

Firm Hands

Thousands of grounders on red clay diamonds
Neatly raked between white lines and bases
Your eyes steel as you watched me field them cleanly

You bought me that brown Wilson mitt
With the leathery smell
That cling to my left hand
I held your left hand
As we walked through the hot sand
At the beach on 90th and Collins

You taught me how to boogie board
And ride the waves like a dolphin
With neon blue and yellow hide

Hail Mary passes as I dove in the water
Salty and sweaty I rose from the surf
Pigskin in hand

My hands were soft and yours were rough
The hands of a student like a baby's bottom
The hands of carpenter, low grade sandpaper

Now we're on opposite sides of razor wire fences
These keep in more than home runs.

