“Foul Shot” by Edwin A Hoey

With two 60s stuck on the scoreboard and two seconds hanging on the clock, the solemn boy in the center of eyes, squeezed by silence, seeks out the line with his feet, soothes his hands along his uniform, gently drums the ball against the floor, then measures the waiting net, raises the ball on his right hand, balances it with his left, calms it with fingertips, breathes, crouches, waits, and then through a stretching of stillness, nudges it upward. The ball slides up and out, lands, leans, wobbles, wavers, hesitates, exasperates, plays it coy until every face begs with unsounding screams—and then, and then, and then, right before ROAR-UP, dives down and through.