

The Park at the Corner
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It looks like a park, just grass and dirt
And a chain link fence to keep people out,
Just a vacant lot in Detroit City
On the old Chicago Road.
But not long ago it was a different park,
Where men played a game made for boys.
And every summer for a century
The crowd filled the park with noise.

The bluegrass still grows on the infield
The basepaths still the same,
And like the old flagpole out in centerfield,
Our memories remain.

It's a place that's woven in the history
Of millions like you and me.
The haymarket gave way to a place men played
A game with a bat and ball.
We heard the calls of the vendors,
Smelled the scent only old ballparks had.
We heard the sounds of balls hitting bats and gloves
As we cheered for the team we love.

Time moved on. The team did, too,
To a new park in downtown.
It's only a building, some people said,
And the walls came tumbling down.
From the dust it rose, to the dust returned,
Now a field in the open air.
But the grass on the infield is still cut to play
By people who still care.

The greatest of baseball players
Once played there with our team.
As once it was, it will always be
Our field of hopes and dreams.