

BASEBALL FROM LIFE TO DEATH

by Stefano Duranti Poccetti

You live an immortal cyclicality, Mr. Baseball.
(do you prefer to be named sir or doctor?).
You reincarnate, forever the same.
They wanted to saddle you up with the aluminum clubs,
but you refused them as an offense to history.
Wood, yes, because wood comes from nature.
Football changes, tennis changes, but you do not.
Your past and your future are Siamese twins.
You are reborn every time exactly as you were.
It's not a coincidence that the diamond
that you jealously look after,
and that even Arsène Lupin has not stolen from you,
for its rhombus shape is a symbol of resurrection.