

## Selfie

by Stephen Straight

In the top of the first inning  
the man behind the backstop,  
by his bright red team jersey probably  
a StubHub chump paying top dollar  
to sit so close to the field, just this once,  
has realized that each time the pitcher  
comes to rest in his motion,  
fingers feeling for the stitches,  
that he is momentarily in the frame of the shot  
from the centerfield camera four hundred feet away,  
and so now he is waving to that camera  
and to all of us at home ensconced in our couches  
and recliners, our formerly empty lives now complete.

He is close enough in the third row  
to see the flat-screen monitors embedded in the wall  
for the well-heeled denizens to check replays,  
and he begins to watch himself waving on the screen,  
waving to himself it seems, and waving back.

In the first inning he waves on every pitch,  
trying to extend his Warhol window,  
keeping his eyes on the monitor to make sure.  
By the second inning his achievement  
has worn a little thin, so now he is on the phone  
to tell a friend to watch him wave,  
and he waves harder, but after a little while  
you can tell that thrill is gone for both of them,  
and by the fourth inning it's call after call—  
“Guess where I am, Fred,” “Guess where I am, Wanda”—  
whomever he can reach who can be coaxed  
to a television to watch him, well, wave.

After he's run out of friends, co-workers, and  
distant cousins, he keeps it up, perhaps  
feeling obliged now to all those he called  
in case they are still watching,  
until it's the queen's wave, a stiff wrist  
atop a swiveling forearm, to conserve his strength.

In the seventh inning it strikes him  
to preserve this bit of personal triumph  
and so he lifts his phone in front of his face  
to capture his spot in the stands, then  
turns around to snap his view of the field,  
out where some people seem to be playing  
some sort of game.