

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.

Source: Where You Live (Salt Publishing, 2012)