

Shakespearean Baseball Sonnet #1

by Michael Ceraolo

From lowest average we desire increase,
That thereby fame's flower might never die.
And though our skills will in time decrease,
And that same time cut us down to size
Who were seen as heroes in fans' eyes,
Though we feed our fame with sufficient fuel.
Staring down the pitcher as the crowd cries,
The bat ready with our sweet swing too cruel,
He toeing the rubber ready to fling,
The finest herald of the gaudy spring.
We can pick out the occasional jeer,
Even six months a year hearing the cheers.
Pity the need to stand out from the crowd
And eat the world's due, gluttonous and proud.

Shakespearean Baseball Sonnet #51

Thus can my love excuse the weak offense
Of my hometown team, when the pitching's good.
No matter the batters can't reach the fence
And don't draw as many walks as they should,
Nor do they blaze the basepaths with much speed;
Said offense is a catalog of need.
With good pitching you can stay in the game
And let your weak offense try to keep pace;
Close, low-scoring games have a better name,
Though you're not any higher in the race
Than a team built the opposite of you;
Both have a similar also-ran view.
And by all except the purist's measure,
Losing is not an aesthetic pleasure.

Shakespearean Baseball Sonnet #105

Let not the phenom be shown idolatry
After an admittedly great fist game;
Save alike all the songs and praises be
Till he is more deserving of such fame:
Though having a dazzling array of pitches,
Hype may make him too big for his britches;
The specter of injury always lurks
Hidden, and ready to gum up the works.
And let us not forget the other side,
Hitters stung in their professional pride
To make necessary tweaks at the plate.
So let us go slow anointing him great:
Stuff, makeup, luck have often lived alone,
Which three have but rarely kept seat in one.