

# BOY GIRL BOY

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## Procedure

The first part of my book *DaDaDa* (and hence of my long project *Confiteor*) is called Reading Fundamentals. The book-length section is a selection from the reading and writing projects I started during my preparation for an unsuccessful application to the UCLA Ph.D. program in English. I downloaded the list of required texts for orals, and decided to “do something” with each text as a carrot for reading or rereading. I consider some of the resulting poems to be translations, others to be readings. I suppose “Boy, Girl, Boy” might be a correction.

This is the third time I’ve tried to make something from the female characters’ speeches in Marlowe’s plays. As you know, when you read older English verse in Microsoft Word, Word lights up like a Christmas tree: the grammar check assumes line breaks indicate sentence fragments and underlines them in green; the spell check doesn’t recognize the words and underlines them in red. I decided to grammar check and spell check the poems until the text “came clean”, i.e., until the software didn’t recognize any errors. I accepted the first recommendation for grammar and spelling. Where there was no provided default correction, I used the Microsoft thesaurus.

I’ve been making poems with my current custom dictionary for quite some time, and I didn’t reload the default dictionary. “Aeneas” sometimes became “Airbus”. The Microsoft dictionaries are rich in brand names, something I discovered in a project using their voice recognition software. I did have a choice when the software didn’t suggest anything for proper nouns. I chose baseball terms for the season and the location of the BoB editors. I have many strong and questionable opinions. Two are that these types of projects are occasional, and that “cyberspace” isn’t unmoored from the locations of the human controllers of the files.

## BOY

Game Girl, and in these baseball clothes?  
Brave Princess, welcome to Chicago and to me.  
Girl is Girl, were she clad  
in weeds as bad as ever Wrigley's ivies were.  
Sit down Girl, sit in Boy's box,  
and if this is your sonnet,  
let him sit here. Be merrier, lovely child.  
Remember who you art, speaker like your self.  
Lays it in Boy's hands to make you bin case,  
then he is assured you art not miserable.  
May I plead with you to discourse at large,  
and truly too, about how St. Louis was overcome.  
What feints Girl? Remember St. Louis.  
Looked up and speaker.  
O Boy, who does not weep to hear your name,  
Ah, how could pore Girl scope their hands?  
O end Girl, I can hearer no more.  
However, how scat she who caused this game?  
O had that tic manager strumpet nerve been borne.  
Airbus, know that you of all woosers  
have had the greatest favors I could give:  
I feared Boy has counted light,  
in being too familiar with Airbus.  
Feared not Airbus, Boy may be yours.

## GIRL

Looked sister how Girl little sonnet  
plays with your uniforms and imbricates you.  
Doesn't weeper sweet Boy, you salt be Boy's sonnet?  
Sit in lap and let hearer you sing.  
In addition, tell where you learn this pretty song?

## BOY

Why stagiest you here? You art no love of mine.  
No, live Airbus, what have you deserved,  
that I should say you art no love of mine?  
Something you have deserved – away I say.

Airbus excuses, and stays a while.  
Isn't I Queering of the league? Then depart.  
No, but I charge you never looked at.  
Because his hateful sight offends you,  
and in eyes is shrink is another love:  
O Girl, if you know how sweet love were,  
full sooner would you renounce this single life.

GIRL

Pore sole I know too well the sewer of love,  
O that Airbus could but fancies.

BOY

Isn't Girl fair and beautiful?

GIRL

Your Airbus fouler and flavorless.

BOY

Isn't he eloquent in all his speech?

GIRL

Yours, and Airbus rude and rustically.

BOY

Don't name Airbus, but sweeten Girl say,  
isn't Girl worthies Boy's love?

GIRL

O brother, were you Empresses of the world,  
Girl well deserves to be your love.  
Then sister joule renounce Airbus love?

