



Dear Basketball,
From the moment
I started rolling my dad's tube socks



And shooting imaginary
Game-winning shots



In the Great Western Forum
I knew one thing was real:
To my spirit & soul



As a six-year-old boy
Deeply in love with you
I never saw the end of the tunnel



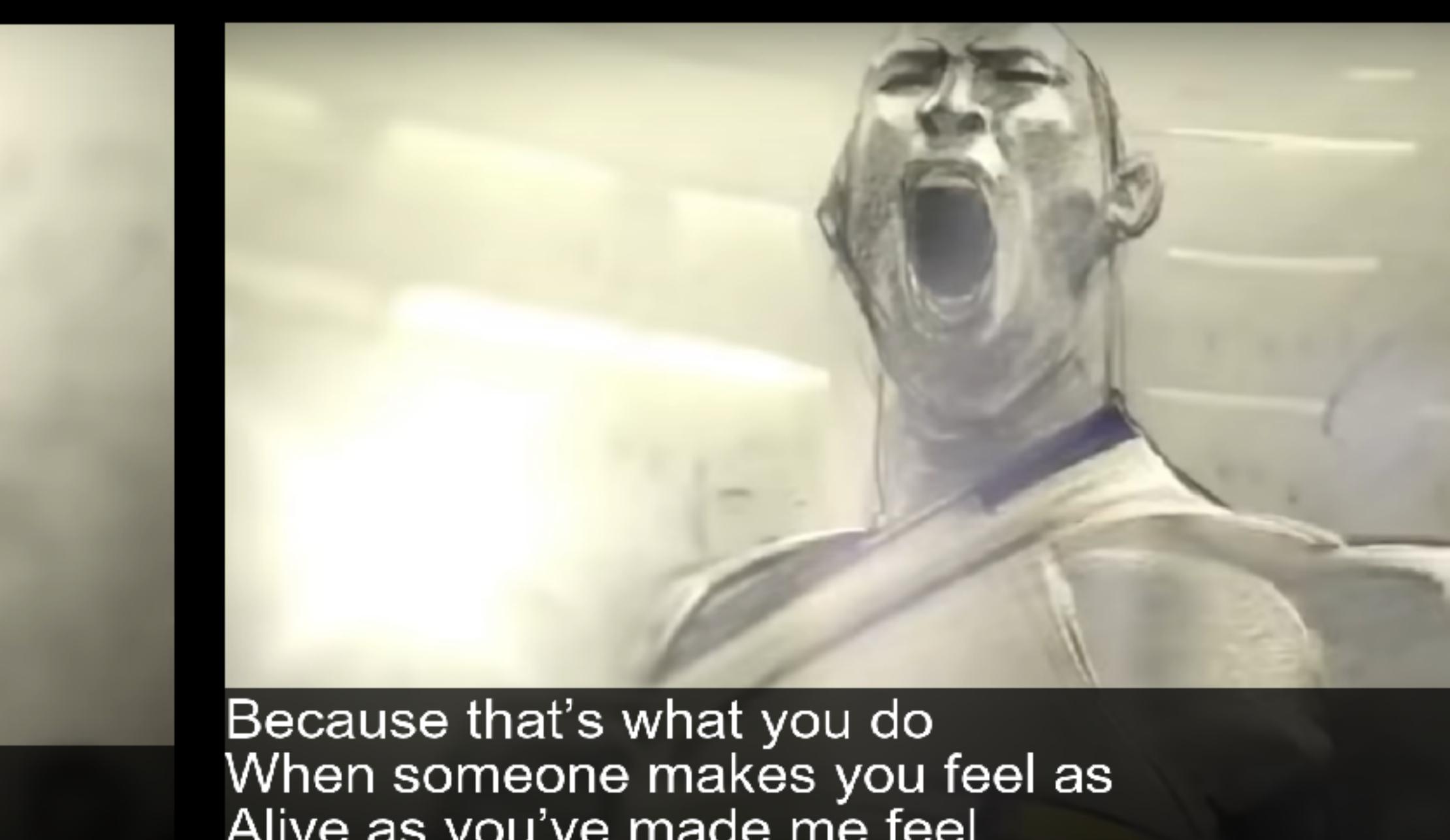
I only saw myself
Running out of one



And so I ran.
You asked for my hustle
I ran up and down every court
I gave you my heart
After every loose ball for you.
Because it came with so much more



