Multiplayer

R6, that’s my name if you don’t know me,

Keon, if you do.

KK, if we played league football together,

Bum, only if you’re my bro.

 “Bum” back at you, bro.

Oh ya, and there’s my cousin Sam, he calls me his bro.

We’ve A Poet’s Nature, Homeric guess you could call it.

It’s the two of us who first discovered

Peace in gaming’s heroic violence,

Unfriending all invasive non-virtual realities – paternity suits, politics, pandemics,

any and all subspecies of ugly human ignominy –

Well, except for the occasional trash talkers.

 Diego: Wonder what it’s like to be arrested for bein black?

 Me: Better than being called illegal alien.

But no offense meant, none taken.

Send an invite, join the party,

Is how we keep in TOUCH,

And it’s game on!

Carry me? I’m plat-ranked, I’ll carry you!

 Why you want to bully me, you can catch these hands.

 I’m putting you on mute.

Come on, you can clutch it.

You choked, delete the game.

 Hold it together, stop raging.

Yo, try-hard, you’re cracked...Epic!

I’m lagging, lasered from the back—

Don’t lose it, keep control, focus to win...until we don’t.

But it’s all okay,

Time for homework anyway.

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