

THE LOVE SONG OF ALFRED

Peter Austin

April is the kindest month,
And Alfred knows the reason:
Alfred is a baseball fan,
And April starts the season.
Out it comes, on April first,
The bag he stores his glove in;
Leather rubbed with neat's-foot oil
Begins the summer love-in.

Alfred doesn't *play* the game
And doesn't wish to do so;
He'd as soon go digging holes
In Suriname, for CUSO;
Not for him, the rancid cap,
The chlorophyllous britches;
Not for him, the chance to stop
Retaliatory pitches.

Alfred doesn't *go* to games;
He *could* afford a ticket,
But he'd sooner leave alone
The scene beyond the wicket.
Some there are who love the crush,
The organ's awful jangle;
Some can take the blazing lights,
But he would sooner strangle.

April is the kindest month,
And Alfred knows the reason;
Alfred is a baseball fan,
And April starts the season.
There he sits, on April first,
As much a king as Creon,
Slips his hand inside his glove,
And smiles, and turns TV on.

"The Love Song of Alfred" © 2006 by Peter Austin

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