

*Death on Third*

my grandfather's on the way out

one ball  
two strikes

Death's on third  
waiting for the straight line drive  
headed for left field

my father's on deck  
awaiting his turn  
patiently

and I'm in the dugout  
digging my cleats

it's the bottom of the ninth,  
no outs

not until  
the pitch comes  
down the middle

my grandfather goes to swing  
but he falls to one knee  
because of the chemo

three strikes,  
*you're out*