

The Player
P.A. Jackson

Thursday's TV night line up was dreary, so I nodded, bored and weary,
Pressing the buttons on my remote, searching for that perfect score.
Unsuccessful, I fell napping, when suddenly I heard bullets snapping.
My home theater enhanced the snapping of bullets, ricocheting on the floor.
It was Philip Winchester, battling against a villain, waging war.
I was intrigued and wanted more.

Ah, distinctly, I remember, it was a bleak night in September;
I was binge watching Strikeback on TV, only to learn there'd be no more.
I cursed the coming of the morrow, my poor heart pining in great sorrow,
From my repeated binging I sought to borrow - borrow even more
Solace from the daring Stonebridge and his cheeky mate, Scott, whom I adore.
Were they beyond my reach? Forevermore?

But there Philip stood in high definition, quickly loading ammunition,
Thrilling me - filling me with fantastic hope like none I'd felt before
So with my heart wildly beating, I asked, all my fears fully retreating,
"Is that really Bravo One hiding behind the refrigerator door?"
Dodging bullets and an intruder, behind the refrigerator door?
Wearing pale blue boxers, and nothing more...

Just then, my hopes grew ever stronger, I hesitated no longer,
Fumbling with the remote for information, I needed to know more!
For the fact is while I was napping, this new drama came a'tapping
The Player had premiered, and I missed the opening credits, now I swore!
Philip played Alex Kane, former FBI from the special forces corps;
I watched on, unable to ignore.

Deep I delved, intently peering, as Alex stood accused, I'm fearing—
"He'd never kill Ginny!" I shouted. "Cal, what are you doing?" I shout some more.
Alex escapes, not getting far, stumbled upon a gorgeous blond inside a car.
"It's about time," she jeered, tires squealing. I listened carefully to learn more...
MI6?—No, bigger.—NSA?—No, bigger still. My hero works through the mystery's core.
"You've got 8 minutes to get the gist. Get in the game," she says and nothing more,
Merely this, then braking hard, the tires roared.

My stomach, tied in knots, is churning, as Alex, incredulous, is learning,
About conspiracy theories of life and death, gambling on crime hardcore!
Mister Johnson, the pit boss, gives the nod to Cassandra, the dealer, the pair seem odd—
A bet now in play for the highest stakes, a little girl will die for sure!
Her mother's life is forfeit, this innocent child will die for sure!
Alex Kane needed to hear nothing more...

A tactical hero with a shadowed past, who fights for truth until the last,
Alex shoots and swings as any valiant knight of legendary Arthurian lore.
No single hint of hesitation made he, no sign of quarter gave he,
Mounted on a powerful horse of steel, gun in hand, he would soar—
Shooting down evil minions, he saved the child as glass shattered on the floor,
About them bullets flying in war.

Now with the bet a certain win, Alex is tempted into darkest sin,
When asked to join Mr. Johnson, our brave hero tells him no.
Teetering on the brink of madness, Alex remembers Ginny in sadness...
He returns their ring of marriage, but her tattoo is gone, it is no more.
Determined to get answers, Alex heads, unwavering to Mr. Johnson's door,
"I'll be your player," he implored.

How I marveled, happily giggling, my toes, so giddy wiggling!
This is the kind of television I have craved with a storyline a just I adore!
So now I have good reason to be up passed 10 this TV season,
Mr. Johnson, Cassandra, Alex Kane, I'm hooked on them forevermore!
Every week I tune in, no DVR recording, ever hungry to learn more,
I'm a fan of The Player evermore!

Now a fan girl, ever brazen, I hold my post, a lonely raven,
Watching week after week as Alex builds the gambling ante even more.
Snipers, hackers, cops and robbers, then my chin glistens with slobber...
From twelve episodes, safe harbor, NBC axed the show to 9, then no more!
Though there's no word of cancellation, the terrible insinuation is most sure,
After Christmas, to be seen, nevermore!

Raging mad and ever bitter, I took to Facebook and to Twitter,
Pleading, praying with the NBC execs to reconsider and restore!
Social media, in pleas, was awash with hate tweets, hopes dashed to squash!
Mr. Johnson, Cassandra, Alex, how could such tremendous potential be ignored?
Netflix, TNT, AMC—take this show and save it, the fans all implored!
Let it run forevermore!

I've watched online to up the ratings, binge watched like rabbits mating,
I've signed the petition, contacted the network, and put do not disturb on my door.
I watch Strikeback to keep coping, my heart on needles, ever hoping,
Fancy unto fancy, waiting for the heartless NBC execs to recognize and restore,
I am waiting, still I'm waiting for them to pass judgment on the show that I adore.
Cancelled? If it is, I shall forgive, nevermore.