

## POETRY

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### **the god of small things**

*Reed Richards*

He is, perhaps, the same god as the God of Big Things,  
but not meant to be worshipped or to run your life,  
only to annoy you or not annoy you,  
whichever the script calls for.  
Take baseball, for instance, and the way  
some boys play as if their life depended on it.  
It's the god of small things  
who sends the ball through the neighbor's window,  
and the red-faced neighbor to your parents' front door,  
and you to bed with a red bottom.  
But consider baseball, still, and the way  
some other boys play it  
as if everything had wings,  
even the dust that flies up from their glove  
when they make a spectacular catch  
in a batter-up game in the pasture next to the mink sheds.  
Those boys play as if their life  
depended on it beyond the dying of sunlight  
and the moon cresting the eastern mountains like a birth.  
Their lives depend on it.  
And the God of Big Things is running their lives  
and sending them to bed with dreams  
that the moon is a baseball, a long fly ball  
that they have hit clean across the sky  
over the bleachers in the west.