

Who Understands Dedication But Us?

By: Thomas Kall

1 We fry on the lot until we are golden-brown, like sizzling bacon on a red-hot stove,
2 We suffer through aching joints, grateful for any respite.
3 We constantly see each other, so we build friendships and trust.
4 We play all day, painting a beautiful picture in the air,
5 We push each other each other to do more, like a colony of resilient ants
6 We work together all day, but we only become stronger because of it,
7 We work for victory,
8 We work for success.
9 Who would understand this dedication but us?
10 Who would understand a sacrifice for art but us?

11 My paints so white they are almost blue
12 My jacket so stiff I feel like I am stuck in jello
13 The burning bright lights doing nothing to make me stand out
14 My stomach turns into a hive of angry bees,
15 But when I am all set up, everything stops.
16 Thump thump, THUMP THUMP, my heart beating loud enough to fill the stadium,
17 The music starts and I am terrified
18 I take my first steps and I feel like I am two again
19 My mind a blank, I forgot what I am doing, my body doing the work for me
20 Putting my instrument up to play, I am petrified of how I will perform.
21 Our sound bounces all around the stadium, and we sound like we never have.
22 We finish our first movement and the crowd goes insane, but we are not done yet.
23 Step after step, direction change and another, I am nailing everything
24 My self consciousness goes away, and I am a strong ox and a graceful ballerina
25 The hardest part of the show is still to come, but I am ready for it.
26 Playing as loud as I can, sprinting sideways with my shoulders to the audience,
27 I gasp for breath after breath, inhaling as loud as a lion's roar.
28 I begin to sweat so much it is like there is a hurricane under my hat
29 Players start to drop out of the sound, like ducks getting shot in mid-air
30 I worry that our sound is not loud enough, that we will fall short
31 Then, as if everyone read my mind, we suddenly burst the glass in the dome
32 I play the hardest and best I ever have, trying hard to keep from smiling
33 Trumpets lead the brass as they tilt their horns to the box, then all sound stops
34 I look around and see seniors in tears because of all their hard work created.
35 We march off the field feeling extremely proud and emotional as we await results
36 The crowd is 100 times larger than before, everyone in the stadium ready to know
37 I am surrounded by friends and champions as our hard work has finally paid off,
38 For who would understand this dedication but us?

Simile: stanza 1, line 1; stanza 2, lines 12, and 27-29

Metaphor: stanza 1, lines 5; stanza 2, lines 14 and 24

Alliteration: stanza 2, line 20

Onomatopoeia: stanza 2, line 16

Hyperbole: stanza 2, line 31

Repetition: image of heat and pain (stanza 1, lines 1-3) and fear of what lies ahead (stanza 2, lines 14-18)

Idea of teamwork/unification (stanza 1, lines 3-10, and again in stanza 2, lines 35-38), my personal performance (stanza 2, lines 11-20), determination (stanza 2, lines 22-25),

Word "we" (stanza 1, lines 1-8)

Phrase "we work" (stanza 1, lines 6-8)

Parallelism: simile constant (stanza 2, lines 27-29), simple sentence structure (stanza 1, lines 7-10), and complex sentence structure (stanza 2, lines 30-32),