

## Playing Catch with My Soul or If Rumi Played Baseball

Bill Leon

To my child,  
"Catch!" you said,  
The ball placed in my hand.

Later throws were  
Longer,  
Harder,  
Tossed high.  
I leapt for every one.

Some hit me in the head.  
Needed that!

Some went down the hill  
Into the woods;  
I went searching...  
For years.

Sometimes I forgot about the ball;  
Too busy  
Working,  
Worrying,  
Wailing...

Then!  
From nowhere:  
"Catch!" you shouted.  
Whirling, diving  
(In my suit on the sidewalk)  
I caught the ball,  
Joyous in tattered wool.

This time, I said, "Let's play!"  
You responded as the ball;  
Inside we crawled  
And bounced as one.

Who's the thrower?  
Who's the catcher?  
Who's the ball?

To not know  
Is bliss.  
There is only the game.