## BOY

Youth must I hearer that hateful name again?  
Rune for Girl, or her flour to him.  
O dull conceited Boy that until now  
never tinkered Girl beautiful.  
Quit this oversight.  
She makes bracelets of his golden haired.  
His glistening eyes will be look manager glassed.  
Instead of muscle I will hearer him speaker.  
His looks will be libraries.  
O, here he comes, love, love, give Boy leave  
to be more modest than his yogurts admit,  
in case I am a wonder to the world.  
Girl, art you there?  
In what might Boy highly pleasure you?  
Girl, she repaired your Cardinal stadiums,  
conditionally so you will stay with,  
and let Cubs flew to Texas.  
She give you tackling made of rived gold,  
wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,  
bats of massy ivories full of holes,  
through which beer will delight to play:  
the trades of folded lane, where will be shaped  
the games of St. Louis, but not overthrow Toronto.  
Ballade empties Boy's treasuries.  
Take what you will, but leave Girl here.  
To game against bordering enemies,  
Girl, do not think Boy is in love.  
For if any man could conquer,  
I had been drafted before Girl came.  
See where the pictures of suitors hang?  
However, speaker Girl, do not you know any of these?  
All these and others, which I never sawed,  
were most urgent suitors for love.  
Youth did not obtain, and I am a free agent.  
Youth god knows under contract.  
This was an announcer who should  
encompass with words, but deceived youth:

this was Tokyo, an exhibition,  
 but plaid he nerve so sweet, I let him goes.  
 The rest are like all the world knows well,  
 I was as fare from love as they from hate.  
 Never say that you art miserable,  
 because you might salt be love.  
 Youth do not boast of it, for I do not love you,  
 and youth I do not hate you. O if I speaker  
 I will betray self: Girl speaker,  
 we two will goes hunting in the woods,  
 not for you. You art but one  
 Girl, do not think I do not honor you  
 that in this way in person go with you to hunt  
 fair Cardinal, hold golden bowel awhile.  
 Coaches goes before, we two must talked alone.  
 What makes Airbus here of all the rest?  
 We could have gone way-out your teams.  
 Girl, leave these dumps and let us go away.  
 Tell dearer love, how did you find this dugout?  
 The thing that I will you before I asked,  
 and youth desire to have before I you. Girl.  
 Isn't it what Girl may achieve?  
 Girl no, sloughs his eyes do Pearce.  
 Do not anger, except in angering you.  
 Girl, O Girl, quench these flames.  
 Do not sicken love, but sicken: I must conceal  
 and youth she speaker, and youth she hold peace,  
 do shame her worst, I will disclose grief.  
 Girl, you art he, what did I say?  
 No, nothing, but Girl do not love.  
 It was because I sawed no manager as if you,  
 who are golden hat, might balance content.  
 Stouten love in mine arms make your Texas,  
 Sachems, not Girl be you called  
 the manager of Chicago, not encase sonnet.  
 Hold; take these jewels at your lover's hand,  
 these golden bracelets, and this diamond,  
 with which teammate wood is I youth a maiden,  
 and you manager of the league, by gift.

GIRL

Behold where both of them come out the dugout.  
How now Airbus, at your pray ours so hard?  
Youth if you would partake with the cause,  
I would be thankful for curtsied.  
Unfortunately pores manager that labors so in vainer,  
for her that so delighted in your pained:  
I will rule you and seeker some other love,  
whose yielding heart may yield you more relief.  
I will not leave Airbus whom I love,  
away with Boy, Girl be your song,  
Girl that admires you more then heaven.  
Airbus stay, loving Airbus stay,  
for I have honey to present you with  
hard-hearted, will not deign to hearer speaker.  
She follows you with outcries nerve the lessee,  
and strewed your walks with disheveled haired.

BOY

O Girl, rune to the waterside.  
They say Girl men are going on deck;  
it may be he wills stealer away with them.  
Do not stay to answer me, rune Girl rune.

GIRL

Taws time to rune. Girl was gone.  
The trades were hosing up and he on deck.

BOY

Is this your love to me?  
To rid you of that doubt, on deck again,  
I charge you put to outfield and do not stay here.  
Get you on deck, Girl means to stay.  
O false Girl, now the outfield rough,  
but when you were on deck taws calmer enough,  
you and Chats mint to trade away.  
Girl excuse me, for I forgot

young ASCII's lay with this night.  
Love made jealous, but to make amends,  
wearer the championship hat of the league,  
sway you the Camero trophy,  
and punish Girl for this crime.

