

## Hockey

Our changeroom lights up in our cold, dark rink

I hear the crowd filling in to take their seat

The ice a canvas, my skates the chisel, carving lines not ink

My shift begins when the puck is dropped,

The face off a defeat

My blood flows hot, I hear the coach howl

I see the net looming, as my stick rears back,

The echo of a clap, the swish of their net, a cheer rises up, with the goalies regret

A moment of joy reflected by sorrow

It depends on the colour you wear, courage you borrow

The final whistles blows, the ice is clear

A victory sweet, the crowds loud cheer

Thirst is quenched, with a victorious sip

A game well fought, a champions grip

For hockey is not just what we play

It's life in motion, it's night and day

