

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! But when I got inside, and we were set
 My heart just fluttered—then I looked To spill some chatter—aw, I couldn't
 her way, get
 Fumbled one ball and booted two My thinker working. "Uh, huh,"
 away! "Yep," and "No"
 Made up my act, and, now and then,
 I struck out twice, and yet I wasn't mad, "So-so."
 For I could see her sweet face looking And when she dimpled, yes, and when
 sad— she spoke,
 Yep, she was sorry for me—and, you A frog climbed up my neck and made
 know, me croak!
 Pity's next thing to love—now, ain't it
 so?
 I got it fixed! I'm going to meet her— Then come her brother—he clumb up
 well, my chair
 I AIN'T plumb headed for no padded And run his little fingers through my
 cell! hair.
 But, say, I'm nervous—say, it seems to "Pa says his head is solid bone," squeals
 me he—
 That in her league I bat one-thirty- "I won't get down! Aw, lem'me feel
 three! 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!