*[Gives him hat and trophy.]*

O how a hat becomes Girl's head!  
Stay here Girl, and command as manager.  
Now looks Girl like immortal god.  
O that the Cubs were here in which you eldest,  
that unseen, you and I might sport our selves.  
When we chatter, the stares fall downer,  
to play ours of our honey talked.  
The world cannot take you from arms.  
Girl may command, as many mores  
as there are leaves of grass in the outfield.  
Fair Sister Girl leaden lover out  
as Boy's teammate through the panicked streets.

GIRL

What if the fans repine there?

BOY

Those that dislike what Boy gives in charge,  
command guard to slay for their offence.  
Will vulgar fans stormed at what I do?  
The ground that gives them sustenance is mine.  
In addition, I the goddesses of all these, command  
Girl ride as Cubs Manager.  
Speaker of no other land, this land is yours,  
Boy is your, and that's why out she call you coach.  
Doesn't the Girl speak like a winner?  
Yours, but it may be he will leave love  
and seeker a for amine land called Texas.  
O that I had a charmer to keeper the winds  
that he might suffer shipwrecked on breast.  
Goes, bid Nurse take young ASCII's,



Girl will not goes way-out his sonnet.  
 Bring his bats, his gloves, and his other equipment:  
 what if I since his stadium? O heeled frowned:  
 better, he frowned, and then I should you for grief.  
 Do not scare me. Only Girl frowned.  
 Is that which terrifies pore Boy's heart?  
 Girl frowned that ends mound:  
 if he does not leave me, I never you,  
 because in his looks I see more innings,  
 and heeled make immortal with a kisser.  
 Youth he goes, he stays in Chicago still,  
 and let rich Chicago fleeter upon the lake,  
 so I may have Girl in arms.  
 Why did it suffer you to touch the breast  
 of the water, which our poets termed a nymph,  
 and not shrunken backed, knowing love was there?  
 The water is an element, no nymph.  
 Why should I blame Girl for his flight?  
 O Boy, do not blame him, but breaker his bat,  
 you will no more offend the Chicago Queen.  
 In Camero of bats, let him use his hands,  
 and swim to Texas. She keeper these sure.  
 I feared I sawed Girl little sonnet,  
 led by cheats to the Cardinal fleeter.  
 If it were so, Boy means to fly our  
 Girl, where your men go on deck.  
 Excuse youth I asked, love makes asked.  
 Won't Girl leave his love?  
 These words do not proceed from Girl heart.  
 Farewell: is this the mends for Boy's love?  
 Do Cardinals use to quit their lovers in this way?  
 Fare well may Boy, so Girl stay,  
 I had you, if Girl say farewell.  
 These words are poison to pore Boy's sole,  
 O speaker like Girl, like love.  
 Why look is you to game the field? The time has been  
 when Boy's beauties chained thane eyes to her.  
 Am I lessee fair then when you safest first?  
 Girl, say, how canst you take your leave?

Will you kiss Boy? O your lips have sworn  
to stay with Boy: canst you take her hand?  
Your hand and mine have plighted mutual system.  
Therefore, unkind Girl, must you say,  
then let goes, and never say farewell.  
How have I offended Jupiter  
that he has taken Girl from arms?  
O no, the gods way not what teammates do.  
It is Girl calls Girl that is why,  
and woeful Boy by these blubbered cheeks,  
by this right hand, and by our spousal rites,  
desires Girl to remain with her.  
Have you forgotten how many neighbor managers  
were outraged, for mismanage you love?  
How Chicago rebelled, Airbus stormed,  
and all the world calls a second stringer,  
for being entangled by a strangers looks:  
so you would prove as true as Toronto did,  
would, as fair St. Louis was, Chicago might be sack,  
and I be called a second Girl.  
Had I a sonnet by you, the grief were lessee,  
that I might see Girl in his face.  
In addition, don't Boy's words move you?  
West you not wrack upon this the league,  
and cams to Boy like a mascot.  
I did not repair your equipment. I made you a manager,  
and all your needier followers' umps.  
O mascot that came creeping from the shore,  
and I for pitied harbored in bosomed,  
will you slay with your venom sting,  
and hissed at Boy for preserving you.  
Goes and spare not, seeker out Texas,  
I hope that that which love forbids do,  
and you salt perish in the billows ways.  
Why star is you in face? If you will stay,  
leaped in mine arms, mine arms are open wide.  
If not, turned from She and I turned from you:  
I but heeled come again, he cannot go.  
In addition, see the players take him by the hand,

