

## First Sip

My Grandpa took me to my first  
baseball game; I was eight years old.  
There, I learned to love beer,  
that bitter and sweet ambrosia.

My Grandpa bought us hotdogs,  
a Coke for me, a beer for him.  
"Ballgames are for beer," he explained.  
I nodded as though I understood.

My Grandpa took a sip of his beer,  
turned to me and smiled.  
"Try a sip," he suggested.  
So I did as he bid.

My Grandpa chuckled as I gasped;  
it was bitter and cold  
and sweet and ours.  
"Thanks, Grandpa," I choked out.

My Grandpa looked out at the field  
pointing his finger at the pitcher.  
"He's all washed up," he opined.  
"Did he just take a shower?" I asked.

My Grandpa looked at me,  
laughter in his eyes,  
love barreling toward me like a line drive.  
"I adore you, my girl," he beamed.

My Grandpa took me to my first  
baseball game when I was eight.  
I learned to love that ritual sip of beer,  
my Grandpa at my side.

## Cerulean

The old woman rocked on her porch.  
Through half-closed eyes  
she observed life moving by,  
a perfect cerulean sky overhead  
not a cloud dimming its perfection;  
birds and children chirping their joy.  
*A Norman Rockwell day*, she thought.  
The old woman smiled,  
her eyes slowly shuttering,  
drifting off to sleep.

*The small child was at a baseball game—  
she and her grandpa on their feet,  
rocking, stomping with 50,000 others,  
screaming their delight.  
Overhead, a perfect cerulean sky  
no cloud marring its perfection.  
Suddenly, a massive bird soared above,  
roaring its approval,  
its shadow covering the field,  
leaving as quickly as it came.*

*Inning over, the girl and her grandpa sat  
eating hot dogs and slowly drinking:  
Coke for the girl—her ballgame treat,  
beer for the grandpa—his ballgame ritual.  
The grandpa offered the little one a sip;  
she glanced up at her beloved hero.  
Grinning at their little secret  
the beer's bitterness became sweet—  
a memory to last a lifetime.*

The old woman slowly smiled,  
gently licking her lips, the bitter  
and sweet tastes lingering.  
Her eyes fluttered open:  
*A Norman Rockwell day*, she thought,  
a perfect cerulean sky overhead.  
The old woman resumed her rocking.