

ODE TO A FAN

George Good

He's bulging from a shirt that's damp with sweat,
across whose front the logo of the team
bears mustard stains. His area is wet
with beer he's spilled and meltage from ice cream.

He grabs some Cracker Jack with his big mitt
and childishly anticipates his prize.
Between mouthfuls he demonstrates his wit
by barking out some choice obscenities.

The umps, his own team and the visitors—
no one escapes the arrows of his scorn.
But when a hometown target slides and scores
he changes tunes on his stentorian horn.

He's never caught a foul ball in the stands,
convinced bad luck has robbed him all those times;
while anyone can see this klutz's hands
commit not merely errors but ugly crimes.

If the official scorer up on high
was marking every miscue, the grim bell
which tolls at the dread hour when we die
won't stop until he's reached his seat in hell.

And it's not just his unathletic sins.
Of gluttony there's nothing more to say.
He's envious of any star who wins
the crowd's approval for a stellar play.

His anger will erupt when these same stars,
who all are human, strike out in the clutch.
His avarice encompasses their cars,
their fancy homes—most everything they touch.

A female fan with a pneumatic bust,
though tension in the game's begun to build,
can draw his gaze. But soon the ogler's lust
in slothful flesh lies buried unfulfilled.

The greatest of the deadly sins is pride.

What high horse while he's swilling endless brews
does this lush mount? For decades he's defied
the baseball gods who doomed his team to lose.

Though chattering abuse the whole game long
and never failing to find holes to rip
in "dose bums" whom he lashes with his tongue—
he still believes they'll win a championship.

"Ode to a Fan" © 2007 by George Good

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 3 2007