

Field Dreams

The smell of dirt and cracked wood filled the air.

As I walk up to the white box painted in the red dirt,

I thought about the moments that brought me here.

The long drive from Tennessee filled with feelings of nervousness and self-doubt.

Along with the slither of hope that my years of blood, sweat, and tears was not for naught.

As I stood in the white box, a small white ball with red strings soared towards me.

I swung the wooden stick in my hands as fast as my arms would let me.

As the ball struck the bat, I could tell right away.

I missed.

I ran towards the square white base as fast as I could,

knowing that I was running towards a mirage in the desert.

I could hear in the distance the sound of the ball falling into a glove.

What a dreadful sound.

I looked towards the bench to see a man in a blue jogging suit write my fate on a clipboard.

After the last person went up to the plate a loud whistle rang through my ears.

A sense of doom rushed through my body.

The man in the blue jogging suit began to read out numbers.

Number eighteen was my lucky number.

As he began to get closer to my number,

I felt the blade from a guillotine pressing up against the back of my neck.

Fifteen!

Seventeen!

The pauses between numbers were long and unbearable.

I started to pray....

Twenty!

I instantly felt the blade cut through my neck.

The colors of the field turned gray.

The sound of cleats grinding against the concrete ceased to exist.

The smell of the freshly cut grass turned sour.

The sweat that ran down my face turned into tears.

The only thing I can feel is the pain from my peeled off hand calluses by gripping the bat too hard.

As I walked off the field, I slowly turned around.

Nobody batted an eye.

I was just another leaf falling off the tree.

Baseball has abandoned me.

Leaving me with nothing but field dreams.