

The white sphere  
turns, rolls  
in dark space

the far side of one destroyed galaxy,  
a curve ball  
bending thru its long arc  
past every planet of our dream.

A holy spectre of a curve ball,  
dazzling white, brand new  
trademark still fresh:

'This is a regulation Heavenly League Baseball'

O mystic orb of horseshoe stitching!  
Hurled from what mound in what Elysian field,  
from what mound, what  
mystical mount,

where what life-bringing stream?

God is the Commissioner of Baseball.  
Apollo is the president of the Heavenly League.  
The Nine Muses, his sisters  
    the first all-girls baseball team.  
Archangel Michael the head umpire.  
Satan was thrown out of the game  
    for arguing with the officials.  
In the beginning was the word, and the word was  
'Play Ball!'

Now that white sphere  
cools,  
and the continents  
rise from the seas.

There is life  
on Baseball.

The new season is beginning.  
Zeus winds up to throw out  
the first ball  
like a thunderbolt.

Take me out  
    to the ball  
        game.

July in Oliver, cactus drying  
in the vacant lots,  
in the ball park, the Kamloops Elks  
here for a double header, Sunday  
baseball day in Oliver, day of worship  
for me.