

## **Baseball Myth**

by Kevin Boyle

I often fail to correctly  
Pronounce Demeter, earth goddess,  
Goddess of the harvest,  
Mother of Persephone  
Who fell into a hole  
That led to Hades and hell  
Where she ate the seeds  
Of a pomegranate,  
Because of Don Demeter,  
A Phillie for three years,  
Who was moved from  
The outfield to third base  
Where his fielding became  
Terrible, eighteen errors  
In a hundred games, so  
The fans booed him horribly  
And one afternoon after  
Two boots on easy plays,  
A true-blue Phillies fan  
Tossed a red apple Don's way  
To clobber him, but it rolled  
Sweetly into his glove  
And Don bit into the apple,  
Then bit again, the booing  
Stopped and he tossed  
The apple toward the dugout  
Where the cameras  
Watched it fall down  
The concrete steps.  
Don became a preacher  
After his career ended,  
And started a pool-  
Building business, digging  
Holes in Oklahoma  
And filling them with water,  
And Persephone returned  
To her mother every year,  
Rising out of a crack  
In the earth, always quick-witted,  
Always young, and her mother,  
Demeter, became emotional  
Each year, crying, crying  
To see her returned

From the land of the dead,  
A delight, a joy, the girl of summer.