

Shortstop

Sara Hickman

As I circle the picnic table
Eyes watch me in my flowing dress
The sky is an unnatural shade of green
But its really just the light through the trees
Red and white inviting cookie store in New York City
I took a chocolate photograph
A thirteen month old smiling child
Mother ends our conversation
Calls me a lunatic
Dancing in the middle of a crazy diamond
Im kicking dust into the stagnant air
I am a shortstop between here and third
But the traffic never slows
Still I wave
My sister tells a funny situation, she is happy in her thinking
As the phone begins to ring, a big boom fills the room
It is a man who wants my sister all to himself
So I must break the news she is gay
Laughing in the middle of a crazy diamond
Shes kicking dust into the stagnant air
She is a shortstop between here and third
But the traffic will never slow
Oh, she waves anyway
Each day you make your bed all by yourself
Tossing flowers, the names engraved with pencil marks
A constant quirky conversation
Oh, should you change your name
To protect your innocence
Spinning in the middle of your crazy diamond
Im kicking dust into your stagnant air
You are a shortstop between here and third
But the traffic will never slow
Still I wave
As I circle the picnic table
Yours eyes watch me in my flowing dress
The sky is an unnatural shade of gray
But its really just the light fading from your eyes
Yes, its really just the light fading, fading
Yes, its really just the light

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