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## Chin Music

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s later so enraged by  
 man and tosses him  
 rge, who toils beside  
 as Burnt Nigger on  
 for each of the years  
 r to the poor trashed  
 n use dat word *magic*  
 nd he know when he  
 ad lak de joke ta ya?"  
 ound.

struggle to decipher  
 desperation than the  
 es. To inhabit these  
 nlike what Pete does  
 old and for his guilt  
 s a champion of nega-  
 ludes with his realiza-  
 thought he might be  
 pter, he has begun to

at are scorched onto  
*Pete loved the scars,*  
*the knowledge that if*  
*ve—licked them that*  
 f a raucous novel that  
 t times, especially dur-  
 nd incinerating Henry  
 cene fingers. But, like  
 mains vivid testament

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ALAN SOLDOSKY

## *Chin Music*

The high hard one—up  
 and inside. The brush-back pitch  
 from which the batter reels out of the box.

Newcombe threw one, and Drysdale,  
 and Bob Gibson, who hurled smoke  
 in St. Louis. It was never an accident

like the other day in Detroit  
 when the A's rookie south paw  
 hit Kirk Gibson square in the mouth

with a fastball. He didn't go down,  
 but glared at the kid on the mound  
 then trotted to first, the blood

spilling from his mouth. It's a kind of honor,  
 a badge of toughness, to stand in  
 like that. Like the drivers who

pass you every now and then  
 on the two-lane, though they can't see  
 the collision coming toward them

up the hill that you can. The sky  
 a blue smear above the asphalt,  
 the fields of brown grass

being excavated into subdivisions  
 a few streets already paved  
 on which some of the kids will learn

bravado among cars, tempting fate,  
 standing in while everything  
 comes at them headlong.