7TH GAME : 1960 SERIES

—for Joel—

Nice day,
sweet October afternoon
Men walk the sun-shot avenues,
Second, Third, eyes
intent elsewhere
ears communing with transistors in shirt pockets
Bars are full, quiet,
discussion during commercials
only
Pirates lead New York 4-1, top of the 6th, 2
Yankees on base, 1 man out

What a nice day for all this !
Handsome women, even
dreamy jailbait, walk
nearly neglected :
men's eyes are blank
their thoughts are all in Pittsburgh

Last half of the 9th, the score tied 9-all,
Mazeroski leads off for the Pirates
The 2nd pitch he simply, sweetly
CRACK!
belts it clean over the left-field wall

Blocks of afternoon
acres of afternoon
Pennsylvania Turnpikes of afternoon... One
diamond stretches out in the sun
the 3rd base line
and what men come down
it

The final score, 10-9

Yanquis, come home

[1960/1966]

DEFINITION

Long ago and far away

and the swimmer
heading out into the bay
arm lift, plunge down, the head turning;
my heart you may swim forever
out. Look,

there is the horizon.
Sea and sky meet, change; why
are we not this real intensity forever?
surrounded and known.
The world else is brown and calculated.

There on the beach, the
woman watches.
Between her legs the dog sits,
wigglng, wanting to go
too. It is a kind of death watching him swim out,
away from her, his head getting smaller and smaller, flash
of arm in sun, down,