

1989

Sunnydale Lane

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SUNNYDALE LANE

I recognize
Two cracks in the cement
That never quite met;
"Homeplate," I breathed.
Ten years
The kickball's been
Flat.
First base still waves
Its red postal flag.

Jim winds up and releases
His lightning pitch.
The red sphere sails
Past third,
"Ghost on second!"
Jen screams-
She struts to homeplate.
Brit, playing outfield
By Seltz's beige Pinto,
Tosses the ball into Jim's arms
And prepares
For defeat.

Sandra Loftus