

## A Fairy Tale

“The body of a horse, the heart of a boy,”  
Campanella claimed, catching four games  
a day in the negro leagues – sometimes  
losing twenty pounds in the process.  
Talented enough to do it,  
little boy enough to think it’s important,  
beyond the money and people shouting,  
the pure pleasure of driving a fastball  
over the three-eighty sign.  
When he objected to her Korean tour,  
Monroe lectured Joltin’ Joe.  
“You don’t know what it’s like  
to have thirty thousand people cheer for you.”  
Some time before, sixty thousand watched  
him catapult two shots into the seats off Feller.  
“Yes, I do,” he said.  
Even a hundred mile-an-hour fastball has its limits.  
Feller warned young pitchers  
of “hitters you can’t throw it by.”  
He hadn’t seen Dalkowski throw.  
Maybe Dave Pope had the fastest hands  
of anyone. In the cage or in a game,  
turn on it. It turns on that.

In the beat of a boy’s heart Campanella  
ended up “a horse that couldn’t run.”  
Pulled from a tangle of twisted metal  
he sits at home plate in a wheelchair,  
the stars and stripes draped across his legs.  
For years DiMaggio sold coffee-makers.  
Feller and Pope lived on to old age,