

My Softball

The soft leather sleeping on my hand
Moulding to the shape,
It is my exact match
The batter, is determined
I pitched the ball!
It breaks the air
It starts spinning furiously
The batter starts to strike the ball
It dodges and settles-
Settles into the hand of the catcher
Umpire calls 'strikeout!'
This softball is now lucky
My first strikeout.

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