

A Batter's Soliloquy

From Shakespeare, Revised Version

By David E. Brand

To bunt, or not to bunt: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of the outraged bleachers,
Or gain their approbation by a swing
Well placed and well advised? To strike: to hit,
Perhaps; and by a hit to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
Batters are heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To strike, to hit;
To hit; perchance to short: ay, there's the rub;
For in that double play what outs may come
When we have thus connected with the pill,
Must give us instant pause: There's the respect
That makes calamity of so rash a blow.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of fans
The umpire's wrong, the team-mates' contumely,
The insolence of rooters and the spurns
The embryonic Honus then receives,
When he might of himself a hero make
By a home run? Who then would weakly bunt,
But that the dread of grounding out to third,
That speedy little baseman from whose whip
No runner ere escapes, puzzles the will
And makes us rather try to play it safe
Than fly to fielders that we know not of?
And thus the native wish to lose the ball
Is sicklied over with a sacrifice,
And mighty swats of long remembered fame
That might have been home runs of record lengths
With this regard, are stifled ere they're born.

