

The girl; a diamond

by Jennifer Schneider

The girl spends her days dreaming of diamonds.
The girl spends her nights playing the field.
The girl fields heavy hitters. The girl
catches sluggers. Of dingers and stingers
and grand-slam aces, the girl swings.
The girl hits as hard as she pitches.
She doesn't care for cracker jacks.
She doesn't bluff the crowd's backs.
She doesn't whistle at strikes.
She doesn't negotiate the crows' caw.
She doesn't wait for a league to call.
She plays in a league of her own.
She plays the game she loves.
She loves her life.
She relishes full counts.
She balances balls like Jello.
She calculates the distance
from home at awkward angles.
She drives hard. She runs harder.
She's strong. She's tough. Tougher
than the Earth's hardest, natural
mineral. She's a natural gem.
A woman. A pioneer. A revolution
in motion. Fingers wrapped
around wood. She's at home on the turf.
She's got good eyes and a love of leather.
She prefers supple gloves, white pants,
and form-fitting helmets. She doesn't need
a diamond on her finger. She hits her own home runs.
Of blisters, bloopers, and bleeders, she cleans—
she cleans the bases. Of manicured fields
and destination bleachers, the girl is a pro. The girl
is home, home at last—at the plate where the diamond
begins and where the diamond ends.