

Andy Gullahorn

"Hand It Down"

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This baseball glove was broken in when your old man
was just a kid.
With backyard ball, fielding flies till they got lost in the
night.
It's too small for my hand now.
I think it's time to hand it down.
This beat up bike with rusted chrome and baseball
cards in the spokes.
Mickey Mantle clapped for me as your old man went
down the street.
I'm too big to ride it now.

Just one more thing I'm handing down.
I'll give you all I have to make it through this world we
live in.
Life is just a long line of passing down what we've been
given.
Your great-grandma first became a young boy's mom
in thirty-eight.
With my old man on her knee she began a legacy of
giving love that don't run out.
I'm doing my best to hand it down.

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