

Off the Bat

The apple tree gave plenteously
for applesauce and pies—yet still
enough for Anne and me to horde
a few to play our homemade sport.

Self-pitch, I tossed an apple high
and gripped my wooden bat to swing.
My aim was good, my eye kept true.
Whack—off the bat, the pieces flew.

With every crack, the apples fell
in red-white pieces on green grass.
First I, then Anne, our turns at bat—
score kept by how our apples splat.

Today my bat leans resting, old.
It hasn't swung for decades now,
but there on wood, dark stains still show
where apple juice suffused our joy.

Lucy Tyrrell

Published in *Red Cedar* 2021 (editor's choice poem)