

I, Referee

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I stepped out with an office suit
Gearing towards a familiar place,
A known feat, to my repute
Then, I smiled, took out my whistle and hurried the phase.

I blew it, moment to moment.
As each blow reminds me of my childhood,
In which I was unable to include such that went,
And leaving my eyes on the souls I had called my own.

With every drip of sweat, as the young-blooded warriors
Perspire, there is as my eye watches them conquer
Into the center stage of both athleticism and glammers,
To hope that I had, leads nowhere.

But, their time is mine, as mine is theirs
And looking to these moments, I'll be smiling,
As pleased, not as whining, nor someone bears,
That I, referee, indeed in my labelling.