THE CROSS

For Samayah and Jackson-Leroi
—K.A.

I dedicate this book to the memory of my high school art teacher and mentor, the late Mr. Bernard Harmon—Central High School of Philadelphia. Thank you for your guidance, patience, and instruction.
—D.A.

This edition first published in Great Britain in 2020 by
Andersen Press Limited
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road
London SW1V 2SA
www.andersenpress.co.uk

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

First published in the United States of America in 2019 by
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt

Published by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company, and Rights People, London

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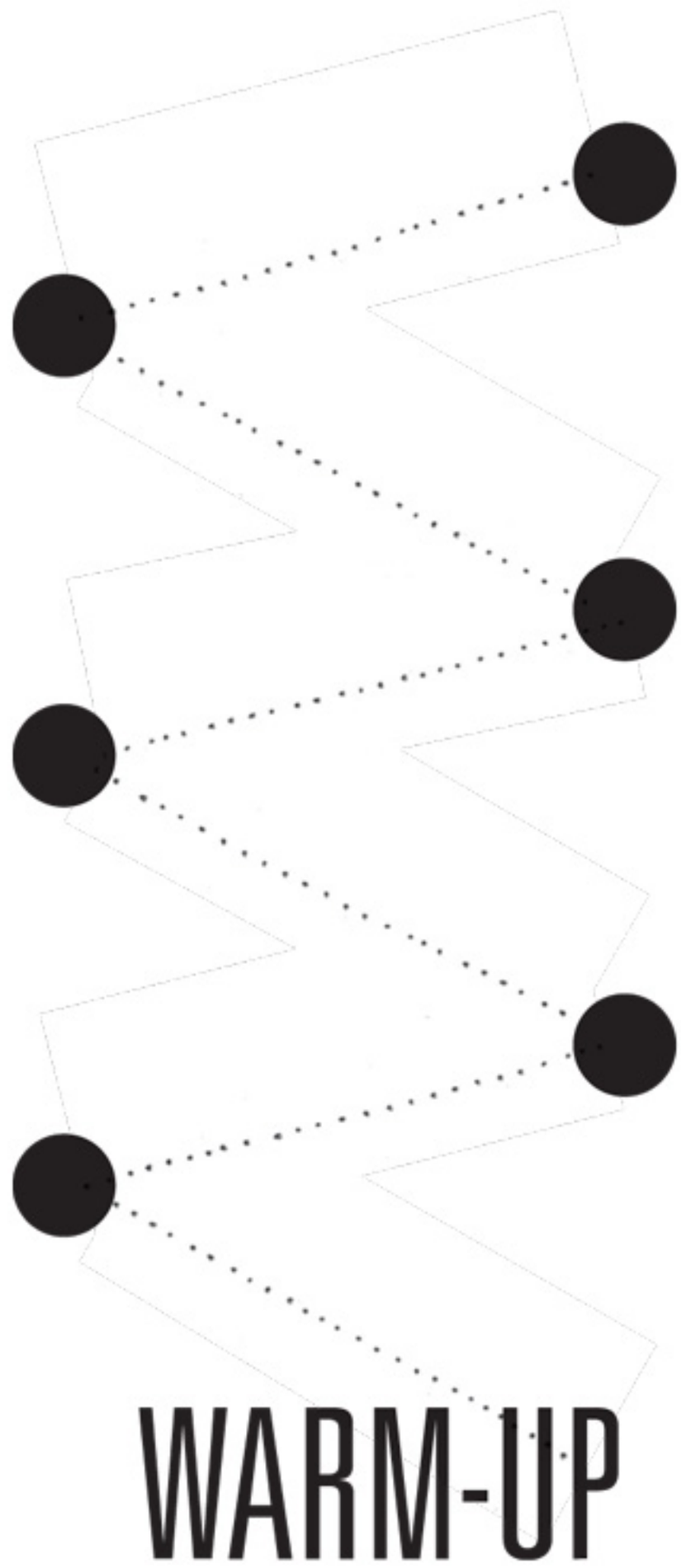
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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data available

ISBN 978 1 78344 959 0

Printed and bound in Italy by Elcograf



WARM-UP


WILDCATS
5

DRIBBLING

AT THE TOP OF THE KEY, I'M
MOVING & GROOVING,
POPPING AND ROCKING—

WHY YOU BUMPING?

WHY YOU LOCKING?
MAN, TAKE THIS THUMPING.

