Lost Diamonds Discovered in Salinas, Puerto Rico

Morning sun escapes from the earth light erodes at the colors of faded Roberto Clemente posters that cloak the walls of my bedroom.

Books collapse to the floor
I deprive my pack of its useless inside.

The worn leather of a dependable sidekick is replaced.

Today, I go where I must. A weekly pilgrimage to a diamond that is buried beneath the rocks. I peel them away.

Here. I find familiar faces
They have on their large left hands
And I have on my right.
Our eyes do not see the weeds, clumps of dry earth,
Or knee-less jeans,
but baselines, even-cut grass, and pinstriped uniforms.
Even the sweat of an obscene fat guy
in row "K," seat "12" is as clear
to us as the tattered cardboard of homeplate.