

Us Kids in Left Field

by Matt Mullins

Us kids in left field

steal out bedroom windows after dark to pinch
hit Lucky Strikes between first and second

fingers, arc the glow of shop-lifted hot-boxed
cigarettes over the chain link homerun fence

sprawl on perfectly ridiculous grass passing
a bottle between the boys we are and the men

we imagine ourselves to be. Once
named Royal, Padre, Tiger, Angel, Twin

we make a point of tripping over the chalked
foul line as we strike out for home at dawn.

