

Poetry Series

Bob Campbell
- poems -

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Bob Campbell()

Championship Game

Offense wins games
Or so they all say
but defense wins championships
a prime example today

Up by one point
just ten ticks to go
I bent awkwardly in my stance
thinking aloud- 'lets start the show'

Their top gun with the ball
He has burned us all game
But I stepped up as the water
That put out his flame

He made a jab with his foot
Trying to force me either way
But like a statue I stood
Because this was my day

The crowd silent in the stands
As the clock dwindled to three
All eyes were on him
All eyes were on me

The clock stuck on two
It was my time to show
How champions are born
Now just one second to go

He tried to shoot the game winner
But was dumbfounded
Because I just stole the ball
As the final buzzer sounded

The opposing team looked in despair
To our trophy we grasped
Green Hornets of Emmaus
Champions at last

Bob Campbell