

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.