

Lyn Lifshin

“With One it was Baseball”

long and lean, somehow too a parole officer. I mean the baseball books sold but I guess the novels? I'm not sure. He was pleasant at the art colony but I saw slivers of a military Nazi like few moves. Nothing you'd run from, nothing you'd call belligerent but when you're in a mansion, a few drinks before dinner, a walk thru a garden of lilacs, a little lunch brought to your studio in a basket, someone to clean your room and bring new towels. In the real world where I had another boyfriend, it was different. With no warning he showed up in my town. Just back from my downstate lover, unpacking and washing my hair, he started knocking on the door. My silence didn't discourage him. I waited an hour, my heart pounding while he banged. Then I thought it was safe only to find ladders pressed up against the upstairs windows, rescue workers, fire men, police, wild to know if I was ok. With his parole office connections, he tried to track me in various towns. He could call cops in a town when he thought I would be there. This got old. The knock on the door in the night. My real boyfriend didn't go for the drill and the parole officer baseball writer finally backed off until years later at a ranch in California he showed up. I was touring with a film maker and when I agreed to go out for a drink, said she would

have to come too. I saw a flash of rage, it
had that door banging craziness, the
insistence of firemen peering in
my window and suddenly I could
imagine him doing something not
connected to playing ball with a baseball bat

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