

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.