

My Son Has Joined The Wrestling Team

My son has joined the wrestling team, I don't know what to say,
I fear that he will stink like sweat, after practice every day,
I wish my son would play a game, or shoot a bouncing ball,
Instead he joined the wrestling team, which has no class at all.

My son is watching all he eats, he eats the foods he hates,
He knows what foods are good for him, he has to cut some weight.
He works to learn reversals, and take downs that are planned,
Hand control and when to shoot, and how to pin his man.

His uniform's a singlet, and a thing he calls "head" gear,
That's all there is, no pads, no fuss, or fancy stuff to wear.
He talks about his wrestle-offs, and how to take men down,
He shoots, he pins, he's ready, for any kid in town.

Before I have a chance to cheer, they twist and turn so fast,
My son is eating rubber, with his face upon the mat.
The buzzer sounds and I'm relieved, to see it's at an end,
But no, he hasn't finished yet, he takes the stance again.

They shouldn't make him do it, I think he's had enough,
Why does he grovel on his knees, to prove that he is tough.
The referee is watching, each and every move he makes,
My son must know the rules, or learn from his mistakes.

He cannot cheat or hurt his man, or dare to throw a fit,
The ref will give away a point, without discussing it.
With every muscle straining, he tries his best to win,
Perseverance is the key, if he wants to make that pin.

Adversity can't keep him down, they roll and bridge and turn,
My son has found persistence, a lesson he must learn.
His companion's endurance, as he strives until the end,
And if he has the guts, determination is his friend.

It takes a lot of courage, and a certain kind of grit,
Self-reliance, spunk and luck, are all a part of it.
Each wrestler must give his all, no matter what the cost,
His gain will be tenacity, even if he's lost.

And when the match is over, the wrestlers will shake hands,
Good sportsmanship's expected, from every wrestling man,
My son has joined the wrestling team, I'm proud to tell you why,
He's learned the things that make a man, and make a mother cry.