wait in your office
until the twenty-two year old assistant coach,
who just so happens to be
the same age as
your oldest son, fetches you
to proclaim that
your team has won.