

# We're Human Beings

By Jill McDonough

*That's why we're here, said Julio Lugo  
to the Globe. Sox fans booed  
poor Lugo, booed his at-bat after  
he dropped the ball in the pivotal fifth.*

*That ball, I got to it, I just  
couldn't come up with it.*

Lugo wants you to know  
he is fast: a slower player  
wouldn't even get close  
enough to get booed. Lugo  
wants you to know he's only  
human: *We're human beings.*  
*That's why we're here. If not,*

*I would have wings.  
I'd be beside God right now.  
I'd be an angel.*

*But I'm not an angel.  
I'm a human being that lives right here.*

Next day, all  
is forgiven. Lugo's home run, Lugo's  
sweet comment to the press.

I wanted to make a poster like the ones that say  
*It's my birthday!* or *First Time at Fenway!* or, pathetic, *ESPN.*  
Posterboard, permanent marker to say *Lugo: me, too.*  
*I'm a human being that lives right here,* decided  
it's too esoteric, too ephemeral a reference, but it's true:  
Oh, Lugo, Julio Lugo, I'm here with you.

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The recipient of fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Fine Arts Work Center, the New York Public Library, the Library of Congress, the Lannan Foundation, and Stanford's Stegner program, Jill McDonough taught incarcerated college students through Boston University's Prison Education Program for 13 years. Her work has appeared in Poetry, Slate, the Nation, Threepenny Review, and Best American Poetry. She directs the MFA program at UMass-Boston and 24PearlStreet, the Fine Arts Work Center online.

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