

## Celebrate – Football...or What?

To celebrate or not to celebrate,  
And, if not, why not properly elate,  
But, if so, how does one aspire thus so,  
Since football is divine to friend and foe...  
At least in dark-and-bloody ground – Kaintuck,  
Where football is more god than pluck or luck.

What could be wrong with crotch-hop, duck-walk glee  
As quarterback is maimed so merrily,  
His mangled frame, concussioned head awry,  
Transported to the ambulance nearby?

And touchdowns, whether rare or scored apace,  
Are causes that demand an "in your face,"  
Trash-talking, with that "see me" first-grade skip  
While on the end-zone multi-times roundtrip.

Chest-bangers and hip-bangers are...well...in,  
Some helmet-slaps right-on...the way to win,  
But one must take some care...not overdo,  
Lest bruises, broken bones and sprains ensue.

The gridiron is a war-zone, many say,  
Where boys acquire manhood the macho way,  
So celebrating marks the passage-rite,  
Where body contacts rough develop might.

No...celebrating is, at best, bush-league,  
Its childishness a sort of mind-fatigue  
That coaches, rather than be mentors bright,  
Allow to give the game a tinhorn blight.

But more profound than games could ever be  
Is mettle proved in war-zones...infantry...  
Or facing death in scores of others ways  
And rather than by weeks...for months of days.

The only celebrations over there  
Are held when at day's end death-lists are bare,  
When men have earned their manhood treading blood  
That turns the sands into a blackened mud.

Yes...play the game to win, and play it well,  
But gridirons are not war-zones...known as hell,  
Where fighters do not tease or taunt or boast,  
And do their job where winning means the most.