

One shot

By Dylan Wheeler

If you had, one shot,
One opportunity,
Would the intensity be too much,
For you to handle.

Your opponents,
Some friends some not,
Are closing in on you.
And the teams fate is all you got.

The crowd sits,
Frozen in ice,
For you to release,
Or pay the price.

"Why am i here".
You ask yourself,
Just a small trophy,
Will sit on that shelf.

Or is it the ring,
That you seek.
As the ball,
Reaches its peak.

You Stare at the net,
Waiting to hear swish.
Thinking to yourself,
"Is this my wish."

But who cares,
Because most of all,
All that matters,
Is Basketball.