

Go Robins!

by Tom Clark

It's April, but there are no ballplayers,
just dozens of robins
puffed up in orange breast
doing their thing.

They scan the ground
for emergent bugs.

Quicken forward
to eat them.

The diamond is alive
with dozens of robins.
They warm up in the infield,
race across the outfield,
tweet-tweet and flutter in the morning sun.

The field seems ready.
The grass an unknown, unmown green.

The dugouts are empty.
The scoreboard blank.
The fence in the outfield needs a coat of paint.
Some of the advertisements are for businesses that are out of business.

Still the field seems ready.

The robins take the field.

Woooo! Go robins!