

## A FIELD OF COAL

by Bernard Remakus, M.D.

I played ball on a field of coal  
Where third base was a wooden pole,  
Home plate, a tin that once held pie,  
And first base, a rock that fell from the sky.

Second was a can or whatever we found  
To mark the spot there on the ground  
Where fielders danced, and runners slid,  
And coal dust covered every kid.

Our bats were cracked, glued, and nailed.  
Our balls were taped when covers failed.  
We didn't wear caps, shades, or spikes,  
But the tees, jeans, and sneaks we liked.

From nine 'til noon each summer's day,  
We played as though we found a way  
To be our best and live our dreams,  
At least that's the way it seemed.

Four-man teams were what we had,  
Some players good, some not so bad.  
With every game, we tried to test  
The ways to play our very best.

We learned to catch, throw, and hit,  
To bone a bat and oil a mitt.  
We even learned to coach and ump,  
And bunt when we were in a slump.

When cuts, and scrapes, and sunburnt arms,  
And sprains, and bug bites caused alarm,  
We called time out, then resumed play  
Til hunger made us end our day.

I learned of life on a baseball field.  
I learned to win, play fair, and yield.  
There, baseball won my heart and soul,  
Years ago, on a field of coal.