

The Last Pop Fly

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The Last Pop Fly

Joe Rohan

A half-hour left in my baseball practice.
Coach Bob hits a pop fly to right field,
“I got it!”
I’m right underneath the ball
—“Oh shit! Wait? What?
Why are there two balls?”
I was seeing double.
Dozens of tests later
it was discovered that I had an aneurysm
on my right carotid artery,
which was impinging my optical nerve;
but that wasn’t the bad news
...it was also getting bigger.
One month later the procedure
to cut-off blood flow
to the aneurism was scheduled.
The only catch
was that the surgery
had a greater chance of failing
than being successful.
But with the Grim Reaper rounding third
and heading for home,
I stepped up to the plate
for the highest stakes at-bat ever.
At age 13—peak “invincibility” years
—Death almost kissed me.