

# Thanking My Team

September 23, 2018

Well, it's football season again and already teams are vying for supremacy across the leagues. Rejuvenated high school, college and professional establishments are now emerging from the shadows as the new powerhouses for today, with their fresh game plans and versatile players. The old dynasties, who were once synonymous with winning for so many years, are now imploding under aging players/coaches, outdated playbooks or controlling hierarchy. Far from the action and deep within my solitary unit, inmates aggressively argue back and forth about whose squad is hot and whose squad is not – almost to the point of mass hysteria. Even so, I find myself spinning this excitement of change in our beloved pastime, to the shift of progress being made in society as a whole. Using football terminology to express my scenario, I would like to introduce a team to be reckoned with... Team Solidarity! Affectionately known as "The Solids."

You see, as part of this *Team* that consists of *Players* from "both" sexes, "all" races and "any" age – we have come into this serious *game* of Universal Justice with *fresh legs* of ideas ourselves, that *challenge* the *strong arm* dogma's of "the establishment." From taking up new *positions* on the *offensive line* of awareness, to formulating a precise *defense* for social change... We're all doing our part to *move the pile*. Despite being *sacked* myself by the *dirty player* that is the P.I.C... Resulting in an *injury* to the cause, for I will be *sidelined* for the rest of the *season* (I'm on solitary status for 18 months)... My *teammates* have shown *good sportsmanship* by wearing my *jersey number* symbolically and flashing *props* (letters) in the *stands* for the *crowd* (my oppressors) to see. I would like to take this *time-out* to *streak* across the *field* and thank you all for your support, encouraging words, and soul-quenching *Gatorade*. Oops, there's a *flag*... Everyone's mental *security* just *blitzed* me as the image of my buttocks flashed on their *jumbo-trons*! I'm being escorted off the *field of play* now with a *yard* long smile! HA!

Let's *resume play*, shall we? As we *zigzag* and *dart* between the *tackles* of oppressiveness and *sprint* and *juke* away from the clutches of *defeat*, let's continue to move *blockers* out of the way until we *touchdown* on every *play* of social justice. The *favorites* are still *drawing up* schemes that used to work, but the *underdogs* are *running up the score* now and we won't stop! As long as we continue to *huddle-up* and learn our *routes*, we can finally *score* on key points we so compassionately *champion* for... A level *playing field* for all! Of course, there are still those old *dynasty owners* of oppression who we're *scrimmaging* against in *overtime*, but they're in a *fantasy league* of their own if they think we won't *go for it* on *fourth and inches* or won't make a *goal-line stand* for what we believe in. "The Solids" will not only persevere on this *winning drive*, but we will also find more *fans rooting* for us to *win*. How can we *lose* when the world is *watching*, and becoming more aware of the many *penalties* we face for being steadfast in our push for change? People are glad to be out there *cheering* us on today and their *attendance* at social awareness *pep-rallies* and *pep-talks* is growing. No matter what cause you *suit-up* for – stay focused, *play your position*, and we will *undisputedly* come out *victors*! Continue to "go out there and show 'em what you got" – despite the *titles* they have. Our *championship* is on the horizon and we will "all" be *hall-of-famers* for the *positions* we played. Big movements, small movements = It's all about improvements! *Go Solids Go!*

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