

## Ball Game

He came home from school and slammed the front door  
from habit.

"Mom," he called.

"Yes?"

"Where's my baseball and bat and glove?"

"I don't know. You'll have to look for them."

"Okay."

He rummaged in the kitchen closet for a minute or two  
then walked heavily across the kitchen.

"Did you find them?" he heard from upstairs.

"Yes, Mom. Thanks."

He walked out the back door empty-handed  
and walked due north for what seemed to be  
two or three hours.

He kept his path as straight as he could  
and climbed over fences  
and other obstacles.

He even swam across a creek or two—  
or waded, one.

He sort of flapped his arms and sort of flew up  
above the whole town and sort of looked around  
and was glad that he could fly and no one else could.

But then all of a sudden  
the novelty sort of fell off the whole thing

so he flew down  
and landed in the back yard  
and walked into the house  
and slammed the back door sort of hard

and she said  
did you have a good game  
and he said yes.