Edward Rielly of Westbrook writes of today’s poem: “Growing up on a small
farm...I enlisted the pine trees in our yard as baseball teammates. Pine cones
abounded, and although they did not carry as well as a baseball, I never had to
retrieve them.”

Homering Among the Pines

by Edward J. Rielly

With my old, pockmarked bat,
but without a ball, I played
the game as perfectly as any
summer hero. I used, instead,

the pine cones that dropped
at random from the pines overhead
littering the lawn, shooting out
of the lawnmower against my legs

as I mowed, but ready to fill
the air with home runs when I
turned to sport. The small dry cones
whizzed like insects at the moment

I stroked them, fluttering like
butterflies when their velocity
suddenly declined. Oh, how I hit
those brown cones, and sometimes,

lining one just right with my bat
between layers of wind, I sent it
high up through dark branches,
returning to whence it came, and all

the invisible baseball spirits
on all my invisible bases raced
for home as I dropped my bat
and waved to the surrounding wind.