

I'm a bored, ten-year-old Tomboy,  
playing with that self-pitching contraption you bought my brother,  
who spends most of his time in his room reading comic books.

Mom's somewhere inside doing something.

I stomp on the closed end of the contraption,  
jetting air to the whiffle ball atop the open end  
and swing the weightless bat at the suspended ball.

Crack!

It soars over our nine-foot hedges.

I'm about to go get it, when

I spy you in the picture window doubled-over, laughing  
(at what I figure was something mom just said).

Now I'm beaming at you beaming at me. Beaming!