

The B-List: 7/29

Written by {ga=stevebuffum}
Wednesday, July 29 2009 7:00 PM -

Not a good day for the Cleveland Indians franchise yesterday. Just days after bidding adieu to Raffy Betancourt and Ryan Garko, the team said their goodbyes to Cliff Lee and Ben Francisco ... then proceeded to go out and get smoked like a convenient store cigar by the surging Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim. Buff doesn't have to much to say about yesterday's loss ... but he does have his response to his former Favorite Player, Cliff Lee, being sent to Philly.

FINAL

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Indians (42-60)

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Angels (60-40)

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W: Lackey (7-4)

L: Laffey (4-3)

1) What the Thunder Said (w.r.t. Cliff Lee)

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience
Here is no water but only rock
Rock and no water and the sandy road
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water
If there were water we should stop and drink
Amongst the rock on cannot stop of think
Sweat is dry and feet are in sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red sullen faces neither sneer nor snarl
From doors of mudcracked houses

If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock

And also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But the sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrust sings in the pine trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
But there is no water

-- Thomas Stearns Eliot, "The Waste Land," Part V, lines
322-359

I do not think that they will sing to me.

-- Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," line 125

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Hey, daddy-o

I don't wanna go down to the basement

There's somethin' down there

I don't wanna go

Hey, Romeo

There's somethin' down there

I don't wanna go down to the basement

-- The Ramones