

Song and Dance

A baseball game's a symphony of sheer
kinetic grace
With interludes of classic dance around each
pure white base.
Though tutus are in short supply and leotards
the same,
The uniforms and colors add aesthetics to the
game.
The pirouettes and entre-chats disguised in
arts athletic
Can easily be recognized in essence as
balletic.
An outfielder's Nijinski as he leaps against
the fence,
With unearthly elevation, adding beauty to
suspense.
The shortstop, second baseman, form a
rhythmic pas de deux—
They reflect a fluid union as they meld in
“getting two.”
The dancer at third base is rich in acrobatic
quotient—
A glide, a dive, a swift plié, true poetry in
motion.
The pitcher's stretch, his catlike stride,
harmon'ously related
To the catcher, crouched and eager for the
curve ball that's awaited.

Each performer, ev'ry dancer, is intense with
dedication
And adds his own nuances to the whole
configuration.
Baseball ballet's a lovely thing of conflict, joy
and pain,
A sight to thrill the eye of ev'ry true
balletomane.
If you feel a thirst for beauty only true art
forms can slake,
You do not need the Ballet Russe or tickets to
"Swan Lake" . . .
Just amble to the ball park where the
diamond legends play
And when the first bat strokes the ball, you'll
recognize ballet!

