

Sonnet

Honorable Mention, 1984-1985 Academy of American Poets
Competition

Jim Glaeser

Five in the afternoon, sometime in May
and hot. I'm listening to the Dodgers
play the Mets, while I read an anthology
of Spanish poetry. A left-hander's
pitching for Los Angeles, and the Mets
are starting a rookie from Tidewater.
I follow the game and read the poets
between innings. Vin Scully, the broadcaster,
calls the play by play, the way Vallejo
might have done in another circumstance
with poets and major league pitchers so
similar, that you can't tell the difference
between Fernando Valenzuela
and Federico García Lorca.