

1992

4-Square

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4-Square

The bell rings
A tidal wave of young minds,
Full of math and grammar,
Crash into the yard.

Racing to every corner, nook and cranny;
Waves rippling, giggling,
A sea of youth flowing into games
Of hop-skotch, jump rope, red-rover.

I lead the flood
Running hard, concentrating, looking
Straight down at those size 5
Zips, turning over and over.

The yellow squares loom ahead,
Bouncing closer, closer,
The red, rubber ball tucked safely away,
I'm there first, I'll serve.

I turn to face the enemy.
Three sets of soft eyes greet me
Done in mother's pink bow.
I chuckle. "Serve, stupid!" she growls.

Smack! "This will be quick," I think.
Round it goes, faster, faster
Heat caroms off the blacktop, lines blur, left, right my turn Bam!
Silence. All eyes turn to watch.

The ball floats and slowly lights back to earth.
"Hit the line, hit the line!" I plead.
"Out!" one bow jumps and moves towards my square
I stand motionless, stupified, amid the clamor.

"Give us the ball, stupid!"
"There you go," as the ball bounces twice then disappears
Behind a Winnebago parked
Down the street, stupid girls.

"Brian Joseph McAllister!" that old reptile roars
As her lizard-skin hand bites my ear,
"You can't always be the best."
"Yes I can!" I fire back, stupid teacher.

"Or at least I try to be," to myself,
As I trickle back to class.

-Trey Dunham '94