

God Bless Softball

by Rachel Whitfield

It feels strange to say now,
but I miss the odor of the dugout,
that pungent mix of sweat,
dill-flavored sunflower seeds, and dirt.
Miss the sense of divinity
in a circle of girls with heads bowed.
Of course, I'm not a Christian anymore,
and I quit the softball team at sixteen.
But I miss diving back into first,
fist-bumping my coach at third.
There's something spiritual
about the game itself, its rituals.
Tossing the ball across the diamond,
chanting, glove-slapping in the circle.
I guess I just miss being a small part
of something much bigger.