

JOHN LAMBERSKY

Aloft

The leaves of fall rustled on the walk
near the park where I stood
and where stood the boy; his face strained in ecstasy,
a warrior's brow, thin, strong, aflame,
arm outstretched heaving a ball aloft.

As if pushing with his mind,
the still concentration of hope, even after it had left his hand,
hope that it will outshine the last,
follows it until its dying gallops through the grass.

Still grimaced, as still as I was perched
as the ball soared against the cold clouds. If for no
other purpose than to see how far he could throw
a ball on this evening,
against a sinking sun split sky.