

# Foul Shot

by Edwin A. Hoey

With two 60s stuck on the scoreboard  
And two seconds hanging on the clock,  
The solemn boy in the center of eyes,  
Squeezed by silence,  
Seeks out the line with his feet,  
Soothes his hands along his uniform,  
Gently drums the ball against the floor,  
Then measures the waiting net,  
Raises the ball on his right hand,  
Balances it with his left,  
Calms it with fingertips,  
Breathes,  
Crouches,  
Waits,  
And then through a stretching of stillness,  
Nudges it upwards.  
The ball  
Slides up and out,  
Lands,  
Leans,  
Wobbles,  
Wavers,  
Hesitates,  
Plays it coy  
Until every face begs with unsounding screams--  
And then

And then

And then,

Right before ROAR-UP,

Drives down and through.

With \_\_\_\_\_

And \_\_\_\_\_

The \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_ s \_\_\_\_\_

Then \_\_\_\_\_ s \_\_\_\_\_

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And then \_\_\_\_\_

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Until \_\_\_\_\_

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