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The Soccer Senses

Green fills your sight and you wear the color of azure.  
For your team, you will play so pure.  
Dribble and pass in between the white line,  
and if you go out, you will waste precious time.  
Big netted rectangles stand at each end,  
and if you were me, you'd have to defend.  
You see people charge you, like an angry stampede,  
if you don't have courage, in this game you can't be.  
For what is a player if you can't see?

As you pull out your dirty brown cleat,  
the stench and your nose are bound to meet.  
You throw on your jersey and put up your hair,  
to cover up the smell, you spritz flowers into the air.  
You dash to the field with your head held high.  
Breath in the fresh air and let out a sigh.  
Once the game starts, you will have no time,  
for your nose will be breathing, smelling is no prime.  
Paying no attention to yourself smelling like grime.

When you get on that field, you yell out positions,  
because once on that field, you're on a mission.  
You hear the first whistle, let out a scream,  
and when you hear that, you're now a team.  
"I'm open" and "here" fill the air,  
to hear the field silent is very rare.  
The crowd yells at the top of their lungs,  
the word "goal" is at the tip of their tongues.  
And to call half time, the whistle is sung.

When the game is back to a start,  
 players and coaches take their marks.  
 The ball is struck and flies towards your face,  
 even a collision with your head does not slow your pace.  
 You feel the ball flowing through your feet.  
 Opponents shoulders and yours are going to meet.  
 Kicking and pushing make it a game,  
 and sometimes when the ref calls, you are to blame.  
 For getting hurt in the game brings no shame.

The bittersweet taste on the top of your lip  
 is the taste of salt you get with every sip.  
 Water at this point has never seemed so great,  
 it's like we were destined for glorious fate.  
 With a savor so cold and so pure,  
 throughout the game, it has had it's lure.  
 At the end, when it's all said and done,  
 and the precious victory has been won,  
 I hope you would say it was a lot of fun.

### Apostrophe Hand Poem Reflection

My poem puts the reader into a pair of soccer cleats and lets them experience the game for themselves; they also endure the sensation of all five imagery elements that actual players experience during a game I started with visual imagery because, of course, that's the first thing that comes to mind when describing something. As the game goes on, I take the reader on an imaginary trip around the field and through the game.

- I. My first stanza-- devoted to visual imagery-- is an introduction, not only to the game, but also to what the player/ reader sees. I describe the field without saying it's a field, without saying the lines are out-of-bound lines, or even saying the netted objects are goals. I also included color to help with the reader's vision of the terrain, so I would not have to plainly say it was only a *field*. I made this poem a little personal, adding the color of the jersey (blue), symbolizing the color of Harper Creek, the team I play for. I ended this stanza implying that sight is the most important sense for playing soccer-- or any sport, that is.

- II. The second stanza is meant to describe the activity before the game, along with the smells that come with it. I discuss the grotesque odor of cleats-- that every sports player can understand-- and I add how the player tries to cover it up by spraying perfume. The breath of fresh air before a game is the story-telling theme letting the reader know they are on the field and ready for the game, but the last few sentences make all of this seem unimportant. In all reality, during a game, you are too focused on playing to take in the account the sense of smell.
- III. My third stanza is all about auditory imagery and the sounds on the field. Yelling from players and the crowd fill the air and the field is never silent, whistles signal the start or end of the game-- you have to listen to understand. I used this stanza on auditory imagery to demonstrate how important communication is during the game. Communicating lets other players know if you can take a pass or if they're open themselves. Beside from visual, auditory imagery is the most important sense.
- IV. This stanza, the fourth, is the most physical-- what soccer is all about; I used tactile imagery to help the reader envision kicking the ball, pushing opponents and the feeling of dribbling the ball through the field. To go along with the physical action, I added how you can get called out by a ref. I used words like "struck" and "collision" to make this stanza feel like you're actually feeling something.
- V. My last stanza-- in my opinion-- is the best sense (gustatory) for a conclusion. I mean, at the end of a long workout, you can't help but to taste the sweat rolling into your mouth (gross, but it happens). And also the sweet, savory, refreshing taste of water is what you've been longing for since the first few minutes of exercise; water and sweat make a great conclusion because it's all you're focused on after a long, excruciating, game. And at the end of it all, it was all worth it because you had fun.