I played through the sweat and hurt
Not because challenge called me



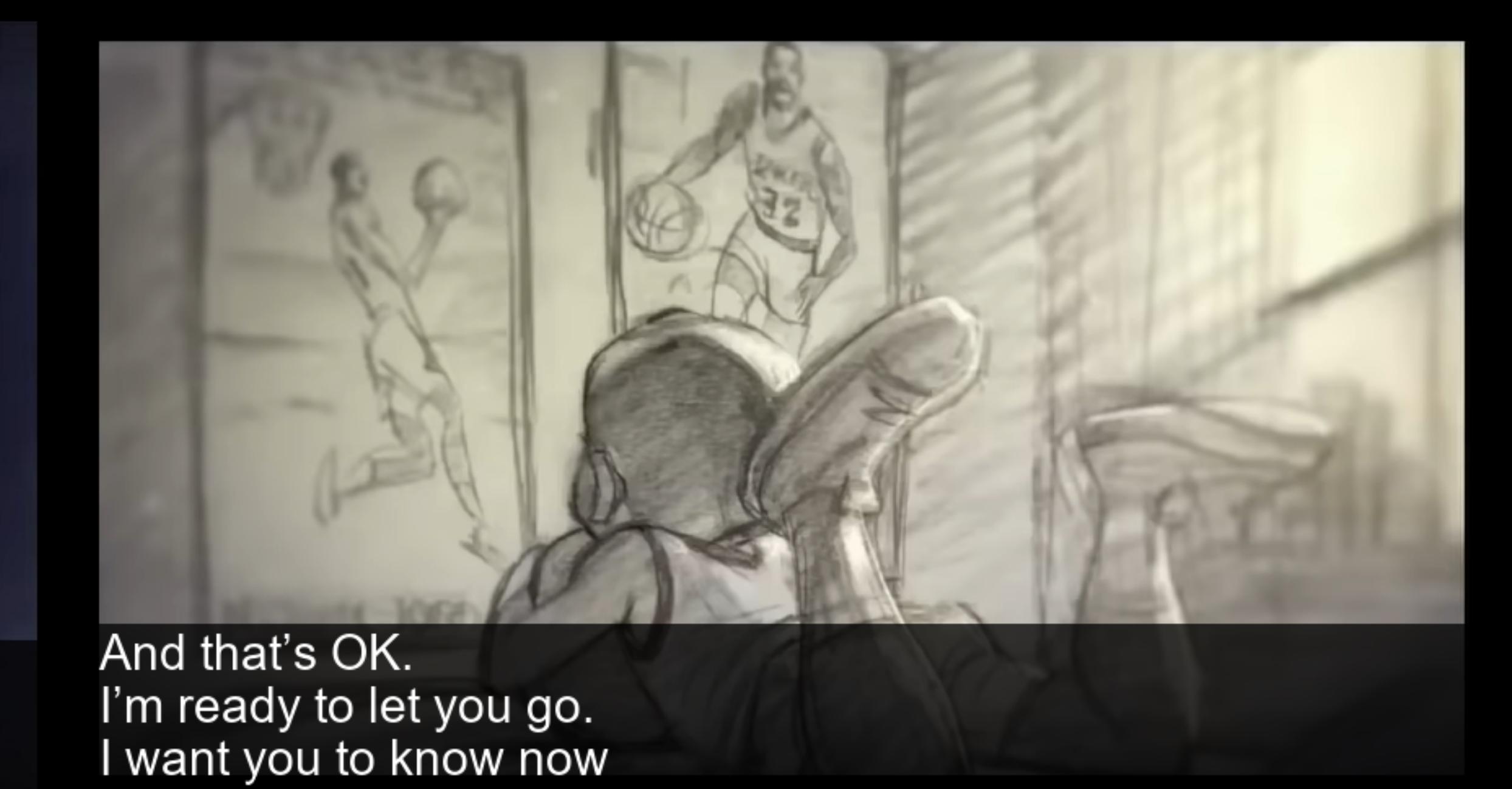
But because YOU called me.
I did everything for YOU



