

Grandstand Play

Mike Lawson

Neikro slipped a scroogie
past Sax
for a strike
as a boy let it fly
from the second deck.

Flaps up,
it caught an updraft
of cigarette smoke, hot dog steam
and enthusiasm.

Neikro saw it,
and being a pitcher himself,
admired the balance, location
and thrust.

Vinnie announced it.
Forty-thousand, cracking peanut shells
watched page forty-three
of the program
hover over first base.

It floated silently,
white
against outfield green.
Murphy charged it,
settled under it
and squeezed.

Neikro adjusted his cup,
licked his fingertips
and returned to work.