

His eye is on the sparrow

by [James M. Van Wyck](#) in the [January 21, 2015](#) issue

When my grandfather was ninety-two,  
he swung at the first pitch he saw.

He made contact.

What we remember is not the roller towards short,  
or the stunned cheers of the church-supper crowd.

What will not die is the briefest of moments  
when he broke for first, forgetting his decades.

Habits of youth buried came sparking to life.

He broke for first, and unless our eyes deceived us,  
he tossed the bat away and pivoted like DiMaggio.

It seemed—the grounder I mean—a luxurious grace,  
a sidelong benediction to brighten the waiting days.