**SPORT RIDDLES**

I What sport is being described? Ill Give each riddle a title.II What clues reveal the sport? IV Give some of the riddles an appropriate form.

1. It's about the ball, the bat. and the mitt. Ball hits bat, or it hits mitt. Sat doesn't hit ball, bat meets it. Ball bounces off bat, flies air, or thuds ground (dud) or it fits mitt. Bat waits for ball to mate. Ball hates to take bat's bait. Ball flirts, bat's late, don't keep the date. Ball goes in (thwack) to mitt, and goes out (thwack) back to mitt. Ball fits mitt, but not all the time. Sometimes ball gets hit (pow) when bat meets it, and sails to a place where mitt has to quit in disgrace. That's about the bases loaded, about 40,000 fans exploded. It's about the ball, the bat, the mitt, the bases and the fans. It's done on a diamond, and for fun. It's about home, and it's about run.

2. Grotesque, jumping out like a clothed frog, helmet and glasses, arms and legs wading the sky, feet flapping before the cloth flower opens: then suspended, poised, an exclamation point upside-down, and going down, swaying over corn and creeks and highways scribbled over the bones of fish and eagles. There is the interim between air and earth, time to study steeples and the underwings of birds going over, before the unseen chasm, the sudden jaw open and hissing. Lying here after the last jump I see how fanatic roots are, how moles breathe through darkness, how deep the earth can be.

3. Leathery, wry and rough, jaw full of chaw, and slits for eyes—this guy is tough. He climbs the slatted fence, pulls himself atop and sits: tilts back his hat, stained with sweat below the crown, and wipes a dirty sleeve across his brow; then pulls the hat down tight, caresses up its sides, and spits into the dust a benediction. Gracelessly, his Brahma bull lunges into the chute and swings a baleful eye around, irresolute. Vision narrower still, the man regards the beast. There's weight enough to kill, bone and muscle fit at least to jar a man apart. The cowboy sniffs and hitches at his pants. Himself all heart and gristle, he watches as the hands outside the chute prepare the sacrificial act. Standing now, and nerving up, he takes his final measure of the creature's awful back.

4. All visible, visibly moving things spin or swing, one of the two, move as the limbs of a runner do, to and fro, forward and back, or, as they swiftly carry him, in orbit go round an endless track: so, every¬ where, every creature disporting itself according to the law of its making, in the rivals dance round a common centre, delights the eye by its symmetry as it changes place, blessing the unchangeable absolute rest of the space they share.

5. Suddenly with intense feet he moves by motion and no sound to round the corner heading North the pure cold lost last place, his head lost too between the sharp uncertain flowers of the high air and the harshest mountain flutesong for his breath O’helmeted with hair he rides the silhouette of stylized ecstasy until untranced he stops but his heart runs.

6. THE GUN! Full swing the-swimmer catapults and cracks six feet away onto that perfect glass he catches at and throws behind him scoop after, scoop cunningly moving the water back to move him forward. Thrift is his wonderful secret he has schooled out all extravagance. No muscle ripples without compensation wrist cock to heel snap to his mobile mouth that siphons in the air that nurtures him at half an inch above sea level so to speak. The astonishing whites of the soles of his feet rise and salute, us on the turns. He flips, converts, and is gone all in one. We watch him for signs. His arms are steady at the catch, his cadent feet tick in the stretch, they know the lesson well. Lungs know, too; he does not list for air he drives along on little sips carefully ex¬ pended but that plum red heart pumps hard cries hurt/how soon its near one more and makes its final surge TIME: 4:25:9

7. Hawk free of jess, the-, springs toward fire no son can bear, arcs instantly, and forms his highdive fall against the incandescent air, still stressed with his lost wings. His nerve-ends guess grave distances of space, but his sun struck, timing fails; he overreaches , swans, and bellyflops in luck gone bad in all grave-instances. New Aegeans press their welcome over him: his deepening flight downs him in green spectra where the sun is drowned; phosphorescence lights the treasure of his oceanic whim., but in a wilderness of eelgrass, kelp, and, shell, his breath is spent imagining that lanternfish are stars. Unfound in this third element, he fathoms down beyond all help while every Daedalus schemes on to soar. Where discovery is to drown he sounds the whaling sea---this son with sculpin, coin and bone become the dark he must explore.

9. Balancing 'twixt earth and sky unto you an instant's given shared with birds that soar and flyin and from vaulting heaven. With a grace deliberate that firm wand in hand retain you as a ladder starward set, yet a bond on earth to chain you. Then an agile twist and weave onward, upward, and you hover hawklike as the rod you leave instantly, and down—you're over

10- He swings down like the flourish of a pen; signing, a signature in white on white. The silence of his – reciprocates the silence of the world around him. Wind is his one competitor in the cool winding and unwinding down. On incandescent feet he falls – Unfalling, trailing white foam, white fire