

*Steady blue, clear view
Flashing blue, clouds are due
Steady red, rain ahead
Flashing red, snow instead
(When it flashes red in the summer, the Red Sox are rained out)*

*-- Berkeley Building Weather Light
(Old John Hancock Building)
Boston, Massachusetts*

Impossible Dream

by Christine Quirk

I was born one of the faithful
In those years between Johnny Pesky and Bucky Dent
And my love clinched unconditionally
in front of a black-and-white Zenith
Tiant on the mound
Hobson at third
Yaz batting .335

My father,
calmed briefly by the cadence of the competition,
translated the baseball-ese:
*This is a sacrifice
This is a balk
This is a force*

They were my heroes —
They played in the shadow of a Monster
and were always surprised
when their fair-weather fans changed loyalties
as often as Dewey cleared the Wall

I knew just how they felt
but their shiners came from lampblack

This will never happen again
he said to my mother
as my bedtime came and went on an October Tuesday in '75
I screamed *Stay fair, be fair*
But it was never permanent
and even open champagne bottles were not definitive.

Every time they appeared in magical white
they granted me absolution
Resolute that this time, things would be different,
Even after being pummeled again and again --
Waiting for the Curse to be broken

Just like me

I remember staring skyward
breathing in the impending storm
Praying *Please God, let it not flash*