

The Ballparks of our Minds

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He sat alone at the bar. When I saw him, I knew his name.
The last time I saw him was at a baseball park. Hitting homers brought him fame.
I asked if I could join him. He said, "If Jim Beam joins us, too
So we traded buying drinks and, like baseballs, the stories flew.
 He told about the long balls. Some of the farthest I'd ever seen.
 Of facing legendary pitchers and swings that brought him to his knees.
 And about the old ball parks that history's left behind.
 But I still see the Big Guy in the batter's box in the ballparks of my mind.

Chorus: They were some young child's hero for what they did with a bat and ball
 They brought joy to our springs and summers and sometimes into fall.
 But the ballplayers get old and the kids grow up in kind
 But our heroes stand tall in the batters box in the ballparks of our minds.

I stopped for a cup of coffee. There were donuts in the case.
His workday nearly over when I came in at lunchtime late
He poured himself a coffee and greeted all of us inside
And the donuts were as good as the baseball talk. My trip was worth the ride.
 My boyhood hero standing there. Telling stories, he was wired.
 He wore flour up to the elbow that once threw balls of fire.
 His playing days long over, But none of us forget
 His blazing fastball, the scary curve and his heroics with his bat.

He steps into the batter's box like a thousand times before
He's an old man playing a young man's game, wearing minor league décor.
He played a few years in the majors where the pitchers showed no fear
But in the Minors he can hit the long ball. He's a home town hero here.
 The fans come out to see him but the scouts don't give him looks
 He can still hit the ball out of the park, His name a'top the record books
 And one day soon, he'll hang 'em up. But he'll always have a story
 For the grown up kids who watched him play. Their hero he'll always be.