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Editor's Note

Wordless—a Poem

by Ken Seide

She disagrees with him

wordlessly. Wordless

because they're pitcher and catcher,

daughter and father.

The aluminum clank of bats

thrown into cars,

the thud of trunks closing, the bing-bing-bing-bing-bing

of gravel hitting SUVs swerving away:

even if she heard it all,

the two of them.

with the field to themselves,

would still be wordless.

The level sun

pushes her shadow toward him,

makes him squint

as he squats,

spotlights individual dirt particles on the

mound,

makes her ponytail,

extruded from her Cardinals cap,

glow,

and her hearing aid

glint.

She agrees with his signal,

reaches back, snaps forward with a huff,

and the ball sails straight, then takes a sudden dip,

and the sun, a moment later,

dips, too.

Guidelines		
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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