Ars Poetica Playing Catch with Fielding Dawson in Concord Township NC

Joseph Bathanti

Wearing a royal blue Costa Rica cap

a yigüirro, the national bird

emblazoned at its crest

and his Max's Kansas City jersey

he's not pitched in three decades

But as we warm up, it returns

as it always does foretold

in the groove good stuff today

He throws the way he writes sneaky fast

plenty of junk

screw fork ball knuckler

off-speed – a way with the seams / away with the seems

grip of an ace

spin

that leaves batters mystified

the Olson wind-up, brash

in a humble way (Franz Kline) no big words,

yet an acolyte of fundamentals

intuition

shaking off his catcher /

cleated kick off the rubber / scraping

earth in the back-bend

rhetorical

as he comes in with it

cocky yes look at the smile (those teeth)

a regular guy (Kirkwood, MO)

charges the bunt

covers the bag

when the first baseman breaks

to the hole

each sentence

down to the syllable

the entire page his hand gliding over the face of it

composition by field /composition

by Fielding meta clipped style (film

noir) paratactic

minimal

fragments

rhythm, trope a game of inches /

his own grammar original

like Hubbell Feller, Rip

Sewell Saroyan Dizzy

Dean John Fante

Yankees fan / the way he said DiMaggio

soft in the iamb /

beat the awe in it

slant / rhyme / formaggio /

the glove receiving the ball /

the one sound a feat strophe

He wrote all day / his hands had ken, knew what to do

Holy Week new leaves distracted

afternoon hushed

Buds twitch

perhaps the wind

April's first goldfinch

Here comes the pitch: baseball white

horsehide yin/yang

strips joined in red stitch

twirling

Jesus in the Death House

dying

for us Guernseys

graze behind barbed wire

Daffodils spread yellow the swales

to the milk barn shadowed

by Fox Mountain

Gray Faw's apple blossoms / pink as /

pink is / Creeley

Form is never more

than an extension

of content

The Stikeleather boy

rides by on a black horse

Joseph Bathanti