

On Court

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This mentor reaches for the white net
That hangs in the balance of pale rim.
On the other end are eyes that let
As a vision of the uniform's white fade in dim.

He sits beside the others as he waits patiently
Calling his name, tying his laces
And heartaches as it seems, did he not receive any
An endless grudge in his mug traces.

He wants to, a play of games,
A fertile ground of memories to rekindle,
When times dictate, a list of names,
A smile, a laugh to show pride and fondle.
But that did not come, as he sorry to himself.
He threw his shirt, and took out his bands,
As he once enters in his lonely shelf,
A back of hurt banishes in sands.

He, who is with fire and blaze,

Was never lightened, and in his darkest nights,
As those became gloomy days,
A sight of time that he often fights.