

## Classic

On more than one occasion I saw him  
out run his cap. Usually going  
  
first to third, he would somehow attain  
an extra gear and leave his cap mid-air  
  
as if waiting for someone else to wear it.  
He was, of course, the greatest ballplayer  
  
of his or any other era. I  
know this not because he was my idol  
  
but because I heard my father say it.  
The game really about father and son  
  
was passed down by him to me, a  
gift precious as any epic poem  
  
in which the rosy fingered dawn  
appears to brave the day no matter who  
  
the combatants or how fierce a struggle  
leave them sliding in the pyrrhic dust.

**Aaron Poller** has been writing and publishing his poetry since the mid nineteen sixties. He teaches mental health nursing at Winston-Salem State University and he also maintains a private practice as an advanced nurse psychotherapist in Winston-Salem, North Carolina where he lives with his wife, four dogs, and two cats. His poetry has appeared recently in *The Orange Room Review*, *Caduceus*, *Poetic Medicine*, *The Yale Journal of Humanities in Medicine*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Wild Goose Review* and *Alba*. He has poems scheduled for upcoming publication in *Barnside Review*, *Eunoia Review* and *The Writing Disorder*.