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## LYB

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**LYB**

Demetri Cullen

My bat clinks at my heels as I walk,  
freeing the mud held captive in my cleats,  
leaving a trail of misplaced turg  
in my wake like the ripples of foam  
that chase ferries out to Kelleys.

I turn around to ensure my Grandma  
can glide her walker around my debris,  
careful not to leave her in the dust.

After all, no money finds it home  
in the pockets of baseball pants.

That honor goes to half-emptied  
Big League Chew (and that clover  
from the outfield that I swear  
had four leaves when I picked it.)

We trot, more or less, to concessions,  
where I know I will shout,

One Rainbow Slushie please!  
and my Grandma will laugh and produce  
a five-dollar bill, kindly asking  
for a Pepsi of her own to sip,  
before we sit at our picnic table.

She will park her walker next to me,  
and I will slurp my concoction happily,  
spilling some between the cracks  
in the concrete, nourishing the weeds  
that would grow in ten years' time,  
when there would be no more ball to play  
and no one to sit at our table.