

Third Place Poetry – Elementary School

Football

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Grade: 5

School: St. Francis Xavier

As the hot sweat pours on my face,
I want to win the epic race.
Running, passing, and getting hit,
This game feels like a bottomless pit.
My undefeated team is down thirteen to seven,
Even so, this game feels like heaven.
My coach throws me in at quarterback,
With limited time, I must keep track.
It's third down and seven to go,
If we don't get a first down, our chances to win would be a no.
As I get in the huddle I say "Four Verticals number two."
Then I silently make a hopeful prayer up into the blue.
When I get in my position and say "Ready set hike!"
Right away I want to spike,
But no, I take a look deep up field
I have good blockers that work like a shield
When I see my guy open I wind up and get ready to throw
I push my sweaty arm forward, and let the ball go,
I watch it fly high, into the dark sky,
And then suddenly it hits my open guy.

Before he started to run,

I knew what happened, we crazily won.