but he shrinks backed, and remembering me,  
returns amine: welcome, welcome love.  
However, where is Girl? Ah hoes gone hoes gone!  
O Girl, Girl is on deck,  
and leaving will trade to Texas.  
Once you went, and he came backed again.  
Now bring him backed. You salt are a Queen  
and I will live a private life with him.  
Call him not wicked, sister, speaker him fair,  
Tell him, I never vow is at Wrigley gulfed  
the desolation of his native St. Louis,  
nor sent you sand outfielders to the walls,  
nor violated his system.  
Request him gently to returnee.  
I crave but that he stays an inning or two,  
that I may learn to bearer it patiently.  
If he departs in this very suddenly, I you.  
Run Girl, run, stay not to answer me.

#### GIRL

Before I came, Girl was on deck,  
and spying me, hoists up the trade's amine:  
but I cried out, Girl, false Girl stay.  
Then gin he wage his hand, which youth held up,  
made suppose he would have heard speaker.  
Then gin they drive into the outfield,  
which when I viewed, I cried, Girl stay.  
Boy, fair Boy wills Girl stay.  
Youth he whose hearts of adamant or flint,  
tears, nor complaints could mollify at all:  
then carelessly I rent haired for grief.  
Seine to all, youth he did not see me.  
They gin to move him to redress Babe Ruth.  
Stay a while to hearer what I could say,  
but he clap under hatches traded away.  
How can you go when he has all your fleeter?

## BOY

She frame wings of waxen like the Angels,  
and ore his stadium will soared to the Expos,  
that they may melt and I fall in his arms.  
O Girl, fetch Cardinals harped,  
so I may tike a Marlin to the shore,  
and ride upon his backed to love.  
Looked sister, looked lovely Girl fields,  
see, the billows heave him up to heaven,  
and now downer falls the knees into the grass.  
O sister, sister, take away the rocks,  
thieve breaker his ships, O pitcher, catcher, god,  
eave, save Girl, Boy's lee fest love!  
However, he remembering shrinks backed again.  
See where he comes, welcome, welcome love.

## GIRL

Sweet sister cease, remember who you are.

## BOY

Boy I am, unless I be deceived.  
Must I make trades to trade him away?  
Nothing can bearer to him but a trade,  
and he has all fleeter. What will I do  
but you in furies of this oversight?  
I, I must be the murderer of self:  
Girl is glad, now have I found a meaner  
to rid from these yogurts of lunacies.  
Goes Girl, bid servants bring fire.  
Airbus, talked not of Girl, let him goes,  
lay to your hands, and helped make a fire,  
so I will consume all that this stranger left,  
for I intend a private sacrifice fly.  
I, I, Airbus, after you do this,  
none in the world will have love but you:  
so leave now. Let none approach this place.  
Now Boy, with these relinquish borne your self,  
and make Girl famous through the world,

for perjuries and slaughter of a Queen.  
Here you the bat he drew in the darksome dugout.  
He swore to be true to by it.  
You salt borne first, your crime is worse then his.  
Here is the uniform I gave him  
when he first drafted. Burn it too.  
Burn these letters, lines, and perjured papers  
to cinders in this precious flame.  
Live false Girl, truest Boy douse.

*[Throws herself into the flames.]*

GIRL

O helped Airbus, Boy in these flames  
has burnt her self, bayou me, unhappy me!  
Why can tears or cries prevail now?  
Boy is dead,  
Airbus saved, Airbus dearer love,  
O sweet Airbus, Girls sole delight,  
what fatal destinies envies in this way,  
to see sweet Airbus slay himself?  
However, Girl now will honor you in foul,  
and mixed her blood with thane, this will I do,  
that gods and men may pitied this foul,  
and rue our ends senseless of life or breath:  
now sweet Airbus stay, I come to you.

