

**Junior Winner
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Largy College, Clones, Co. Monaghan**

The GAA is in our hearts

Less than a minute remains on the clock,
As I tighten my lace and turn down my sock.
One last chance it's all down to me,
It must be a goal for we needed all three.

I step up to the ball and look at the posts,
Is that the crowd I hear or is it the ghosts.
For the people before me who have faced the same test,
And never once failed to give it their best.

My father he gave me the love of it all,
When he guided my arms to strike the first ball.
A Hurley a football, it's the same thing to me,
It's playing the game that matters you see.

A few steps to the ball, now it seems like a mile
But a well-placed shot and I will be carried in style
On shoulders of team mates Expression their joy.

My feet pound the ground, my foot sends the ball,
It sails through the air over men who are tall.
Then dipping and curling, it finds the goal,
And just for one moment I'm in touch with my soul.