

The At-Bat

He steps up to the plate, his name is Sam.
The bases are loaded: he needs a Grand Slam.
It's the bottom of the ninth: two men are out.
His team needs four runs to avoid the rout.

He is nervous from all the pressure he faces,
so he calls for time, and tightens his laces.
For a Grand Slam right now is all he wishes,
but on the first pitch he swings and misses.

A fastball comes for pitch number two.
He whiffs; yet another one he blew.
His heart beats fast; his moment has come.
He can't miss another or else he is done.

He's nervous to swing; he fidgets; he fiddles
and watches strike three go right down the middle.
The ump calls him out; that was the clincher.
So it's a good thing that I am the pitcher.