

Re-membering Roger Angel and all other poet laureates, playing managers and fierce famous Nines of America's beautiful game



This is a homage to Poet Laureate of Americas beautiful and endless game of baseball, Roger Angell, and all other good old souls, radical new saints and astonishing unique and revolutionary common sense sinners of primary colors and teams of Dodger Blue, Boston Strong and Beloved Red, White and Blue Nationals and wondrous same holy selves and all wholly others of uncanny, instinctive and righteously moral sense to hate, despise and throw all New York once majestic but now bums Yankees out of the park, And thus is the waving and roaring and crowded stands filled with good fathers, good mothers, good sons and daughters of an entangled cousinry and rivalry together of saints, angels, souls, and some fiendish yankees and connecticut lawyers tossed in, here, there and everywhere

But in baseball all are, is and forever to come ever more flourishingly good, better and grand to come again and anon anon, but also wicked in the best theological and baseball sense and sensibility of this living Word of magical mystery touring dukes and now duchesses I presume of a certain eternal but relevant incantory Z and their timeless and timely followers

under, over and high heaters on the chin inside the home plate strike red hot zone where we may pray, ask and learn of those good questions but hard problems of why,

what And Who after all is on third, first or second only Abbott or was it Costello only knows for sure but maybe not.

But quoth the raven and flew the dove, nevermore with these evermore preliminary preludes and verbose, purple prose and

The point I am making I believe is that all are incandescent comics, troubadours, advocates and counselor of counselors, kings and sweet lords of kings and lords and lovers who fly in and of ancient night skies, and landing in our cities of angels and all of their, our and your knit together Psalming 1-3 and then suddenly 9 circles, reigns and realms of magnificent but flawed multi-faceted diamonded citizenries.

I of course speak of those gentle on my mind tonight, offering nine resonating and crescendoing symphonies, each Beethoven's ninth of soul stirring and overwhelming powerful eternal and immediate, ode to joy,

I channel our each and every Spirit and Flesh of Roger Angel and all flamethrowers within and without him, us, I and thou, and those if a certain fiery forged and crucibled loving but joyously good hating uncontainable competitive Spirit, a soul on fire and blood on ice like Zeke, BA, Sandy Koufax and then watch out, hwre comes in from nowhere and perhaps actually definitely all utopias that make and inspire the Natural, the mystic lightning bolt of arm, bat, legs and thunder, The Mighty Mississippi once known among mortals and rhe few immortals too on earth at the same time as all first and last of the enchanted, as the true greatest of all time in a certain place on the Lake Webb shore, yes, the mighty not Casey but the mighty epic Grandeur called the true, honest, pure and lovely Phil 4 8 mr baseball, not mez nor bob uecker sitting high in the stands by good friend and colorful log analyst, the now name Mike not that other guy who nonetheless had the same juice

But here lets concentrate our focus wondrously on the everlasting miracle, mystery and overwhelming Big Man power and radically amazing and perhaps not too humble "DL" all children scream, women swoon and men admire but inwardly who now strides with ease and fearlessly of steps slightly dug in but above rhe good earthy earth and into the batter's box, digs his cleets into the hard but soft Virginia red clay, and grinning that innocent but terrifying grin or is it a sudden grimace, I know not which, he smiles and points to the highest of sweet tall and pruned pine trees, sugar sapling dappled maples and flowing birch bark and good contenders too far above Maine's own natural Green Monster of a certain evergreen sweet sweet sweet fragrance. O what joy, when in the midst of such splendours like lilies in the field, who can be arrayed more beautiful than this!?

And then this force of nature in a chiseled Greek marbled and luminous statue of a body looks up to the stands and waves his now kind hands, but still enormous bat and lion-hearted courageous great hearted goodness to all the children, teens, adults and

multitudes the same of all good cheers, waves and poetry universal of saturday nights playing baseball and enjoying all true believers, admirers and racers around the bases and a choreography of forest primeval, a field of dreamers like genesis Joseph and each one as unique and alike like he, she and all transpectrums of transfiguring and transformative and transcontinental fellowships of all good peoples now epicentered: play ball, my amazing Gracie shouts and leaps and wags,

And then to me privately, please please please atop stop stop talking and enjoy the moment, the game has begun, and thus the grandeur begins too.

And now stands menacingly and convicted at the plate, and deeply knows by wholly being concentrated on each of these three close contenders of a certain Sabbath active resting and then come out like firebirds resplendent and ohoenixes soaring and risen again,

and yet and god only really knows why, DL is certain, solid and ready to hit at least two of these true blue and loyal good friends and shared Hall of Famers out of the park!!

The only doubt in the stands, on rhe field and perhaps if I may be humblyboldlyhonest all through the cosmos is which one will it be tonight! Sandy, Zeke or BA and perhaps that new kid with some good bodtin strong stuff the dreams of forever young JCs like Chip are made of

Thus ends my prelude and begins simultaneously my ode to the joy, the roar of the crowd and fearsome symmetry of the game of games, the america's once and forevsr good, complexly loomed and unspooling talestried democracy of democracies.

Now lets begin again!

For Roger Angel and all others of five seasons, nine symphonies and who live beat when boys and girls of endless summers the one fame of abundant life that only god and fans ever mnow when it will end!