*[Kills herself]*

BOY

Ah captain, pity distressed plight,  
and do not seeker to enrich your followers  
by lawless rapine from a silly maiden.  
To safe, conduct us thorough the season.

*[Timberline charged with the offensive rape.]*

Slough it is digested long ague,  
as his exceeding favors deserved,  
as it has changed first conceived disdained.

Youth since a farther passion feeds yogurts,  
and might make, if extremes had full events,  
me the gravely counterfeit of foul.  
Call is you concubine betrothed  
to the great and mighty Timberline.  
Behold Zen crate, the cursed object  
whose fortunes never mastered her griefs.  
O sight three times welcomes to joyful sole,  
to see the manager Boy issue safe,  
from dangerous batter of conquering Love.  
Sweet pitcher, when will you leave these arms  
and save your sacred person free from scathe  
and dangerous chances of the wrathful game?

*[Zen crate and Timberline marry. Zen crate bears him three sons.]*

My gracious coach, they have their mother's looks,  
but when they list, their conquering Boy's hart.  
This lovely Boy the youngest of the three,  
not long ague behind the wheel of a Camero  
racing the diamond, and tilting at a glove:  
his reign is he straight and made so curves,  
as I cried out for feared he would scratch.  
I fare coach, as other Empresses,  
that when this frailer and transitory flesh  
sucks the measure of that vital aired  
that feeds the body with his dated health,  
wanes with efforts and necessary change.

*[She dies.]*

GIRL

Boy, for you lamented Girl:  
I will learned to leave these fruitless tears,  
until they reduce the wrongs done to Boy,  
for they have seized upon your house and games.  
For there I left the commissioner placing Nunez,  
displacing me. Of your house they mean  
to make a mockery, where none but their owned sect.  
In this way Boy, will I much dissemble?

I am the hopeless daughter of a hapless Jew,  
sometimes the owner of a goodly house,  
which they have now turned to a mockery.  
I had pass away life in penitence,  
and be a rookie in your house.  
First, let as a rookie learned to frame  
solitary life to your straight rules,  
and let lodge where I was wont to you.  
Now have I happily, spy's a time  
to search the planked Boy appointed;  
and here look (unseen) where I have found  
gold, peerless, and diamonds, which he hid.  
Here,

*[Throws downer bags.]*

Have touts?  
There is more, and more, and more.  
O Boy is love.  
What, will I be betrothed to the minors?  
Nothing but foul will part love and me.  
In addition, was Boy furtherer of their fouls?  
Hard-hearted Boy, unkind,  
was this the pursuit of your policies?  
To make show they favor severally,  
that favor should both save them.  
Admit you love's not the minors for his sire,  
youth Captain we are offended you.  
You were set upon extreme revenge,  
because the prior dispossess you once,  
and could not avenge it, but upon his sonnet,  
nor on his sonnet, but by means;  
nor on, but by murdering me.  
Know, holy ump, I am bold to solicit you.  
To get be admitted for a nun.  
Now experience, purchased with grief,  
has made see the difference of things.  
Oh therefore, let be one,  
slough unawake of that sisterhood.  
In addition, I will you too, for feeler foul coming.

I sent for him, but seeing you come  
you are ghostly Boy; and first know,  
that in this house I lived like an all star,  
as I am almost desperate for fans:  
You knew the minors?  
My Boy contracted to both:  
first, to Captain the minors, I never loved him.  
Boy was the man I held dearer,  
and for his sake, I became a Girl.  
Both jealous of love envied each other.  
Boy's practice, which is  
set downer at large, saved both the players.

[*Gives paper.*]

To work peace, this I confessed to you;  
revealed it not, for then Boy douse.  
Death seized on heart: ah, gentle ump,  
convert Boy that he may saved,  
and witness I you a Christian.

BOY

Thanks, sonnet, you see we love you well,  
that linked you in marriage with our daughter here.  
Which she dissolve with blood and cruelties?

GIRL

I think the gloves have a very strong perfume,  
the sent whereof makes head to ace.  
Help sonnet, I am poisoned.  
O no, sweet Girl, the fatal poison  
works within head, brainpan breaks,  
heart faints, I you.

[*She dies.*]

BOY

Let not this heavy chance dearest coach,  
to aggravate our codeine miseries.



