

## DROPKICK ME THROUGH THE GOALPOST

Dropkick me through the goalpost...  
It can't be worse than this is,  
The sports-scribes pen that I am toast,  
Replacement is their thesis.

There was a time when I arrived  
To see such sordid disarray,  
I hardly know how I survived  
Until this weird and woeful day.

Linebackers tackling only air  
And wide-outs running routes nowhere  
And tight ends...yes...I'm being fair –  
They lined up simply anywhere.

The guards and tackles had no clue,  
Off-sides and holding were their things,  
They never knew just what to do,  
Their quarterbacks wound up in slings.

The safeties roamed the field throughout,  
Cheerleaders' navels their concern –  
Pass-catchers could choose any route  
And simply yelled, "Burn, baby, burn!"

Dropkick me through the goalpost –  
Back then that was my only thought,  
The only thing of which to boast  
Was wretched luck that I had bought.

But then I went to work...in spades...  
I trimmed that roster down...no fat,  
I even made them make their grades,  
They hated me, if just for that.

Oh yeah, they sprinted...how they cried!  
I said, "Four-forty, that's the goal!" –  
Until...all sweat...they simply sighed  
And whispered that I had no soul.

I taught my quarterbacks to see  
The places where no back would be,  
Where they could throw incessantly  
Where wide receivers catch and flee.

I made my running backs so sound  
That never just one tackler be  
The one to bring them to the ground,  
Oh no...a gang to bend the knee!

The tackles, guards, and all the rest  
Were taught to fiercely make the play,  
That only those would be the best  
Who showed some blood at end of day.

In short, I made those suckers work,  
I taught them what it took to win,  
And when they learned they could not shirk  
They caused a win-streak to begin.

My contracts were renewed apace –  
They paid for talk-shows and much more,  
And Nike came with great good grace  
With shoes backed by greenbacks galore.

But, then, of course, often the case,  
Recruitment just went south two years,  
The N-C-A-A then gave chase –  
The A-D faced me with great fears.

It seems alumni gave some cash  
To two tight ends, with one a fool –  
He bought a car with his cool stash  
And brought probation to the school.

With scholarships brought down, the talk  
Was walk-ons were my only hope,  
But all that they could do was walk,  
And with the option could not cope.

Now, win-streaks fill a stadium  
And sell-outs are a prexy's dream,  
But fans won't stand the tedium  
When losing is the weekly theme.

Again, the quarterbacks were sacked  
And interceptions got us beat –  
A quarterback with ribs all cracked  
Can't even make a handoff neat.

With no offense and less defense  
And blocking that was simply nil,  
To say we played was just pretense –  
The A-D said we made him ill.

So back to square one...that's today,  
Of bad luck I have had the most,  
Of better days I dream and say –  
Dropkick me through the goalpost!