

Bat Girl

—Little League, 1970

by Ana María (Ía) Carbonell

While my brother and other boys
ran bases, hit home runs
grabbed grounders & pop-ups,
I lined up bats
tossed after a chance at the plate.
I piled up soft leather mitts,
wore them when no one was looking.

I collected baseball card heroes
while chewing flat sticks of pink
bubble gum, the powder
on my mouth, white lipstick.

My first time at Fenway
the grass glowed like Dorothy's
Emerald City, the stripes and bases
on the diamond's dirt, whiter
than Cinderella's gown

Until players trampled
the grass, smudged the lines;
Yaz smacked curveballs & fastballs
Rico Petrocelli caught line drives,
fielded ground balls—fired them
to first, third, home.

I was a girl in love.
Why didn't I get
a place at the plate
a turn as shortstop
the feel of a worn glove
on my left hand,
know the chance
to hold a small moon
in my right—
or with my bat, to smack it
as far as I could?