



On a certain crisp night in the chilly late fall,
At the graveyard with Phantoms, Spooks, Monsters, and all,
They move out the headstones and play some Softball.

I was there when it started at the Hour of Bewitching.
Frankenstein crushed that ball: then both needed stitching.
I saw a Vampire bat (though he was better at pitching).

As the Werewolf fetched—that is, fielded—a ground,
Hordes of Zombies crawled their way out of the mound,
While the Horseman's team tried to get ahead (at the lost and found).

The Sorcerers sang fight songs from wizarding school
While the Banshee fans wailed at the Umpire Ghouls.
They had some dispute about Ghost-Runner rules.

So don't fear the Reaper, when somebody croaks.
There's ball after death, you can play with these folks.
Just please leave at home all your "Yo' Mummy" jokes.

—J. Ryan Opp