

Love Sonnets of a Ball Player

I AIN'T no busher, nor no boob. So offul tall. You see, I wish my head
 You bet Was lower set, so every word she said
 I ain't no Yannigan—I am a Vet Would be right in my ear. Say, I can
 Of six years' service. I would like to lick
 see The bush league mutt that said I make
 The guy that's fit to grab my goat off him sick!
 me—
 But I seen Her, and sure as you are And then, last night, I called. Say, I
 born, can talk
 She got my goat and broke off every Mosta the time, and never pull a balk—
 horn!
 My heart just fluttered—then I looked But when I got inside, and we were set
 her way, To spill some chatter—aw, I couldn't
 Fumbled one ball and booted two get
 away! My thinker working. "Uh, huh,"
 "Yep," and "No"
 I struck out twice, and yet I wasn't mad, Made up my act, and, now and then,
 For I could see her sweet face looking "So-so."
 sad—
 Yep, she was sorry for me—and, you And when she dimpled, yes, and when
 know, she spoke,
 Pity's next thing to love—now, ain't it A frog climbed up my neck and made
 so? me croak!
 I got it fixed! I'm going to meet her—
 well,
 I AIN'T plumb headed for no padded Then come her brother—he clumb up
 cell! my chair
 But, say, I'm nervous—say, it seems to And run his little fingers through my
 me hair.
 That in her league I bat one-thirty- "Pa says his head is solid bone," squeals
 three! he—
 "I won't get down! Aw, lem'me feel
 and see!"
 I've met her! Uh! huh! And I dropped I got my voice together—language
 my hat come—
 Just as I'd let go of a broken bat. "Here, son, 's a quarter—go and buy
 some gum!"
 My fingers wasn't mates. My face just Aw, say—if her hand could be wander-
 burnt ing there,
 Like summer heat, and then—I wish I And 'twas her fingers trailing through
 weren't my hair!