

NICOLE STELLON O'DONNELL

Advice to the Young Right Fielder

Hold the glove to your face,
cupping your chin.
Peek through the holes,
and the world will telescope out.

See your mother sitting in the stands.
See the pitcher swoop her fast arm.
Breathe in warm glove.

You have been put here
because you are good
at being wrong.

Be wrong well.

Catalog the dandelions,
the lumpy lawn,
the foul line's chalky trace,
the cloud that rises from first base.

Stand, unready,
in the green nothing
you have been allotted.
Close your eyes.
Don't worry.

Everything never
comes your way.