

The Final Game

by Elizabeth McCarthy

The Tigers won
again
 taking the series
washing our Red Sox
 clean out of the park.

We sat and watched
 together
that sunny afternoon
 in late September.

You in your lazyboy
 peering through your
 resting feet, in
those tired white socks.

Drinking your cheap
 cans of patriotic beer.
We both had hope,
 at the beginning.

Until it was obvious
 nothing could stop
the inevitable, with time
 running out

We turned off the TV
 to save the agony of
watching a resounding defeat.

I'm sorry, I missed
 your final game,
 sockless
in your hospital bed.

I could not bear to watch
 the agony of
 your final crushing loss.