



1986

Short Stops

Gary Frazier

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Eugene Woodbury

LIKE HIM

He woke in the morning
brushed aside the curtains
of another summer

The house was old
worn smooth to the touch
the barn held up another winter
and the ghosts still lived there

Like him to think of them
as if the feeling could stroke the stone

Like him to think of them
in the still after evening

But now the sunlight
pressing against the screen
traces lines across his face.

Gary Frazier

SHORT STOPS

I could never be a shortstop.
I haven't the daring to play
near the edge of artistry
to turn the double play.
My younger brother did.
He was willing to sacrifice
parts of himself for a grounder
or a line drive nearly quicker
than reflex could allow.
Until tired of the game,
he turned to rodeo instead,
riding bulls just out of the money.