

What Do We Lose When Lebron Wins?

Lebron is on the bench alone in a close eyed ,deep prayer before the series shifting game four begins while Durant makes a less showy display on the other end of the court by himself, open eyed, quietly thinking: Now the king is humble, now he prays for help. I thought his prayers were answered when he teamed up with Dwayne Wade and got the confidence to predict a dynasty. Doesn't getting a tattoo that says chosen one on your back eliminate the need for prayer knowing that your destiny is already established?

It's hard to like Lebron because we've been force fed the legend of Lebron since his high school games were advertised as must see TV for those that lived to see MJ get dethroned in their lifetime. All of the best ever hype before lacing up for the pros reeked of Eric Lindros except Lebron is concussion proof until proven otherwise.

Post Decision, post NBA finals, press conference dump job on the petty, common hater in all of us, post Rocky 4 seclusion in a Rocky 3 home and the alleged great one is on the verge of stuffing his pre-ordained, prophecy down our throats to become the real king of thrones without any blood on his hands. And he will have earned it for fulfilling his promise, making the most of the his god given talents and for confirming that Magic is the only personable, consistently clutch legend that you would ever want to grab a beer with, especially if Cookie is out of town that weekend.

But what do we lose when Lebron wins it all, assuming Durant doesn't get a hold of some magic spinach in the land of OZ or have Anne Rice make some voodoo Lebron doll with an ultra tight turtle neck to ensure he chokes the series away? Seriously, what do we lose if Lebron wins it all, our imaginary sense of superiority over him that's faker than Dwayne Wade's eye glass prescription? When Lebron wins, NBA fans definitely lose the ability to degrade and diminish Lebron's endless upside. Plus, there's only one MJ argument loses some major credibility and makes that forced ass kissing job seem more forced and premature than ever before.

I'm a 36 year old, die hard Knick fan and saw Jordan rip out our hearts out in his prime and then waive it in front of the Garden like the guy from Temple of Doom except he'd palm it up high in front of our faces and do a couple of pump fake motions, as he squeezed the

life out our championship dreams that might never occur again. Still, I don't dislike LeBron enough to say that he isn't about to become a bigger heart crusher than Tom Cruise in *Rock of Ages*, that isn't capable of rolling through the Thunder tonight and tossing the hey men, he's a loser label off his back for good.

My father, a lifetime Knick fans hates LeBron and wants him to lose because he rejected the opportunity to play for the Knicks and hold court at Legal Seafoods in White Plains with Landry Fields after an intense day of practice in Sunny Purchase. It keeps my father up at night, so much that he had a near overdose on Lunesta like Issiah Thomas except he didn't blame it on his kid, at least not on the record with a reporter.

The deeper reason for why my father is rooting for LeBron to lose is the reason everyone else is. Nobody likes winners that call their shots and then deliver on them in such a triumphant, in your face, knew all it along, fashion. The fact that LeBron is a boastful, new age African American only adds more fuel to the fire burned Cleveland Cav's jersey whether our racially charged Obama hating country wants to admit it or not.

But back to LeBron, the real life terminator that's about to blast away any memory of him being a failing, sham shackled savior by shooting the lights against the Thunder tonight with the ruthless, cold blooded efficiency of an Obama ordered drone attack that we never saw coming, Pat Riley included.

Even though we live in a digital, ultra connected age of self-promotion we still treat LeBron like the Anti-Christ for believing in his inner greatness. Why is that? It's because nobody likes extreme confidence in one's god given ability when most of us weren't blessed with such awe inspiring gifts in the first place no matter how many times we blow our own horn or load up more pictures of our genetically blessed offspring for all of our fringe friends and faceless connections on Facebook to admire.

Nobody likes the dreamer that exerts his will over all the doubters that question his toughness, courage and sheer ability to will a must

win when his credibility as a savior is on the cutting board. Nobody likes the performer that performs at the highest level on the biggest stage possible when they remain sideline spectators that feel small inside from the permanent kinks that remain knotted in their necks from spending a lifetime looking up at stars that inspire awe and beauty that they can only dream of producing. Nobody wants Lebron to win because it's an inevitable, reminder of our modicum of talent, cubicle contained bits of creativity and rare flights of imagination that barley get off the ground.

In the age of Facebook and social networking, everyone is intent on sharing their newly empowered, less dweeby, could never close the deal with a chick in high school if their life depended on it, lost Bugle Boy jean wearing selves. And that's fine, but if you really believe that you're better than the rest of us mere, mundane, mope faced maligned, mortals, then you aim higher, show more balls by shooting more and always follow through when chasing greatness, especially when your credibility as a potential great one is on dire life support just like MJ did after the Pistons pistol whipped him two years in a row as he was coming into his prime.

Tomorrow morning, Lebron wakes up in his palace in South Beach snuggled up next to his NBA trophy, looks up at the ceiling mirror above his mini air craft carrier of a bed, and says. Mirror, mirror right above, who's bound for more non-capped glory and endless self-love. And the mirror says: Dwayne Wade, if you think Gabriel Union is the most legendary stuff ever. Just kidding, Lebron, you're the chosen one bound for more unmatched glory, when a good corner man like Mick was nowhere to be seen this year. Win a football title for the Dolphins and even Bo Jackson will admit that Lebron knows best.

Lebron knew greatness was in him and printed the chosen one on his body to remind us that his future body of work would be a great tapestry of art on par with the Sistine Chapel or anything else done by the high powered Michael Angelo. MJ called MSG the Mecca of basketball which is a spiritual stretch for an NBA, self-anointed messiah not named David Stern especially knowing that MJ loved to gamble with thy neighbor in order to crush his spirit, and break his will live to just feel better about himself. Now, South Beach is the sight of a modern day messianic resurrection that has even inspired Bill Maher to believe in a higher power that delivers on his promises.

Tonight, I predict that King James will deliver his finishing prophetic punch and knock us all off our high horse for ever doubting his ability to take the Jews of Miami to the Promised Land again.

When Lebron wins tonight, non-believers like me lose the greatness assessment challenge yet what we gain is faith in man's will to win no matter how big the resistance. When Lebron wins we win, in knowing that faith in your potential for greatness, will ultimately leave your doubters in the dust like easily discarded road kill. When Lebron wins, we win because it inspires us to dig deep and unearth the greatness that's within us all. Some of us just need to aim higher if we want shine like stars do so our doubters can finally look up to us and say, I want to be like him after all.

Written By,
Josh Kornbluth