

**JOHN MCAULEY**

**Shakespeare's Lost Sports Poem**

The coming of the game  
an agent of change, adding colour  
to Stratford-upon-Avon, a reddish diamond?  
Exeunt all to cheer the best!  
Fresh plays afield maintain a pitcher's spell  
with fielders' hands high and light  
from the impact o' the ball on palms.

We strike it afar seemingly at will.  
The myth, which doth ever advance,  
as base paths are swiftly trod  
and foes kept to triple turns abat.  
Soon victorious caps will uprise  
for another triumphal match of yore.

---With a thank you to Ben Jonson