Yankees 2, White Sox 1

Bob Georgalas

College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol11/iss2/52
It's five-thirty-seven P.M.,
mid-June, nineteen sixty-one. The
sky has crayoned itself pink and
powder blue and my eight-and-a-
half-year-old mind bargains with the
light, cajoling it to stick
around so that maybe you can
toss me a few in the alley
when I get home. But the blue steel
dinosaur lumbers slowly. So
I poke a hole in the plastic bag
and march my wax green troops over
the hump on the floor, trying to
forget that Saturday has
exhausted half its life while
I shopped for clothes with Mom in some
undercooled, overcrowded
department store on Fordham Road
in the Bronx. You're forty, just home
from work, your tie as yet unloosened,
and you're sitting on the brick and
concrete stoop that fronts the humongous
house where Mom grew up as a young
woman and where we live with grandma
and Georgie and Florence and Charlie
and my pesty sister, Lorna,
who got to stay home and wrestle
with the new puppy and read comic books and play checkers, while the best I could do was to duck in and out of the dress racks in the ladies department, pretending the clothes were a jungle and I was Tarzan determined to rescue Jane. Looking at your watch, you doubt that we'll return in time for you to slide the tickets from your inside pocket and casually unleash the news that will launch my heart like a Mercury rocket. Then the blue dinosaur slides to the curb and I catch the hint of a smile in your eyes and, suddenly, as I stand before you, looking up, I know. Amidst a jumble of courthouses, restaurants, apartments and el tracks, the cathedral glows like Emerald City. I ball my fist into the fat fingered hunk of brown leather on my left hand and adjust the navy blue cap with the white NY tight to my head. You take my free hand, half the size of yours, and guide me
steadily through the multitudes and into the land of the diamond, where arc lights erase the night and promise me perpetual summers. Seated, we order hot dogs with everything on them. Then, an inning later, peanuts, soda, and an ice cream pop. I study the scorecard like a priest the gospel

and you teach me how to track the plays and explain about bunts and sacrifice flies. In the seventh, Mickey smashes one into the bleachers in center, the crack of his bat stentorian, clean. I shoot up, as if scalded, waving my pennant like a fourth of July parade flag, knowing this team could

never lose. It's two A.M., late May, nineteen-ninety-one. I'm five states west, staring out at an etherized sky, and sobbing softly because I can't raise my hand and stop the bullet of time from digging its way through your chest. Maris and Mantle are specters now, powerless to suffocate the phone that

ulcerates the silence. Alarmed, my wife bolts upright, while I, unmoored, freeze like a line drive in Tony Kubek's glove. The ninth is over and I'm trembling, scared that the final kiss we shared was not enough to ever let you know.