When You Have Known Happiness

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When you find your old brown glove with the black net, the dirt mound rises through your nose like a fast pitch you can’t see. The ball leaves your hand or you let it go and it is torn with the red weave loosened by the game. There’s salt on your lips and sweat in your armpits. The glove begs you to put it on and you don’t have to beg to remember your cleats digging into sand or the long arched flight of the ball before it slides into your palm and vibrates like an anthem. The crack of the bat sounds and the bleachers pitter-patter from the rain that has started to fall. Each drop lets whatever hold it had on you go and you steal into home face-first with the orange clay turning in your nose.