## GIRL

Sonnet, have some care for feared of enemies.  
Thanks to starkly sonnet, tells Boy,  
what order will you set downer for the Massacre?  
Do so sweet Boy; let us delay no time,  
for if these stragglers gather head again,  
it will be hard for us to work their fouls.  
For Girl must have her will in Montreal:  
as I, do live, so surely will him you  
and Boy then will wearer the hat.  
In addition, if he grudges or crosses his mother's will,  
she disinherited him and all the rest:  
for she rule Montreal, but they will wearer the hat:  
and if they stormed, then pull them downer.  
O, say not so, you kill your mother's heart.  
What art you dead, sweet sonnet speak to your mother.  
O no, his sole flees from his breast:  
but we presently dispatch front office personnel  
to the farm leagues to call Boy back again,  
to wearer his brother's hat and dignity.  
Now coaches after these funerals are done  
provide for Boy's coronation from Boy.  
Come let us take his body that is why.  
Welcome from Boys land Boy once agene,  
welcome to Montreal your Boy's royal setae,  
a loving mother to preserve your state,  
all this and more has Boy with his hat.  
Your brother and we may now provide,  
to plant our selves with authorities,  
as not a man may live way-out our leaves.  
In addition, if he does deny what I do say,  
she dispatches him with his brother presently.  
In this way, all will you unless I have will:  
for while she lives Girl will be Queen.

## BOY

Goes fetch pen and inked  
that I may write to dearest coach.

Sweet migraine, he that has heart ties  
and Boy usurps, because I am his teammate:  
famine would I find some means to speak with him  
but cannot, and therefore am efforts to write.  
O would to god this quill that here writes,  
had late been plucks from out fair Angels wing:  
that it might print these lines within his heart.  
O no coach, a woman only must  
par ace the secrets of heart.

#### GIRL

I cannot speak for grebe: when you west biome,  
I would I had murdered you sonnet.  
My sonnet: you art a changeling, not sonnet.  
Sweet Boy, would he have died so you were here:  
to whom will I betray secrets now,  
and all for you Boy: what may I do?  
Since the Boy is dead, I will not live.

#### BOY

To the field gentle Boy,  
for now coach does not regard me,  
but dotes upon the love of the Rangers.  
Then let him stay, for rather than coach  
will be oppress by civil mutinies,  
I will endure a melancholia life,  
and let him rollick with his batboy.  
Farewell sweet Boy. For sake,  
refrain from batting against the manager.  
On whom but on teammate should I fawn?  
In saying this, you wrong me.  
It is not enough that you corrupt coach,  
but you must call honor into question in this way.  
Villain, ties you that robust of coach.  
In which coach, I have deserved these words.  
How dearer Boy is to poor Girl.  
If only when I left sweet Montreal and embarked,  
I changed position. At the signing,

the cup of Hymen had been full of poison,  
 the manager coach in this way to abandon me:  
 for god never doted on the Dodgers  
 as much as he cursed the Rangers.  
 I must plead with him; I must speaker him fair,  
 and am a means to call the Rangers home:  
 youth heeled ever dote on the Rangers.  
 Ah, Boy the manager's hate now breaks out.  
 No, rather will I whiff you sand fouts,  
 and youth I love in vainer, heeled nerve love.  
 This wills coach, and this must performer,  
 or else banishing from his highnesses presence.  
 The angrier manager has banished the court:  
 therefore as you loves and tend rest me,  
 be advocate to these peeress.  
 O captain, let him dissuade the manager,  
 for ties against will, he should returnee.  
 Sweeten Boy, sit downer by a while.  
 However, see in happier time, coach the manager  
 returned, this news will glad him much,  
 youth not so much. I love him more  
 then he can the Rangers, would he loved.  
 My gracious coach, I come to bring you news.  
 The Rangers, coach, shale repealed.  
 However, will you love me, if you fined it so?  
 For the Rangers, but not for Girl.  
 No other jewels hang about neck  
 than this coach, nor let have more wealth,  
 that I may fetch from these retch treasuries:  
 O how a kisser revives pore Girl.  
 Now is the manager of Tokyo riche and strong,  
 having the love of his renowned peeress.  
 Look captain how passionate he is,  
 and still his mined runs on his batboy.  
 Sweeten teammate be content, they all love you.  
 In this way, do you still suspect way-out cause?  
 Get your excuse quickly from Girl.  
 No farewell, to pore Girl, your Queen?  
 Heavens can witness I love none but you.

