Old Ball Field

Marianne Boruch

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OLD BALL FIELD

Birds suddenly forlorn in such a field, school hours, so the land empties itself back to simple pasture. A flock of sparrows, and then another flock descend and rise, descend and rise haphazard. This one, that one there.

It’s probably the light. Late morning, cloudy, and the birds too hungry because it’s spring. It’s spring, says the silent couple in the dugout, three hours now of skipping school, and kissing there, not an eye between them open.

EXHAUSTION

Snow lay like exhaustion all over the yard. Then why this thrill waking up to see it as though some large mystery had given up and said here. Snow, the slow boat. The great tiredness in it is a haven the way great loss is a haven. No one does it deliberately but one gets brought to this as though to an altar at the beginning of winter. Where I walked all fall aspen leaves,