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Remembrances of Grass Fields and Ball Games in the Sun

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Michael Sarafin

At New Comiskey,
old is only skin deep,
the facade hiding
an overly modern inside.

At Wrigley Field,
old is to the bone
where age gets in the way.

In Baltimore,
Oriole Park is
the look of baseball
as it used to be
and
as it should be.

This park has the feel of
history.
The outside is
strikingly ancient.
It has borrowed, liberally,
from baseball's storied past.

There fans will find
reminders of
Ebbets, Crosley, and the old Polo Grounds,
of Fenway, old Comiskey, and even Wrigley Field.
(yes there will be ivy on the outfield walls
when the weather warms up)

The deepest part of the park,
left center,
could be precisely the point
where George Herman Ruth, Sr.
operated Ruth's Cafe.

There was ten cent soup
and nickel beer.

A baby Babe Ruth
once played here,
although young George
probably wouldn't remember.

They can spend millions
to build this new
old looking
field of dreams,
but they can't buy

Memories.

They will have to be made.

*found poem, from an article
by Dave Van Dyck in
The Chicago Sun-Times,
Sports section,
Monday, April 6, 1992*