

Bageled

Steven S

The score was 6-0, 5-0,  
And you thought to yourself "Oh, no",  
You dropped your head in shame,  
And hoped to get just one game,  
You felt nervousness coming from within,  
You didn't really want to win,  
You just wanted one game, or two,  
Or maybe even a few.  
You walked up to the line,  
Thinking, "Maybe I should just resign".  
You said, "I know, I'll put some curve on this serve,  
Maybe he won't see it swerve".  
You hit the ball and followed through,  
It was as clear as day that you didn't know what to do.  
Your opponent returned it down the line, as you watched in pain,  
And said, "There goes another point down the drain."  
The next point turned out the same,  
And you thought "Wow, I really need to win this game".  
You felt like that was the millionth point you'd come up short,  
And you knew, two more of those and you would have to leave that court.  
You served the ball with all your might,  
But your opponent put up too good of a fight.  
"Great, its match point," you said.  
Now you had even more to dread.  
You stepped up to the line one last time,  
And thought to yourself, "beating someone like this should be a crime".  
So you served the ball and ran to the net,  
You hoped you didn't just do something you would regret.  
Your opponent lobbed it over your head,  
You tried to hit a tweener, but you wiffed the ball instead.  
You were embarrassed so you chuckled,  
But then it occurred to you that you had just been bageled.