

Diamond Three Dial

by Rex Arrasmith

I had four Bobby Sox playing younger sisters,
So, I became a sixteen-year-old myopic umpire
Hiding my nearsightedness behind acetate
Mr. Magoo rounded glasses adorable.
I was recruited and wanted to be supportive.
My first time behind the plate I kept
Loosing the count, was it
3 – 1 or 2 – 2 or 2 - ?
I had a shiny new counter but kept forgetting to use it
[how hard could it be to remember strikes and balls?]
The first girl struck out; she knew it (I didn't)
And walked back to the dugout on her own whew!
Second girl popped out; the third girl walked
To first on her own after I guess I called a 4 th ball.
I seemed to start out ok but if the count was
Going full(ish), uh oh.
The fourth batter kept hitting fouls (5 in-a-row)
They had a very distracting potty mouth after
Every swing so did her mother at the infield fence.
Apparently if the umpire wears glasses, they're blind.
I then called two balls, 2 fouls, 1 ball, 3 more fouls,
It was on ball 4 when my failure to keep count
Became problematic. I failed to call ball 4 and
No one noticed except the batter's mother.
Ball four Four-eyes, she screamed. The third base
Umpire just shrugged when I looked his way for help.
The batter didn't know what to do and no one
NO ONE, else could tell her. Mother at the fence
Was coming for me. She came over the fence and
Shoved her counter in my face demanding I show
Her mine. Rattled, I said that was only three and
Get off my field. I then screamed Play Ball!
Swing and a miss strike 3.
I found my legs in the 2 nd , but was totally deflated
When the pitcher came to bat at the bottom of the 1 st .
Thanks, Ump. It was ball four.