

Runner-Up Senior Category
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The GAA is at the heart of who we are

"It's like breathing"

Words my grandfather had planted into my father and now into me

Something that is born in every Irish heart

Like seeds being sowed at spring time

We are scattered, one by one

Across every border

Every county

Every hometown

I can still feel

The leather football clasped in my hands beating like a drum

Footsteps pacing across the pitch to the thud of my chest

When the whistle is blown I become one

With the field

Like leaves blowing in the wind I am free

Upended,

Tumbling, rolling

But there is happiness

The mud that is caked into our skin feels like a favorite shade of paint

And the screams from the stand that melt into one somehow remind me of father

"It's like breathing"

Every stadium, every match, every game played feels like a home away from home

And the pieces fall into place