

Borrowed Light

They mesmerized, energized.
I faithfully followed each step.
Big O's jumper. Cousy's behind the back.
West's one step pull-up.

And my game grew
by Their blazing light.
Out of a thousand hours soil.
Moulded to my strengths.

Can jump (but not like Big O)
so quick release.
Not Cousy quick
so fakes and shooting touch.
Kind of like West
but I can go left.

The moon became the sun.
Living a dream where
things happen no one has seen
and the crowd roars.

Then real life intervened.
Study. Marriage. Family. Job. Bad knees.
Old Age.
Real life.

And kids
who grow up
and want to play ball. Like me.
Or better yet, like Coby.

I show. Faint glow.
They faithfully follow.
One step pull-up, soft touch jumper
floater, hesitation and crossover
"old school" hook.

And then Iverson, Bryant, Carter and Co.
add their magic
to hours of toil.
My children feel their games grow.

And eventually, they will show,
while grandchildren
and I
glow.

By Bob McCue
For my kids
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