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## Another

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HONORABLE MENTION  
MILTON KESSLER MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR POETRY

Rich Kenney  
**Another Season**

Trotting back to left field  
more than three decades later  
I can still hear the crack of the bat:  
Hoagie's hitting high ones,  
arcing tiny cowhide specks  
against the cleats of clouds  
as we set up camp far below,  
calling and coaxing them back,  
our pockets of leather well pounded  
and ready, waiting. I am turning 16  
in an outfield far from Hanoi,  
but close enough to hear  
*All You Need Is Love*  
on Murphy's transistor at third.  
In right field, I spot Whitey  
sitting on a milk crate wailing away  
on a 6-string while Sheila Smart  
circles him in a curious wiggle  
dance, beads and boobs whirling.  
Hoagie notices, too, and lets go  
a gut-deep laugh, then kills  
the Cowsills when we remember  
the Red Sox are at home in Fenway.  
Murf finds the game in time and Yaz  
hits one out on cue. It is 1967  
and everything is falling  
into place:

Now it is dark  
and Nelligan is hit in the shoulder.  
It is the evening Chico nearly loses  
an eye to a ball he should have had.  
Hoagie lofts one more. I watch it  
momentarily leave the night-quick sky  
and for the first time I can see the moon  
stealing signs and corking horizons  
before dropping the ball into the reeds  
and tall grass well beyond our reach.  
It's time to pack up but, instead, we break  
against the backstop, listen to Whitey's  
version of Jim Morrison and how best  
to burn the night. I turn on the radio  
again to hear the Red Sox  
and casualties in Nam  
are up.

Now, back in my spot,  
a chalk line on a soccer field,  
nightfall trumps practice between  
shooter and goalie on Hoagie's old  
launch pad. High school kids walk by.  
One with a fire fighter baseball cap  
lip-syncs to numbing rap blasting  
from a flag-bearing PT Cruiser  
in the parking lot. A girl with two-  
toned hair and a purple lip tattoo  
slinks along in an uneasy sway  
and says, "Sup?"  
It's the explosive thunder  
of a soccer ball rising rapidly  
towards mid-field that curbs my reply.

Rich Kenney

I watch it climb dusk's dark ladder  
while the radio pauses for headline  
news with another spin on al-Qaida,  
and one more time I think I can see  
a piece of the moon painting  
corners, changing speeds,  
burning away  
the night.