

PLAYING PRESENT

It was only one possession,
Why does my coach scream?
My poor 'D' allowed a basket,
But what does one hoop mean?

As the pass comes my direction,
I fumble it into the stands,
My coach's voice rings loud and
clear,
"Always use both hands!"

C'mon coach, its one possession,
Our team will be OK,
It's just the first two minutes,
I mean damn, we've got all day!

In the beginning of the 2nd quarter,
Their center is strong and stout,
He scores an easy two, quite simply
due,
From my failure to block out.
It was only one possession,
I didn't commit a crime,
My team is ahead and I'm playing
well,
And there's still plenty of time!

As the halftime buzzer sounds,
I watch the ball bank in,
I know I will hear it from my coach,
Asking why I don't defend.
But it was only one possession,
Coach – don't have a heart attack,
We're only down one and we're
having fun,
I know we'll get it back!

The 2nd half is much the same,
So it is really no big deal,
That my lazy and careless pass,
Results in an easy steal.

I quickly sink a jumper,
I'm greeted by high fives and slaps,
But the next time down, I give up a
lay-up,
While suffering a mental lapse.

It's only one possession,
C'mon coach just chill out!
It's crazy to see you so mad,
As you consistently scream and
shout:
"Victory favors the team,
Making the fewest mistakes.
Singles possessions are the key,
And will cut down their fast
breaks."

I step to the line for a one and one,
The game is in my hands.
I can't believe I missed it short,
And hear cheers from their fans.
After the game I pouted,
Knowing what I could have done,
Realizing the value of each
possession,
Rats, we lost by one.

Play hard. Play smart. Play
together... every possession.