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Cricket Ball

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Special Music: Cook County Jail, 1982

David Schelhaas

After the male chorus, natty
In matching grey slacks and blue blazers,
Had belted out its package
Of five gospel songs,
A thin young girl stood shyly
And softly sang *Amazing Grace*.
Tears streamed down her face,
Uninterrupted through three verses,
Staining the rough khaki
Of her prison dress.

Cricket Ball

David Schelhaas

This red, scuffed globe,
stitched with six white lines of
thread running parallel,
three above
three below
the equator-like crack at the center
where the hemispheres of leather meet,
was a gift from my son
who fished it from
a river in Oxford.

My wife and I sat on the bank
and watched young Englishmen
in white slacks and sweaters
play cricket on a field of greenest green
while our children punted on the River Cherell.

Six of us had crossed an ocean
for this moment,
each of us apart, separate, like
a line of thread running its course,
now held close together
for a few of the stitches of our lives
by this journey, this moment,
and the gravity of love.