

Elegy for Corey Koskie

Tonight's web gems has Corey Koskie
chasing a baseball into the deepest end
of a sleeping pool, bending his body into whatever
is in back of him and away irretrievably
from the world of the useful and ready.
Borne off from the ballpark, memory seeping
from his skull like steam, they lay him out
across his wet Medina lawn.
His children play catch in bare feet. The sun
finds his glass of waning ice and diet Pepsi,
the cubes resembling diamonds
knocked from their settings.
The taste of butterscotch in his mouth,
his wife's kiss is oystery. He hears it popping.
Today, marks the two hundred and sixtieth day
that Koskie unawoke from a life of baseball
ruined and put away. When the sky dressed up
like the ground and the clouds
came down to meet him.
He feels gravity's freight draped like wet towels
over all the bone and blood encased within him.
He bears his egg-beaten head
like an ant hefting a golf ball
searching for a place to put it.
The blank thumbprint of his face
looks out from the baseball card,
eyes dilated around the unresisted empty,
the animal gaze from third base toward home
and out into the escaping field. Today
the fate of Corey Koskie is brought to the quiet
of a string of knee surgeries and a job teaching P. E.,
living life difficult but fine,
waiting for night to close the bedroom blinds
on day; and next, for day to lift up
and turn on all the switches.