

**The Wrong Ball**

Sit in the basement and plunk  
Eaton's catalogue guitar sounds  
unlike anything on the radio  
records or the band Saturday night  
at the Legion Hall  
Read the music magazines again  
check the new catalogue  
hold the guitar again  
and go for a Coke

My daughter's got me playing  
catcher to her angry pitch  
the ball's wrong, her glove  
the grass and the way I crouch  
one hand covering my crotch  
her bouncers sending her back  
to the house for a better ball

I tell her about major leaguers  
firing rocks at old tires  
hung on the barn wall  
about me at her age  
trying everything but  
playing the damn guitar

she puzzles the connection  
and where I got this ball  
she's never seen a ball  
this bad before

*William Robertson*