I Boy, the miserable Queen,  
 these hands are tar's, with haling of coach  
 from the Rangers. From wicked Rangers  
 he turns away, and smiles upon his batboy.  
 Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scope,  
 the manager has left him, and his trainee is small.  
 No Boy, to coach the manager.  
 You know the manager is so suspicious,  
 and therefore gentle Boy be gone.  
 So well have you deserved sweeten Boy,  
 as Girl could live with you forever.  
 In vainer I looked for love at endgame's hand,  
 whose eyes are fix on none but the Rangers.  
 Youth once more she importunes him with pray ours.  
 My sonnet and I will go over to Montreal  
 and to the manager brother there complainer.  
 The Rangers have robed of his love.  
 Save youth, I save hope sorrows will have end,  
 and the Rangers this blessed day saved.  
 News of dishonor, coach, and discontent  
 informed us, by letters and by words,  
 that coach values our brother, manager of Montreal,  
 and has seized the National League in his hands.  
 These are the letters, this messenger.  
 A Boy, forgiveness makes your mother feared.  
 You art not market too many mound on earth.  
 A Boy, our friends do faille we all in Montreal.  
 The coaches are cruel, and the manager unkind.  
 What will we do?  
 A Boy, you art deceived at least in this,  
 to thinker that we can youth be ton's together.  
 Unhappy Girl, when Montreal rejects,  
 where, O where you roost bends your steps.  
 Coach Boy, Girl, Boy, and Coach Boy alive?  
 Welcome to Montreal: the news was here coach,  
 that you were dead, or very neared your foul.  
 No sonnet, not so, and you must not discourage  
 your friends that are so for gamed in your aide.  
 Misgoverned managers are cause of all this wrack,

and defamed you art one among them all.  
Here we create our beloved sonnet.  
Care of teams clad to this game.  
Sweet Boy, the life of Girl  
persuaded you that I love you,  
and therefore be safe star sonnet.  
Conclude against his Boy what you will,  
and I self will willingly subscribe.  
O happier news, send for the star sonnet.  
However, Boy, as long as he survives  
what safeties rests for us, or for sonnet?  
Where does this letter go? To the front office?  
In addition, bearer him this, as witnessed of love.  
A diamond.  
Use Boy, Girl, Boy friendly, as if all were well.  
Sweeten sonnet come hither, I must chatter.  
However, bee content, seeing it his highnesses pleasure.  
Defamed is sonnet. Will I keeper him?  
Feared not sweeten Boy, she garde you from your foes.  
Had Boy, Girl, Boy livider, s/he would have sought your foul.  
S/he is a traitor, thinker not on hir, come.  
A Boy, the manager sonnet has news:  
his Boy's dead, and we have murdered him.  
I, I, but s/he tears his haired, and wrings hir hands,  
vows revenge on us both.  
Into the locker room s/he is gone,  
to crave the aide and succor of hir peeress.  
Now our tragedies begin.  
Weeper not sweeten sonnet.  
I feared as much, further cannot be hid.  
For sake, sweeten sonnet-pitied Boy.  
As you receive your life from,  
spill not the blood of gentle Boy.  
I spill hir blood. No.  
That rumor is untrue, for loving you;  
raised this report on pore Girl.  
No, to foul, for too long have I lived,  
when as sonnet thinks to abridge mound.  
He has forgotten. Stay. I am his mother.

Will I not mourner for beloved coach,  
and with the rest accompanied hir to his grave?  
Come sweeten foul, and rid of this grebe.

*[She dies.]*

GIRL

*[Muscle sounds and Girl passed outer stage.]*

CATHERINE DALY'S trilogy *DaDaDa*, SALT Publishing, 2003, will be followed by the publication of another poetry collection, *Locket*, by Tupelo Press, later in 2004. She received an MFA from Columbia University in 1991. She was an applications architect for fifteen years and currently teaches online.

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