

ENTHALPY

Beneath the red, steel strands
Wrought by errors, concentrations, bells;
Beneath the cap, the perfect indicator
Of the metals within.
Shaded by the visor, a face unfurrowed--
Here humor and health shut down the side
Of time, hurries, worries, work.
Little dissociation of all physical elements;
The fungoes still stinging from the bat.
Within, contrary components:
Broken clipboards, curses of frustration, barked commands;
Tireless tutoring, compassionate counsel, enthusiastic encouragement;
By the ninth, patience and care far in the lead.
All run on an eternal generator
With many gears
But no slackening speed.
Running continually, productively, smoothly,
Fueled by internal energy
And oiled by passion for what is produced.

AMG
4/11/85