

## ROMANCING BASEBALL

*Elizabeth J. Coleman*

I've never really understood the lure  
of sports, except perhaps haphazardly.  
Last night, above Shea stadium, the sky,  
with a three-quarter moon lighting it, turned  
the ink blue black of Van Gogh's cafe scene,  
over the diamond on the green expanse,  
me ensconced between my husband and son,  
the men I love, baseball their true romance.  
When it came time to stand for Take Me Out,  
grown men arose; not worrying about  
how it seemed; so they smiled, put down their beers  
and sang, boys of five again. And so I cheered  
and chomped on pizza with congealed cheese  
on top, gazing at the nostalgic frieze.

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