

99 WRITING

# My Volleyball Blues

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**TYPE**  
**POETRY**

The footsteps approaching the  
gym are as quiet as a mouse.

All you see is my teammates  
practicing.

And all you hear is the ball  
bouncing like a bomb dropping  
on land.

Standing with my teammates,  
ready to blast some power.

Missing that easy point.

Time is counting ...

5...

4...

3...

2...

1...

0...

Game is over.

We tried so hard.

Feeling mad at ourselves.

Walking to our parents, silently,

but thinking to myself,  
We can always find a way to win.  
That's what gives me the blues.