

## The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 11  
Number 2 *Arcade*

Article 52

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Spring 5-1-1992

### Yankees 2, White Sox 1

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*College of DuPage*

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#### Recommended Citation

Georgalas, Bob (1992) "Yankees 2, White Sox 1," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 11 : No. 2 , Article 52.  
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol11/iss2/52>

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## Yankees 2, White Sox 1

*Bob Georgalas*

It's five-thirty-seven P.M.,  
mid-June, nineteen sixty-one. The  
sky has crayoned itself pink and  
powder blue and my eight-and-a-  
half-year-old mind bargains with the  
light, cajoling it to stick  
around so that maybe you can  
toss me a few in the alley  
when I get home. But the blue steel

dinosaur lumbers slowly. So  
I poke a hole in the plastic bag  
and march my wax green troops over  
the hump on the floor, trying to  
forget that Saturday has  
exhausted half its life while  
I shopped for clothes with Mom in some  
undercooled, overcrowded  
department store on Fordham Road

in the Bronx. You're forty, just home  
from work, your tie as yet unloosened,  
and you're sitting on the brick and  
concrete stoop that fronts the humongous  
house where Mom grew up as a young  
woman and where we live with grandma  
and Georgie and Florence and Charlie  
and my pesty sister, Lorna,  
who got to stay home and wrestle



with the new puppy and read comic books and play checkers, while the best I could do was to duck in and out of the dress racks in the ladies department, pretending the clothes were a jungle and I was Tarzan determined to rescue Jane. Looking at your watch, you doubt that we'll return in time for you to slide the tickets

from your inside pocket and casually unleash the news that will launch my heart like a Mercury rocket. Then the blue dinosaur slides to the curb and I catch the hint of a smile in your eyes and, suddenly, as I stand before you, looking up, I know. Amidst a jumble of

courthouses, restaurants, apartments and el tracks, the cathedral glows like Emerald City. I ball my fist into the fat fingered hunk of brown leather on my left hand and adjust the navy blue cap with the white NY tight to my head. You take my free hand, half the size of yours, and guide me



steadily through the multitudes and  
 into the land of the diamond,  
 where arc lights erase the night and  
 promise me perpetual summers.  
 Seated, we order hot dogs with  
 everything on them. Then, an  
 inning later, peanuts, soda,  
 and an ice cream pop. I study  
 the scorecard like a priest the gospel

and you teach me how to track the  
 plays and explain about bunts and  
 sacrifice flies. In the seventh,  
 Mickey smashes one into the  
 bleachers in center, the crack of  
 his bat stentorian, clean. I  
 shoot up, as if scalded, waving  
 my pennant like a fourth of July  
 parade flag, knowing this team could

never lose. It's two A.M., late  
 May, nineteen-ninety-one. I'm five  
 states west, staring out at an  
 etherized sky, and sobbing softly  
 because I can't raise my hand and  
 stop the bullet of time from digging  
 its way through your chest. Maris and  
 Mantle are specters now, powerless  
 to suffocate the phone that

ulcerates the silence. Alarmed,  
 my wife bolts upright, while I,  
 unmoored, freeze like a line drive in  
 Tony Kubek's glove. The ninth is  
 over and I'm trembling, scared that  
 the final kiss we shared was not  
 enough to ever let you know.