

## “Seasonal Saga”

The Verdict was Vengeance, a Vendetta  
The Suns had been wronged  
By men such as Bavetta

A new season dawned  
The deed not forgotten  
Oh how we longed  
To punish those so rotten

Yet like the fans the Suns must wait  
There was a season to play  
With no time for hate

With a newcomer called Hill  
An old guard seeking rebirth  
The Suns embarked to the seasonal mill

But the West was altered  
The Lakers no longer hopeless  
The Hornets never faltered  
And so the Suns seemed hapless

Yet a strange madness did transpire  
A thing so peculiar  
Yet one that filled most with ire

Shaq was a Sun!  
With hardly a cheer  
So much for the Run n Gun  
“I think I need a beer.”

“Well if we must...”  
said the cautious supporter  
“I’m sure Nelson can polish off his rust.”

Thus through loss and struggle  
The mood seemed to brighten  
As we beat the Spurs like a cudgel  
The trade the mood had alighten

So here we stand  
Playing far better than imagined  
And oh will the playoffs be grand

The Verdict is still V  
And the team shaped anew  
In time we shall see  
Whether “The Gamble” will come through

