

Memories of Cheer

By Hannah B

A shiver runs up and down my spine

As I take a breath and stand in line.

I can feel my body shaking lightly.

I can hear the crowd grow softer slightly.

My hair's in place; my eyes are aglitter.

Inside my heart I feel a flutter.

The beats of the music pulse through the floor.

I can barely take it anymore.

We spring into motion, across the court.

Gliding, smiling, it's all in the sport.

Positions taken, we keep our eyes down.

We begin to move as the rhythms pound.

My legs, my arms spring into dance.

I feel like I'm caught within a trance.

We're passionate, excited, and cheering proud.

We're raising up our voices loud.