

Zen and Baseball
by Keith Rohman

I go to a lot of baseball games with friends and family,
but once or twice a season
I end up at the game by myself.

Last Tuesday, a friend got the flu,
so there I was, alone at Dodger Stadium,
Loge Section 102, Row D, seats three and four.

The game is different alone.
My seats are the same.
The view is the same.
The rules are the same.
But I am different.

The first inning is the hardest. I can't get quite settled. I eat a hotdog. I check my phone.
I stand up and stretch. I wonder if I should just go home. *How long is the game going to last?*

But then, something happens.
By which I mean,
nothing
happens.

There is the hum of the crowd.
Two boys behind me argue about whether "the wave" is a good thing or not.
The peanut vendor with the bad toupee comes by.
I watch as the left fielder settles under a lazy fly ball.

And then it's the 7th inning stretch!
Everyone stands up and sings a silly song,
"Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jacks.
I don't care if I ever get back."

Two hours plus are gone.
With nothing to do.
Nowhere to go.

I am no Zen Master,
but I do seek to master the Zen of just sitting
at a baseball game.