

God at the ballpark

By Hugh Findlay

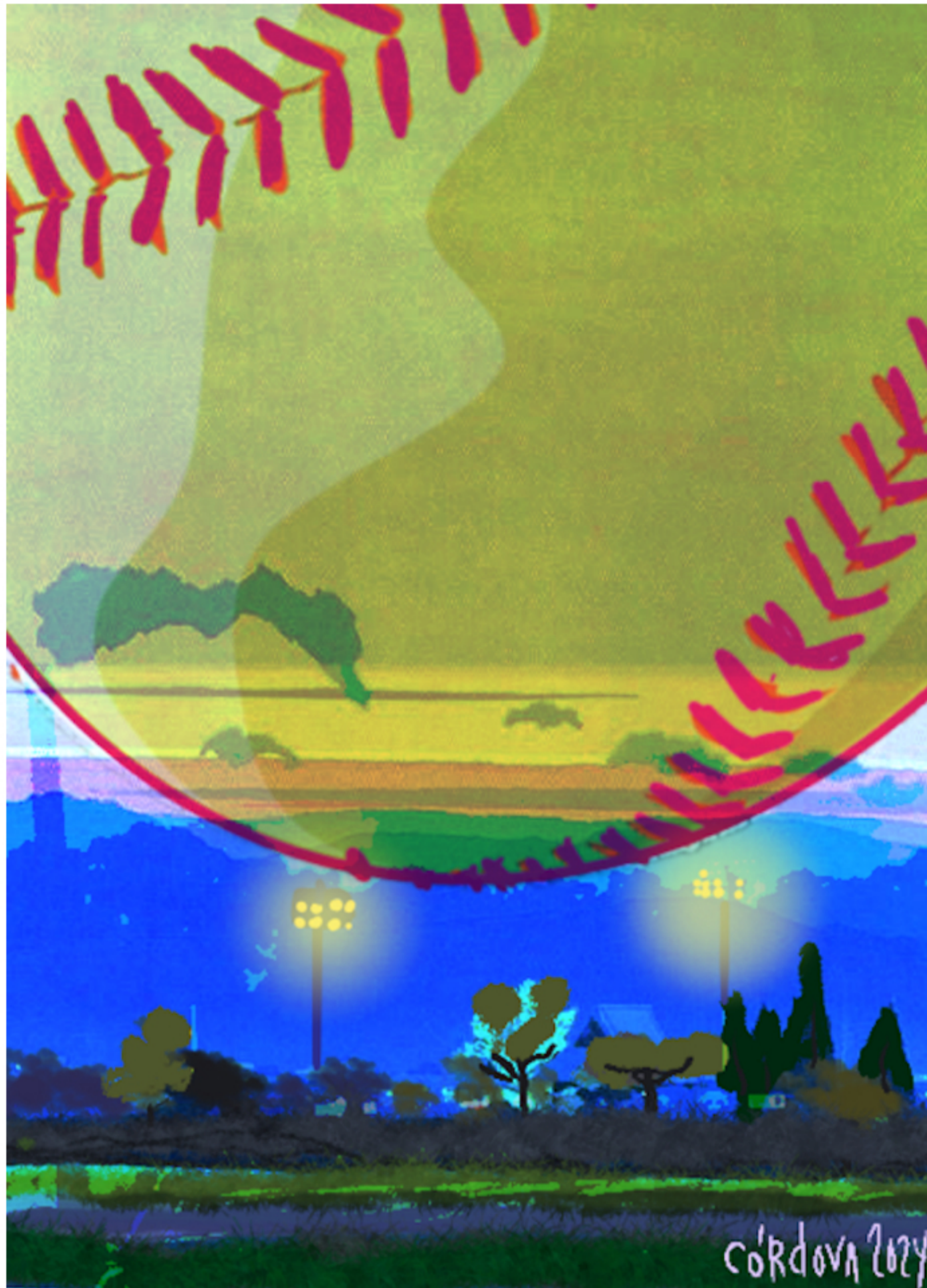


Illustration by Jason David Córdova

I saw God at the ballpark
and, as usual,
he caught every foul ball.

He sang the national anthem, and
also *Take Me Out to the Ballgame*
for the seventh-inning stretch.

After six beers, I saw him in the
men's room, showing off by hitting
the urinal from 10 feet away.

But when I asked for his autograph,
he said it was a major inconvenience
and he was out of my league anyway.

That's when both benches emptied
and his team got the holy crap beaten
out of them for beaming the bat boy.

Later that evening, I ate an entire
apple pie all by myself,
and I felt a whole lot better.

Hugh Findlay's writing and photography have been published worldwide. Nominated for a Pushcart Prize in 2020 for poetry, and the Best Microfiction Anthology 2024, he is in the third trimester of life and hopes y'all like his stuff. You can follow him on Instagram [@hughmanfindlay](#) and see his portfolio at <https://hughmanfindlay.wixsite.com/hughfindlay>

Jason David Córdova lives in Puerto Rico as an illustrator and painter. Some of his art can be seen on Instagram at [@jasoni72](#). You can [visit his shop on Red Bubble](#).