

Almost

I am a mournful country song searing softly into someone's lonely soul, but the others mostly laugh to themselves because my words are so corny;

and the pitcher who spent too many years in the minor leagues and thus put his glove away one season before the big one that would have made him a star;

and the secret lover, fearful, who could never tell her, thus ensuring that two lifetimes would be spent alone;

and the seed that with a little care and feeding would have grown into the biggest melon to win the prize at the fair, but was eaten by a bird;

and the world's foremost mathematician who might have been except that when she was small somebody told her girls weren't good at that sort of thing so she tried to be a beauty queen;

and the missing nail that caused a shoe, a horse, a rider, a battle, a war, and a kingdom to be lost. (I was there all the time, lying in the dust under the blacksmith's bench, where I had been carelessly tossed.)