

Satan Vows to Make a Comeback

Yeah, they're sending me down to the lowest
of the low, some bush-league team, the Pandas.
I tell you it's a monopoly, man.
Isn't there some law against owning *all*
the teams? God is sure off base this time.
What's the point of having a World Series
if you're set up to lose from the outset?

We sure had them on the ropes though, didn't
we? Those Angels couldn't do it by themselves,
so God tells Christ to warm up in the pen.
Was that supposed to scare us or what? When
Belial, that great Sultan of Sloth,
came up—and the bases full—he slugged that
little old sphere clean out of the ballpark
to tie the game. And God lets Michael throw
one more pitch to Big Mammon the Cannon
and they're down by one with me up next. God
couldn't stand to be down by two in His
ballpark, especially not in the top
of the Ninth, my favorite number. So
he calls up the Super Star Himself to
pitch to me, saying, "J.C. can outshine
even Lucifer." I mean, where does He
get off saying that? What a spectacle
Christ made of Himself too. Only He would
need a Fiery Chariot instead
of just jogging in from the bullpen.
Why, those wheels of fire singed half the infield.
And then that s.o.G. sends the players
to the dugout and says He can do it
all Himself. Who does He think He is? God?

When I hit the first pitch downtown, what does
John Milton shout? Foul ball! If ever we
needed proof that umpires are blind as bats,
that was it. And of course I protested,
but God doesn't allow replays to change
a Judgment call. The game must remain pure.

Naturally, I was really mad as Hell,
so when Christ tries to throw his thunderbolt
screwgie under my chin and I eat dust,
I have to charge the mound myself and kick

some dirt in His face. So His Immaculate
Self got soiled, so what? Milton kicks me out
of the game for that and we lose it all,
not only the Series but we're out of
the League for good, no comeback, no nothing.

God thinks He has us down for good. Well, I've
got news for Him—the game's not over yet.
I'm talking Unions, man. All my boys
are behind me on this one; the system's
got to go. Once we get Adam and his
lot on our side, we've got God licked for sure.
The Union won't stand for less than equal
shares all round. Man, I'm talking Equity.

Philip Wedge