

Casey Stops by the Ball Park on a Snowy Evening

"One of the hardest things in life to accept is a called third strike."

-- Robert Frost (1874-1963)

Whose field this was I used to know.
But that was many years ago;
No one will see me stopping here
To practice batting in the snow.

The Mudville cranks would think it queer
To swing a bat without a sphere;
Have they forgotten what an ache
Has trailed that game of yesteryear?

Since '88 I've lain awake
At night to ponder my mistake--
To wait on one I could drive deep?
Perhaps a bender I could rake....

The snow falls where the wind will sweep,
Regrets are wasted while we weep;
So while I swing, the town's asleep,
And still I swing though all must sleep.

With apologies to Robert Frost
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