

Dirty White Golf Visor
Seth Sawyers

Sweaty from the twenty blocks, Violet and I found ourselves all the way behind home plate, halfway to hungry Cold Warring about trying the Korean tacos for once, when the crowd parted for a moment and there, like a snake in the yard, was my tall brother. Or it was someone who could have been my tall brother, but right then it didn't matter which, because whoever it was made my stomach's blood freeze solid. It had been two and a half years.

This guy, standing just outside the men's room, had his arms across his chest like my brother always did, same stubble, same dirty-white golf visor. He stood in profile, that same nose and that half-doughnut of softness under the chin that I'd recognize if underwater or on Mars, because it was his half-doughnut and because it was mine, too. But then a couple of beanpole college dudes in road-grays walked past, then a visiting-team family that stretched on forever, and I lost everything except for that golf visor, which I could just make out above all the other heads. It had been just a moment, not enough for me to really get in there and triple-check, but plenty long enough to stop the in-and-out of the lungs. But before I could say anything even to Violet, that visor was bobbing through the cool of the walkway and into the heat of the stadium bowl and was gone.

Though I'd seen whatever it was I'd seen, it was also true that life around me kept going. Violet and I had somehow chosen the line for the regular hot dogs again. She asked if I was OK, and I told her I was fine. So she did what she usually did when I went quiet like that, which was to ask me if I was hungry, and then after I lied and said no, to take all of the kindness she had wanted to give to me and instead give it to someone else so that it made me feel as if I'd been, just before, a wet towel. In this case, it was the concessions workers who got her radiant