A blurred swing – and there it is: His soul gently arcing toward you, too soon dropped below a sea-gray wall as if to say “I can go no further.”

You – nine years old, glove in hand – you inherit my world: All the cheers and taunts, pain and pleasure mingling like dirt and grass, the chalk-line between foul and fair.

Gracefully lope along the path of your life, pausing at this base or that, but always running, always advancing toward a destiny indistinguishable from your death.

Published in The Pittsburgh Quarterly (TPQ), Summer, 2007.