

How the Book of Baseball Was Written

An old man who lived alone on an island
was a little sad. Sprayed by whitecaps,
swayed by trade winds, he had only
his daybook, a pen, and a young boy's heart
for company. Each day the sun rode out
at noon.

One morning a word—gleaming and new,
never heard before—appeared like the glint
of a ship's hull on a distant swell. A jellyfish
glistened on the shore. He watched a tortoise
grip the earth as if it were a carousel.
The new word hung in the air until he reached out—
and caught it.

Shortstop.

The old man put it down in his daybook...
and kept on writing.