

There's No Crying in Poetry

by Bill Yarrow

"There's no crying in poetry. There's no crying in poetry!" says Coach Bukowski, barnacle-gnarled, stomping on the ground behind third base. But the poetry pitcher is crying, the poetry catcher is sobbing, the poetry short stop is bawling, the poetry center fielder is doubled over, weeping bitterly. Bukowski shakes his head. *Jesus, how the hell did I wind up here?* He yells, "Hey! There's no crying in fucking poetry! Ya hear me?" But no one on the poetry team is listening.

But in the beer garden across the street, the bar poets, looking up, are waving their gloves at the ball sailing towards them. They stretch their hands above their heads and call out

"I got it!"

"No, I got it!"

"I said, I got it!"

Then they collide and lie like kinks in a tangled hose. The ball lands and takes a bad hop, hits the barmaid smack on the lip. "Don't you cry. Don't you dare," she hears Bukowski saying, and, though it really hurts, and though she really wants to, she doesn't.

