SNP.	Wordless by Ken Seide
Review	She disagrees with him wordlessly.
Home	Wordless because they're pitcher and catcher,
Summer 2014	daughter and father.
Winter-Spring 2014	The aluminum clank of bats thrown into cars,
Fall-Winter 2013-14	the thud of trunks closing, the bing-bing-bing-bing
Summer-Fall 2013	of gravel hitting SUVs swerving away: even if she heard it all.
Spring-Summer 2013	the two of them, with the field to themselves,
Winter-Spring 2013	would still be wordless.
Fall-Winter 2012-2013	
Summer-Fall 2012	The level sun pushes her shadow toward him,
Spring-Summer 2012	makes him squint
Winter-Spring 2012	as he squats, spotlights individual dirt particles on the mound,
Autumn/Winter 2011-12	makes her ponytail, extruded from her Cardinals cap,
Summer 2011	glow, and her hearing aid
Winter/Spring 2011	glint.
Autumn/Winter 2011	She agrees with his signal, reaches back,
Summer 2010	snaps forward with a huff,
Spring 2010	and the ball sails straight, then takes a sudden dip,
Winter 2010	and the sun, a moment later,
Autumn 2009	dips, too.
Summer 2009	
Spring 2009	
Autumn 2008	
Summer 2008	

Spring/Summer 2008
Winter/Spring 2008
Editor's Note
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Contact

Ken Seide is the pen name of a resident of Newton, Mass. His poems have appeared in SN Review, Midstream, Poetica, New Vilna Review, Voices Israel, Ibbetson Street, Muddy River Poetry Review, Kerem, Whistling Shade, and will appear in The Deronda Review

and Button. His short stories have appeared in Poetica and Cyclamens and Swords.

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