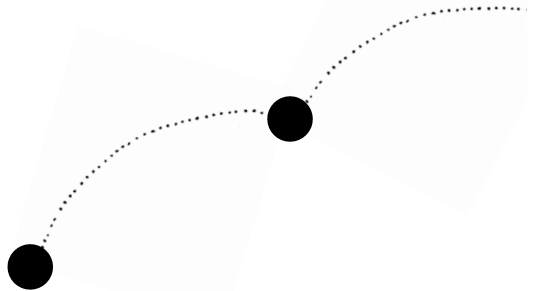


REBOUND

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For Mommy

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Looking Back

It was the summer
when Now and Laters

cost a nickel
and *The Fantastic Four*,

a buck.

When I met

Harriet Tubman
and the Harlem Globetrotters.

1

It was the hottest summer
after the coldest winter ever,

when a storm shattered
my home

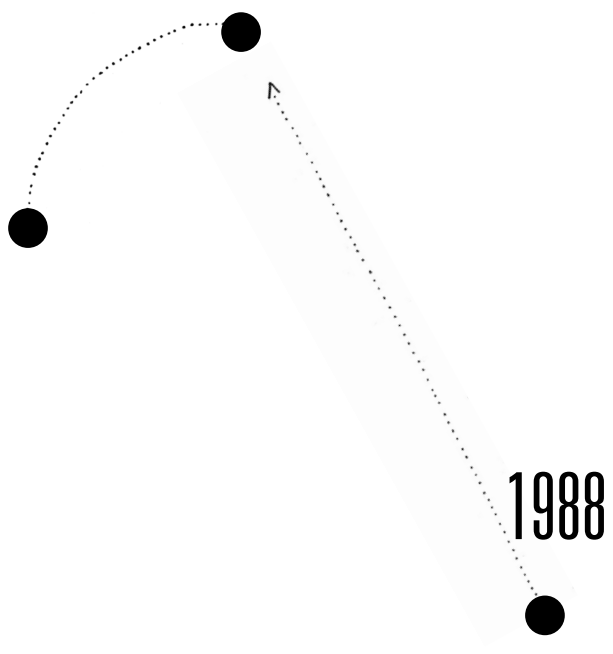
into a million little pieces
and soaring above

the sorrow and grief
seemed impossible.

It was the summer of 1988,
when basketball gave me wings

and I had to learn
how to rebound

on the court.
And off.



May 28, 1988

The game is on
at the park.

The stars are out.
It's close to dark.

Hoop Kings

SOARing

in the *SKY*

so high

so fly

like they Got Wings

5

(it's like the blacktop

is a box**SPRING**)

Hey, Charlie, you see what he did with that THING!

my best friend, Skinny, yells

T

W

I

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N

G and *WHIRLING* the ball

so sweet

it's like a bee s t i n g

(Ouch!)

He just Swished

in your *Face*.

Stung you like

a can of *mace*

These boys so fly

they're outta **SPACE!**

C'mon, Charlie, I got next. Let's hoop, Skinny says,

jumping up from the sidewalk.

Nah, I gotta get home for dinner, I lie.

I used to play H.O.R.S.E.

against my father, and sometimes I won, but when I tried playing on a team, I'd get too nervous to shoot, too scared of the ball (like the time I missed a pass and got hit upside the head).

Sometimes, I wish

I was a superhero,
superfly
like Quicksilver
speed-racing
down the court
sleek as a sports car
faster than NASCAR,
leaving all my sadness
in the dust—far,
far away
from now.

8

Wish I could soar
score
throw down
a monster dunk
like I was Thor.

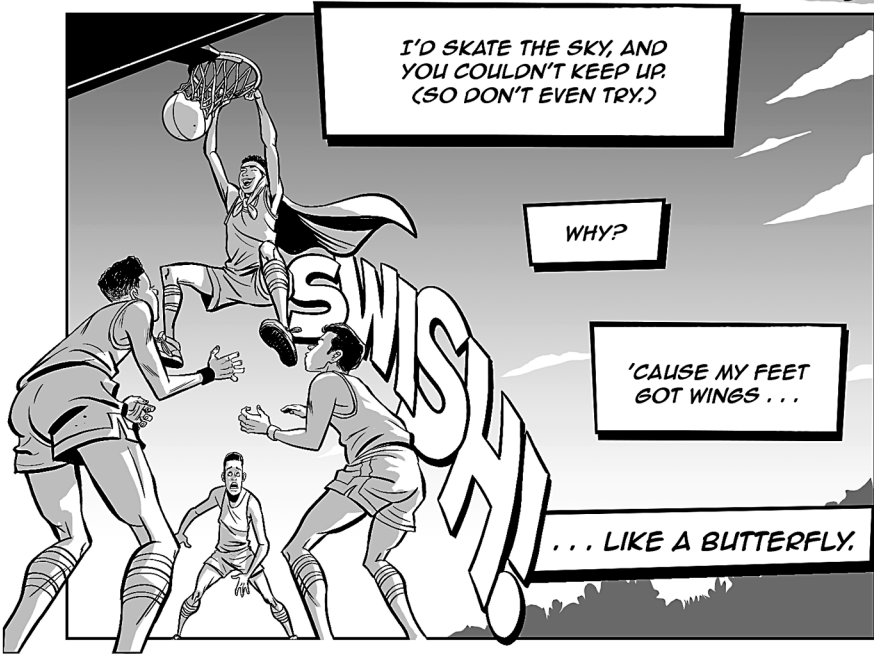
Wish I could elevate
my name
with game so good
it's hall of fame!

Wish I could forget
all the pain.

Yeah, that's what I wish . . .



IF I HAD THE RIGHT SHOES,
CHARLIE BELL WOULD NEVER LOSE.
AIR JORDAN IIIs WOULD BE MY MUSE.
AND THESE ZIPS WOULD BE OLD NEWS.



I'D SKATE THE SKY, AND
YOU COULDN'T KEEP UP.
(SO DON'T EVEN TRY.)

WHY?

'CAUSE MY FEET
GOT WINGS ...

... LIKE A BUTTERFLY.

