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3-Man Weave: Learning to Braid

and since we’re talking about braiding,
nothing bound the team tighter
than a 3-man weave

traveling the full length
of the court without traveling
and without ever dropping the ball

a scoop pass placed perfectly
into the pocket
of your teammate elbows as you fold in behind
him
the pill never really leaves
the middle of the floor,
movement stitches in between

3 players a continuous backdoor cut,
staying in sync
dishing again and again

and again until
it’s your turn to drop the layup at the basket
and effortlessly someone grabs
the rebound before the rock
touches ground

and you weave back the same way
you came somehow
even though Eric is the fastest
on the team and you took
a wing spot and so did Eddie and you
know you’re the slowest
of this group

but keep up the pace
and Eric is childish but also only 12 and you’re
only 13 and slow but a good shooter

but not fast enough to stay
with him on a fast break
like the one time he stutter stepped and
you fell and everyone laughed
at your broken ankles including
your father who joked

*basketball is a standing sport*
you know if you miss a dime
or an underhand it means

the whole team might run
and this is the first team you’ve been
a part of so you try your hardest
to not make any mistakes on this drill
you are so perfect
the floor becomes 3 swift channels of
water pushing currents
the length of the hardwood
and your father has nothing
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to yell about this time because for once
you didn’t fuck up the drill for once you didn’t fuck up.