I am on this good friday, and
We are simultaneously too and in triumphal and astinishing fact All are of this same unified and threefold beautiful Spirit of Liberty, joyoussuffering deep commutment to sheer energizing germinale Goods like Integrity, Responsibility, Virtue and the stuff of Patria, Scholarship and loving warriors are made of,

And perhaps soon a new harmonic convergence bursting forth across the heavens, nine symphonies of odes to joy like Jefferson's Temple, Heart, Pantheon, Mind, Soul as centered in the Embodied XYZ Rotunda of all mansions of mansions

Aint life grand when I, We and All are three Spirits of life abundant and then the true, honest, enchanted, meaningful and lovely in incandescent fiery souls pentecostal and flourishing renaissance apprentices, masters and servers

Like our Deo and Imago Dei of a transfiguring communion, of everlasting first and last epic unfolding reconciling grandeur, aseity and mysterium when all good things in life are created, divided and brought together in mutual Phil 4 8 looking upon one another the same inspiring futures, pasts and presents for each and every beloved child of God, Creation and Humanity and thus also of astonishing differences

Like Calvin and Hobbes and why not add Rousseau

Cause Sam Warrerson (was he the creator and beatifying auteur of our comic strip Calvin and Hobbes and all little ones of innocence?)

Anyways, nevermore and evermore wuoth the ebony black Raven and flew the luminous white dove and firebirds of multicolored faceted diamknds and enchanted dresses like Joseph, like rising quetacoatal (sic, just read any DH Lawrence especially the two volume Phoenix) like a sweet innocent and beatiful and oure hearted lamb and all little ones the same

I, We, All, They, Thou and Thee are the fullness of time the transgressive transcontinental and transfiguring wholly other and holy selves spectrum of spectrums

And once again dear good friends and kindhearted coronets and lions courageous brave Spirits as One Liberty and all resonating deep powers of one and three like calvin and hobbes and now even impactful, visionary tender planting parents

O good buddy, says our poet tyger, named Hobbes but not named Hobbes only, our beautifully made and fearsome living Psalm psalm 139 univeraality of epic poetry like all good earthy Quaker mystics and inner lights like Howard Thurman, Jefferson and Gandhi too, and most radically amazing, you and me, and all good friends and loving powerful agape indigenous to ecumenical, catholic and universal loving and peaceable but ferocious Warriors and especially, she insists firmly but gently while quantum leaping into the air like a great Wallenda and knit together good and mutually caring family,

my amazing golden sunshine and overflowing spontaneity of oceanic hearts, minds and souls that she of a certain Spirit ensouled all through her

instinctively of renaissance rhythm and sermon on the mount dancing in unison, meter and nature sublime

My unconditional loving universal energizing goodness and enchanted mutual soulmate and life abundant companion retriever, giver and deeply knowing of me by wholly being her true self and me then as well

my amazing Gracie and thus me too, proclaim

On this good friday after a good week of goodnhard work, watch a baseball game this weekend and cry out across the heavens, earth and time immemorial and immediate here and now:

“PLAY BALL” and rhus begins rhe grandeur again of our uniquely resplendent beautiful americas of americas, new cradlings of all Jeffersonian rotunda'd democracies and all gloriously covenanted revolutionary peoples of innate moral sense and good republics

Let's begin again anew and old souls too welcoming the deep shalom now rushing in from all directions

When we take the fields of nine players, innings, outings, symphonies and reigns.

And each could go on forever like first and last beatitudes, like beethoven ninth symphonies that are soulstirring Odes to Joy

And with peanuts, crackerjack, Sandy Koufax on the mound and the mighty DL at the plate,

The roar of the crowd is simple and plain,

The stuff endless summers, boys and girls of playfulness, joy and real enchanted realities and dreams come true, the stuff of course all spiritual fruits, good things of science, theology and history and thus xyz loves affairs are made of,

Especially when the Babe, sultan of swat, the mighty DL does not strike out but like in the Natural rips the seams off my spalding and sends it soaring into the lights fantastic in the darkest of beautifully black nights

And not even my Gracie can soar and leap high enough into the heaven to catch it and retrieve it and give it joyously back to me,

But o what joy, when the crack of the bat fills the air, and all souls, saints and sinners are breathless again

The drama uncontainable, the living life frwsrss with utopian hope that is of anticipatory illumination and a certain SPIRIT OF GRANDEUR AND UNIVERSAL SOUL MUSIC like each and every beloved child, player, wner and fan—and all other poets, lovers, prophets and powerful peaceable and good warriors

Dance incandescent across the stands like gillowing waves and here, there and everywhere in the suddenly electrified night air.

Aint life grand when like this on a quiet, lonely but good friday night the same?

You betcha says a certain Nomad from Fargo and my ever fsithful Gracie lying by my feet at Vienna's Church Street Sandwich Shop.

And you know good buddy, say I back to Gracie, it is not only grand, its an exhilarating glorious and terrifying astojishing adventure!!

Now lets go home!!

And where we are safe, saved, salvific in all ways, paths, bases and tenses.

Say good night gracie!

Good night, good friends, I learned to be like my cousin, gracie allen of Burns and Allen fame, but I am my own Gracie too for all beautiful, small and grand deep souled creatures the same are made wondrous and equal!!

This I know
For Jesus
My bible
Tells me so
And your salt
Is tasty
Like all good
Creatures and
Humans the same

Good night! gracie!