

The Seams of My Life Little League, 1969

When I hold my baseball glove up to the light,
its swollen fingers rayed out like
the edge of the world, glistening fearlessly,
I think of it as my protector.

The center of the glove is smoky and
blue as the stain of a bruise, soft as the
pulp from a heart flapped back,
forgiving when smacked into. And the web
a careful crisscrossing of aged tendons
sutured to a masculine hardness
supplying order from within. The aroma of
sweat, leather and oil follows, bringing my
tongue to its grass-stained hide; it tastes
like beef jerky. All night
my glove plays catch with the ceiling's shadows,
its massive size shielding hand and forearm,
like a father standing watch over his son.
And when the lights go off, my hand
dangles over the side of the bed knowing my
glove will protect it, lay its body over it,
love it until the end of summer sets in.