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No Miracles This Year

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No Miracles This Year

Jason Florin

We wander through a familiar October
Summer's beauty lost
Lilting into fall; fading with our team
The deep green of the ivy oozing from outfield walls

There is almost enough
Hope
Faith
Enthusiasm
To hold them up
For one more afternoon
But winter comes quickly in Chicago

There will be no miracles this year
No more hot dogs or Dixie bands
Or shots onto Waveland
No more pleas to get some runs
Or sunny days of beer-soaked bleacher bums

We believers are weary
Too saddened to notice
The ivy is just a naked vine
Ghosts ease back into hibernation
Beyond brick walls

In this town, generations go to graves
Without tasting the sweetest fruit
That blooms for only one team
In the heart of cold October

The city and I dream of princes in a long-suffering land
Winning a glorious battle to claim our throne;
In Chicago, we are a people starved for victory

It is a child's game
Played by rented heroes
Donning modern war emblems
Giant C's for Second City

But we are starved
I have a diamond carved into my heart
Bleeding blue onto emerald fields
Beating with the impossible belief
That one day we will hold up an index finger
And mean it.