

Crossover

By Kwame Alexander

The Sportscaster

JB likes to taunt and

trash talk

during games

like Dad

used to do

when he played.

When I walk onto

the court

I prefer silence

so I can

Watch

React

Surprise.

I talk too,

but mostly

to myself,

like sometimes

when I do

my own
play-by-play
in my head.

Josh's Play-by-Play

It's game three for the two-and-oh Wildcats.

Number seventeen, Vondie Little, grabs it.

Nothing *little* about that kid.

The Wildcats have it,
first play of the game.

The hopes are high tonight at
Reggie Lewis Junior High.

We destroyed Hoover Middle
last week, thirty-two to four,
and we won't stop,
can't stop,

till we claim the championship trophy.

Vondie overhead passes me.

I fling a quick chest pass to my twin brother, JB,
number twenty-three, a.k.a. the Jumper.

I've seen him launch it from thirty feet before,
ALL NET.

That boy is special, and it doesn't hurt

that Chuck “Da Man” Bell is his father.

And mine, too.

JB bounces the ball back to me.

JB’s a shooter, but I’m sneaky

and silky as a snake-

and you thought my hair was long.

I’m six feet, all legs.

OH, WOW- DID YOU SEE THAT NASTY CROSSOVER?

Now you see why they call me Filthy.

Folks, I hope you got your tickets,

because I’m about to put on a show.