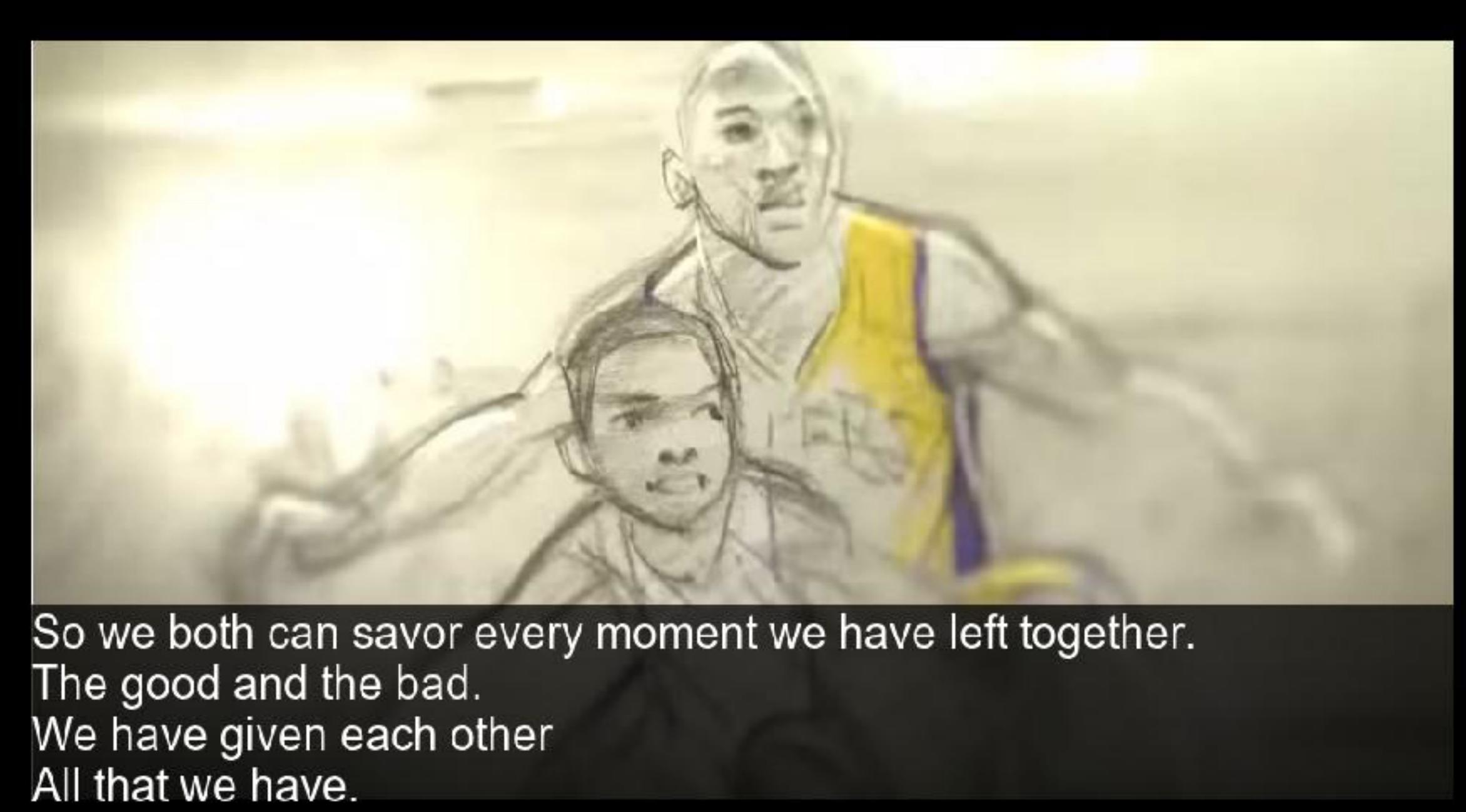
Because that's what you do
When someone makes you feel as
Alive as you've made me feel



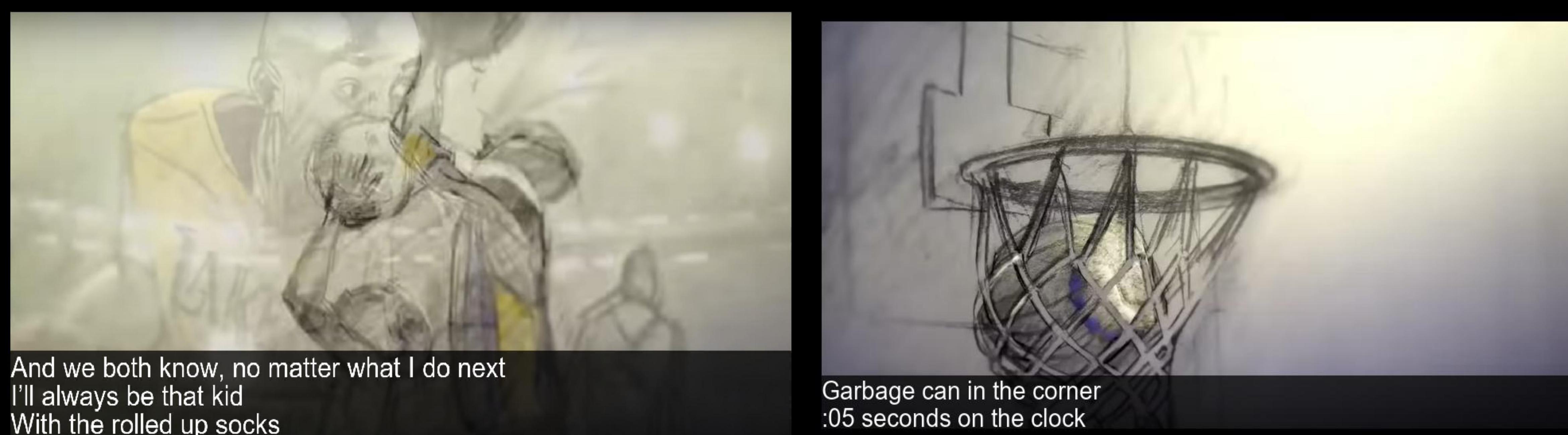
But I can't love you obsessively for much longer
This season is all I have left to give.



My heart can take the pounding
My mind can handle the grind
But my body knows it's time to say goodbye.



So we both can savor every moment we have left together.
And that's OK.
The good and the bad.
I'm ready to let you go.
We have given each other
All that we have.



And we both know, no matter what I do next
I'll always be that kid
With the rolled up socks



Garbage can in the corner
:05 seconds on the clock



Ball in my hands.
5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1

Love you always,
Kobe