

**By Samiya Bashir**

if this is a game then we have made it, unknowing,  
to the final four. unlikely underdogs. spectators turned  
to suspect sport. anti-athletes. out of shape beyond reason.

at season's height we fight for a limited audience. few dancers.  
fewer cheers. down by 30 and our coach m.i.a. we, foolish, dribble.  
each bounce-back brings a stranger. can't call us for traveling because

we ain't going nowhere. instead, we trade terrified looks. search  
for the pass but no one stays open for long. even if we knew what to do  
to pull this through we've got two other teams waiting, impatient, to take us out.

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