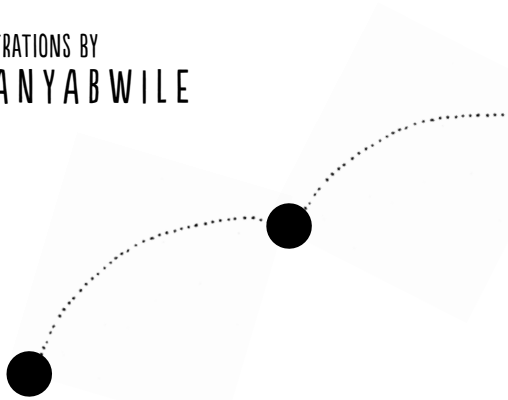
REBOUND

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DAWUD ANYABWILE





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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.

It was the hottest summer
after the coldest winter ever,

when a storm shattered
my home

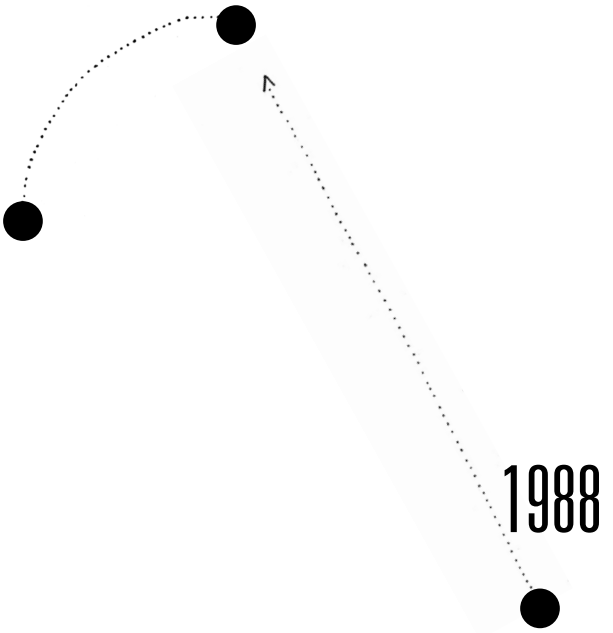
into a million little pieces
and soaring above

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.


1988

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
(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
R
L
I
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.