

## **PRIDE ●**

Carson Pytell

I remember once, at a fourth of July party,  
You mentioning to me how proud your daughter  
Made you when, after she didn't make the final cut  
For the softball team, she begged and pleaded with  
The coach to reconsider, to assign her any position  
At all, even as benchwarmer. Eventually he caved.

You said it was a display of her drive, of her passion,  
Her undeniable desire to play the game she loved  
Which brimmed you with such pride and satisfaction,  
Oblivious to the fact that all she really wanted was  
To socialize. All her friends made the team.

It struck me as odd that you really were downright gleeful  
About it, that an embarrassing moment to anyone else,  
Or at least to me, was to you a cause for joy.  
Honestly, if it had been my kid who tried and failed,  
I'd have been more than content, probably proud as you,  
Knowing my child knew when they just weren't good  
enough.