

Poetry/3<sup>rd</sup> place  
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## Baseball

The sun is shining bright  
as I throw on my cleats.  
I go onto the field,  
I feel the shining dew on my shoes.  
The grass is freshly cut  
and the paint has had just enough time to dry.  
The leather on the ball is a perfect white,  
and the seam is that amazing red.  
I grip my bat and it feels light.  
Each ball I hit meets the barrel perfectly.  
I can smell the concessions,  
that warm pretzel dough.  
The game is now starting,  
as we all take the field.  
The dirt is nice and soft,  
the mound is fresh rubber,  
the team and I really hope  
we win this game,  
but the results,  
we'll have to wait.