

The Call

by Paul M. Leary

Scarcely had the ground been cleared
and the snow mounds piled in heaps all
around the edge of the vacant lot
when a gaggle of boys appeared
summoned as if by a mystic call
that drew each one to this very spot.

A call that's whispered in the wind
that only a child can hear,
who listens with his heart.
He hears it mid the winter din:
"Put away, it says your winter gear,
for the baseball season's about to start."

So here the faithful gather
with bat, and ball, and glove,
to celebrate the Spring,
and play, as did their fathers,
the game, again for love,
and dreams of glory on the wing.