A perfect day at the field is hard to achieve,
But any day with a baseball is a perfect day I believe.
Fresh cut grass and hot dogs, a weird combination,
But the mix of those will shock the nation.

The indescribable sound of a ball hitting the bat, or ball hitting the glove,
So quick and intense and as majestic as a dove.
It flies through the air with a smooth speed,
From the upper deck, a boy and his father watch the small white bead.

A new love for the game is born every day,
Watching can make memories but nothing beats being able to play.
Long nights with dad that began with yelling and end with embrace,
These are the memories I’d gladly face.

But as time passes on these memories will fade,
Until the day where my son asks for my aid.