

"Big Leaguers"

* Poetry
* 2015
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Be grateful that you have hands
That can peel an orange
It may take a minute
To expose the treasure that awaits inside
But ooh is the juice ever so sweet
Rounded like the big leaguers baseballs
God might have been the first pitcher
striking out Adam with an orange
Shouldn't we be grateful in all things
We never know when death calls
True hope inspires others
To explore the sweetness of life