

on account it wasn't the  
major leagues you know  
& there was the color thing too  
I mean major league pitchers  
just didn't look like old  
Satchel Paige  
but other pitchers knew  
knew he was the best  
there was, period.

then they bring him up  
to the bigs & he can't  
hardly throw no more  
he's too old  
his arm's wore out  
something.

but his legend remains  
& those early poems he wrote  
when no one was looking  
we'll put him in the  
Hall of Fame  
just because of them.

#### DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON

nothing like turning on the tv  
3:30 in the afternoon  
quart of beer in hand  
expecting Norman Mailer  
on the Merv Griffin show  
& settling for one of the Gabors  
who talks of beauty & fashion  
she's a dress designer  
or something  
as well as whatever else  
she is  
shows us what she calls  
the Gabor look  
parading around the stage  
in diamonds & silk &  
you know it almost works  
I'm ready to jack off  
then there's a close-up  
of the neck all the  
wrinkled folds of skin  
the silk can't  
camouflage  
the neck of an old woman  
it's awful to look at  
though I doubt Mailer  
would have been much  
better.