

First Place Poetry – Middle School

Baseball

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Grade: 6

School: St. Francis Xavier

I walk up to bat, the crowd is so loud,
my family is cheering, they sound so proud.
Their pitcher is good, he is a threat,
my bat is slippery, it must be the sweat.
The sun is big, it's in my eyes,
I want to win, I want the prize.
Then all of a sudden, the pitcher winds up,
I load my swing, I back up.
He swings his arms and lets it go,
he throws hard, on this pitch it will show.
It comes out of his hand, it looks like a curve,
my head is filling up with nerve.
I'm going to swing, my hands go back,
when all of a sudden, I heard a big crack!
Everyone waited, stopped in suspense,
I looked at it closely, it went over the fence!
Everyone screamed, we had just won,
because for the first time ever, I hit a home run!