

Sam Bussler

Mrs. Rutan

AP Literature & Composition

16 October 2017

One Base at a Time

The base-knock.

So simple, yet so sweet.

A stroke with the smallest of meaning,

Yet able to overcome the largest of tasks.

The single.

A single will suffice with a speedster on second;

With the softest of contact, how do you still find a way to get through?

Bottom of the final inning of play;

With a runner on third—a single saves the day.

The two-base knock.

You are referred to as many different things,

None of which give you the glory you deserve.

Whether a shot down the line, or a shot in the gap—

You're so much more than some soft contact.

The extra-base hit.

As fast off the bat as dog out of its cage,

And as fast out of the box as a bat out of hell.

I know I've got extra bases as I round first;

I'm safely into second, a big ole smile on my face.

The double.

Standing on second like I'm on top of the world,

Signaling to my buddies in the dug-out.

Tapping both sides of my helmet with my thumbs, both hands open wide.

Scoring a runner from first, in that you should take pride.

The three-bagger.  
 Not many get the chance to grasp your glory.  
 The sign of a speedster—  
 You make for a great story.  
 I hear the “ting” of my rawlings, -3 BBCor—  
 I race out of the box, knowing I have to get on my horse.  
 My metal cleats sinking into the dirt, legs churning around each base—  
 When after an interminable journey, I finally arrive.  
 I slide in head first. Dirt cakes my hands, as well as the inside of my mouth.  
 The triple.  
 It’s been awhile since I’ve seen you,  
 As you are very hard to come by.  
 I stand up; Dust off.  
 I shoot an arrow into my teams dug-out. A smile on my face;  
 I know my team is hyped up, because I’m so close to home—standing on third base.

The dong shot.  
 Getting your pitch that *screams* “HIT ME”  
 The greatest feeling in all of sports.  
 The dinger.  
 Hitting a baseball over 350 feet, an insurmountable task.  
 The crack of the bat gets the fans out of their seat.  
 The Home Run.  
 The slow, methodical, wry trot around the bases;  
 I stare down the opposition, defeat all over their faces.  
 I am accompanied by taps to the head as I touch home,  
 As well as the clapping hands of all of my fans.  
 I give a point to the man upstairs, as it’s all for him;  
 The chances of finding my the ball, well, they’re very grim.

Disbelief.

The most depressing of all, no pain is greater.

After I get out, I'm definitely very terse.

Disappointment.

Awestruck, as I run back to the dugout, I hang my head,

Knowing I've let my brothers down.

Couldn't do my job as I know I can.

The out.

Sometimes though, you're not all bad!

A sacrifice fly with a runner on third, helps your team get on the board.

Though it's not the worst,

Getting out is definitely not ideal.

When I get out, my character is put to the test.

"Short term memory, you'll get another shot" my coaches say.

Baseball is a game of patience and self-control.

Getting out isn't a crime;

The key to hitting is to go one base at a time.