

# *A Football Game Poem*

Wearing my kit and scarf,  
My dad says it's time to go,  
As we are on our way, I think  
Are we going to win?  
Are we going to lose?  
Are we going to keep possession?  
My head is a question machine.  
What kind of team will start for us?  
Will we go top, second or third?  
We get closer to the stadium, fans hurrying from all directions  
The pitch is dressed in its thin green T-shirt.

Passes, pace, tackling, whistles,  
Fouls for free kicks  
Throw-ins, goal kicks  
Us being the better team  
Yellow cards, red cards  
Runs down the line  
Fans screaming at the ref

Desperate to win the game  
There is despair around the stadium  
My head in my hands  
Muffled silence around me  
YES!! We scored!!  
Relaxed and relieved, I settle back into my seat  
Ready for the next wave to overcome me.

*By Oliver Adler*