

HOME RUN

Bartlett's pears are bells,
Tremulous
Down the right field line
Where seasons before stood
Files of tasseled corn.
A softball has risen
High above the topmost branches
And has frozen like a stitched moon
In the ether of memory. Sally is
A statue of liberty toppling into daisies.
A gust has taken Aaron's hat.

I am poised
Ready to run
Counterclockwise
Through pumpkin-vine bases
All the way to 1984
Because the fly ball
That forty years ago was
A foul ball
Is now a home run—
My brother, my sister—
My cheering ghosts.