Paulie Cous goes to more Tribe games in a season than many people have gone to in their life. Yet, he makes the claim in todays piece for us that last night's game was one of the finest he has ever seen live in more than 30 years on this planet. Paul goes ga-ga over Fausto in his latest effort.

Having attended numerous MLB games in my 30 years on the planet, I am surprisingly not very hesitant to rank tonight's win against the Red Sox as one of the best games that I have ever seen live.

Every batter, every pitch, was wrought with nervous excitement. The butterflies that entered my stomach in the 4th inning when I realized Carmona was working on a no-no (it was broken up after 5 1/3) didn't leave until Blake squeezed Ortiz's lazy pop in the 9th.

The game was baseball in its purist form.

Tremendous pitching, great defense, excitement on the base paths with a catcher (maligned for his defense) turning in a sparkling performance behind the dish, and the difference in the game being a young OF putting ONE pitch into the HR porch in Left Field.

Carmona was superb.

Beckett was amazing.

The crucial moments of the game were well-played and well-executed plays that were determined by mere seconds.

If you prefer the slugfests, where balls fly out of the park at astonishing rates and the crooked numbers on the scoreboard are plentiful, no ill will comes your way.

But give me two dominant pitchers, a stadium full of fans sitting on the edges of their seats for every single pitch, and game-deciding plays taking the breath out of 30,000 people until the umpire's hand is raised, and I call it beautiful baseball.

After seeing the Tribe drop a 1-0 game, then win a 1-0 game (the first time in 65 years that the Indians have split consecutive 1-0 games), I am convinced, now more than ever, that Cleveland and Boston represent two of the top teams in all of baseball.

Built on tremendous starting pitching and a balanced lineup, the teams are on a collision course with destiny to determine the AL. How the Indians and Red Sox close out the last 3 months of the season remains to be seen as a lot of baseball lies ahead of both teams.

But, on this night in late July, I count myself lucky to be able to witness what I did - baseball as an art form, as a game that ties your stomach in knots and leaves you gasping for more.