

Year 8 & 9

The Football Ghosts

By Gerard Benson

At night when the stadium is empty,
When the grass in the moonlight is silver grey,
When the goals look like hungry fishing nets
It is then the old ghosts play.

When all the crisp packets and fag-ends
And the drink cans have been swept up,
And the crowd has left, and the gates are locked,
They play for the Phantom Cup,

Thin clouds drift across the face of the moon,
The grass stirs, a preeping whistle sounds,
And silent invisible spectators
Throng the deserted stands.

And twenty-two ghosts in long-legged shorts
Dance the ball across the silvered grass,
A ball you can almost see, the old game –
Run, dribble and pass.

Pale shades and shadows, heroes of bygone days,
Under the gaze of the moon, sidestep and swerve,
And crowds silently cheer as the ball floats
Goalwards in an unseen curve.