

When I Was Ten

The pitch came in and he laid one down  
 I was off for home with a determined bound.  
 The catcher stayed and the pitcher broke late  
 me flying in from third with nothing but hate.  
 The pitcher bare handed and gave it a flip  
 Catcher's blocking foot jumping as I gave him some lip.  
 I screamed as loud as I could, "Watch out for my spikes"  
 Cobb would have been proud as his foot took a hike.  
 Sliding under his tag then knocking him down  
 I leaped in the air with a tennis shoe bound.  
 The catcher looked at my shoes then started a rush  
 met by my shortstop who was twice as tough.  
 Me and Cecil the heroes, the game was won  
 By a no hitting runt and a kid who could run.

Terrence Michael Wall