

fade like old clippings from *The Sunday Times*.
But this is America, where people change
their names, recast themselves. Mr. & Mrs.

America live in the *Sporting News*,
imitations recounting the endless
games, with always yet another inning

left to play. When the score is finalized
the chatter in throwing the ball around
the horn becomes gossip. This after all

is a silent game, the inside dying,
a bit at a time, lived in the presence
of a perfect, infallible pastime.