BE CAREFUL THOUGH, 'CAUSE NOW I'M CRUNKING

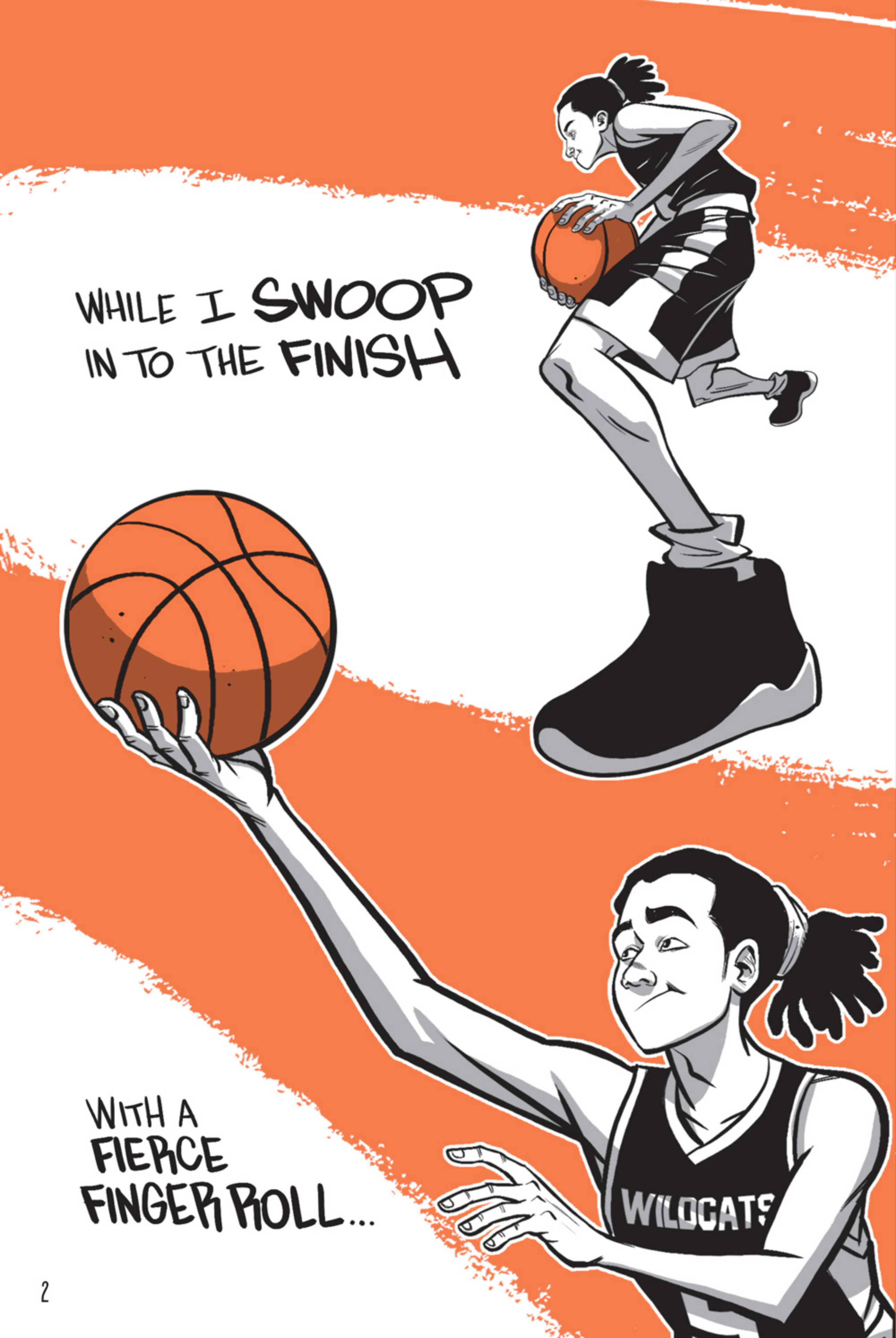
CRISSCROSSING
FLOSSING

FLIPPING AND MY DIPPING
WILL LEAVE YOU

SLIPPING

ON THE
FLOOR,

WHILE I SWOOP
IN TO THE FINISH



WITH A
FIERCE
FINGER ROLL...

STRAIGHT IN THE HOLE!

SWOOSH!

JOSH BELL
IS MY NAME.



BUT FILTHY McNASTY IS MY CLAIM TO FAME.

FOLKS CALL ME THAT 'CAUSE MY GAME'S
ACCLAIMED,

SO DOWNRIGHT
DIRTY,

IT'LL PUT YOU
TO SHAME.

MY HAIR IS
LONG,

MY HEIGHT'S
TALL.





SEE, I'M THE NEXT KEVIN DURANT

LEBRON

AND CHRIS PAUL.

REMEMBER THE GREATS, MY DAD LIKES TO GLOAT:

I BALLED WITH MAGIC AND THE GOAT.

BUT TRICKS ARE FOR KIDS, I REPLY.

DON'T NEED YOUR PETS MY GAME'S SO FLY.

MOM SAYS, YOUR DAD'S OLD SCHOOL, LIKE AN OL' CHEVETTE.

YOU'RE FRESH AND NEW, LIKE A RED CORVETTE.

YOUR GAME SO SWEET,

IT'S A CRÊPES SUZETTE.

EACH TIME YOU **PLAY**

IT'S

ALLLLLLLL

NET.

IF ANYONE ELSE CALLED ME **FRESH** AND **SWEET**,

I'D BURN MAD AS A **FLAME**. BUT I KNOW SHE'S ONLY TALKING ABOUT MY **GAME**.

SEE, WHEN I PLAY BALL, I'M ON **FIRE**.

WHEN I SHOOT, I **INSPIRE**.

THE HOOP'S FOR SALE, AND I'M THE **BUYER**.