

## Soccer Poetry

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### THEY ARE ONLY CHILDREN!

Don't curse the athletes down there.  
They are our children, you see.  
They are only just children you know.  
They mean a lot to me.  
We did not raise our children, dear fan,  
For you to call them names.  
They may not be super stars,  
It's just a soccer game.  
So please don't curse those children down there,  
They never tried to lose a game,  
They're children and you're a fan.  
The game belongs to them, you see,  
You are just a guest.  
They don't need a fan like you,  
They need the very best.  
If you have nothing nice to say,  
Please the athletes alone,  
And if you have no manners,  
Why don't you stay at home.  
So please don't curse those children down there,  
Each one's a parent's daughter or son.  
Win or lose or tie, you see,  
To us they're number one.

(Reprint from the Oxford Standard)

### Soccer Mom

She drives around the Countryside  
With kids and balls and gear  
to sit for hours and freeze her hide  
Her Spirit knows no fear  
She keeps the Schedules, gives the rides and always lends an ear  
She's always right there on the side  
in time to catch a tear  
And while she cheers to praise the team  
She prays to just be warm  
But knows she's hooked Upon the game  
Cause she's a Soccer Mom