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Cover: *Baseball at Rest*
by Lauri Burke

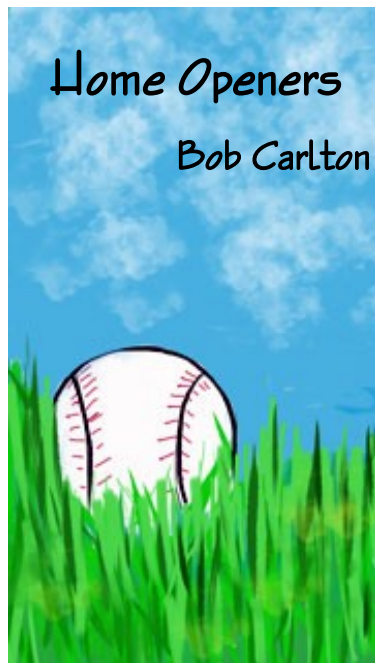
Origami Poetry Project™

Home Openers
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in which these poems first appeared:
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Donations appreciated

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with a friend.*



First Pitch

The infinite
possibilities
of spring
become the first
accomplished fact
of summer.

When Any Lot Would Do

the ground ball skips
kicking up dust
and the smell
of wild onions
gathering stains
breaking stitches
before finally spinning
into the comfort
of a glove
just as worn

the ball dis-
appears in-
to the night
lifting our
best hopes
to flight

Walk Off

Ball white
in blue sky
or skipping
through grass
too green
not to dream.

Connecting

For some,
the realization comes slowly,
the years of mastery,
the Hall of Fame career
ending without grace.
I can watch the game
knowing it was never mine,
never having to face
the end of a one-sided
lifelong love affair.

No matter how much
we love the game
it will never
love us back.
Most learn early.
I was a two-time
Little League All-Star,
hit .380 at age 11,
and .340 at age 12.
The downward trend continued
the older I got.
By 14 I was through,
the pitchers seemed closer
as the bases grew farther apart.
Maybe I was lucky.

The Romance of It