

Foul Shot

Edwin A Hoey

With two 60's stuck on the scoreboard
And two seconds hanging on the clock,
The solemn boy in the centre of eyes,
Squeezed by silence,
Seeks out the line with his feet,
Soothes his hands along his uniform,
Gently drums the ball against the floor,
Then measures the waiting net,
Raises the ball on his right hand,
Balances it with his left,
Calms it with his fingertios,
Breathes,
Crouches,
Waits,
And then through a stretching of stillness,
Nudges it upward
The ball
Slides up and out,
Lands,
Leans,
Wobbles,
Wavers, Hesitates,
Exasperates,
Plays it coy
Until every face begs with unsiunding screams
And then,
And then,
And then
Right before the ROAR-UP,
Dives down and through.