

UNDERSTANDING ROBERTO CLEMENTE'S 3,000TH HIT

Joseph Kenyon



A blurred swing – and there it is:
His soul gently arcing toward you,
too soon dropped
below a sea-gray wall
as if to say “I can go no further.”

You – nine years old, glove in hand –
you inherit my world: All the cheers
and taunts, pain and pleasure
mingling like dirt and grass,
the chalk-line between foul and fair.

Gracefully lope along the path of
your life, pausing at this base or that,
but always running, always
advancing toward a destiny
indistinguishable from your death.

Published in The Pittsburgh Quarterly (TPQ), Summer, 2007.

