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AP Literature and Composition

Mrs. Rutan

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Remember the Boys in Blue

The Harper faithful begin to pile in--
The buzzing of ecstatic fans and the smell of concessions
Announce themselves.

The air is filled with a nostalgic aroma.
A subtle sweat begins to glisten in the setting sun;
The opposition begins to weigh us down
With their pretentious stares.

The zebras arrive promptly: ready to throw their
Maize game ruiners.

Everything begins to rest heavier on
You as more blue piles in.

The stripes ask for the leaders; as it's time to flip the valuable coin,
Tails never fails:

The opposition nervously bites their nails.

I can feel the rubber pellets hit me in the calf
As I jog out to the 35.

Slow motion; the only thing my ears could grasp
Is my deep, heavy breaths.

The only thing visible is my breath touching
The cold, drab air.

A perception only the greatest warriors can handle:
Something that can only be understood by few.

The 1st quarter; the points come like a flood,
Out pours tears, sweat, and blood.

With bigger leads being built;
Heads will begin to fall.

The opposition's faces are now filled with dour.

With relentless effort leads can go back and forth:
Like a tied basketball in the last two minutes of the fourth.

We are on top, a lot to a little; the other team looks as
If they have nothing left.

Hope being drained like a vampire
Feasting on its prey.

The 2nd quarter; a time to play with great vigor,
To dig deeper and play for something bigger.

A time to correct the mistakes:
The whiplash received during halftime leaves deep, gashing
Scars that need to be healed.
We need to prove ourselves--
teams often become complacent after half time--
Not us.
Fresh start for the enemy;
We need to keep our foot on the gas.
Foot on the gas, much more plusses,
Harper on top: time to warm the busses.

A great team's worst enemy.
The fourth quarter can briskly transform into a
Crazy game of jenga
As teams fall apart: sometimes slowly.
A slow and timely death for the enemy,
An assured win for the boys in blue.
The blue crowd rises to their feet:
A community with an unbreakable bond.
A knee on the ground, the last seconds
Tick away...
Our foot on their necks
and the other team vexed,
A Harper Creek dub is what will follow next.