

The Little Leaguer Grows Up

by Mary Armao McCarthy

You had a nerve
growing up on us like that
before we were ever used to
the softness of you,
after we were impatient with
the quickness of you,
during the times we begged for mercy from
the unrelenting care of you.

You had a nerve
growing tall and saying your own thoughts
your arms stronger every day, your grip firmer
as we force ours to soften
while we love and encourage and
in our secret places mourn the changes.