

Uncle Walt

The Better Land

THERE IS a better world, they say,
where tears and woe are done away;
there shining hosts in fields sublime
are playing baseball all the time, and there
(where no one ever sins) the home team
nearly always wins. Upon that bright and
sunny shore, we'll never need to sorrow
more; no umpires on the field are slain, no
games are called because of rain. So let
us live that we may fly, on snowy pinions,
when we die, to where the pitcher never
falls, or gives a man first base on balls;
where goose-eggs don't adorn the score, and
shortstops fumble never more.