

NBA's Jason Collins: 'Gay' Superhero

So I guess you've heard. Fading, 34 year-old NBA free agent Jason Collins has been declared a hero for publicly announcing that he digs dudes. Well, it's about time! Used to be all a guy had to do was die at Omaha Beach or some other such nonsense. The Imperialist USA is finally seeing some major progress.

What callous soul wouldn't be moved by this youngish man's gallantry? Who wouldn't shudder at his sacrifice?

Merriam-Webster's defines courage as "mental or moral strength to venture, persevere, and withstand danger, fear, or difficulty." Think of it. Just as his middling basketball career was coming to a close and he was preparing to fade into relative obscurity – joining millions of others in the Obama unemployment lines – Jason Collins stood tall and said, "No! I will not take the easy road!"

This selfless giant of a man put everything on the line and valiantly announced to the world (Optional: may or may not insert theme to "Battle Hymn of the Republic" here) – announced to the world: "I'm a 34-year-old NBA center. I'm black. And I'm gay."

With everything to lose and nothing to gain, Jason Collins, in one single, selfless act, has rushed forward to jump on that "homophobic" grenade of persecution each of his LGBT brethren, sistren and whatever-else-tren face daily. For every oppressed dude-digging-dude, chick-digging-chick or cross-dressing whatchahoozie, Jason Collins has "taken one for the home team."

Danger? Fear? Difficulty? One can only imagine.

Have you ever tried to fend-off a herd of undulating, adulating media-types and Hollywood celebs? Me neither. Guy could get slobbered on – might even skin an elbow.

And just as he was ready to move to the next level of his basketball career (couch, Cheetos and NBA 2K13 on his PlayStation), Jason may now have to contend with millions in product endorsements, speaking fees and, potentially, even a renewed NBA contract. Have you ever dealt with lawyers? I have. I am a lawyer. We're a pain in the butt.

But then it occurred to me. Collins had a girlfriend of eight years. In fact, they were engaged to be married before he dumped her. This would make him "bisexual," then, wouldn't it? So – and bear with me here – if being "gay" makes him a hero, does being "bi" make him a superhero? That. Is. Awesome! I don't know: "Captain Switch-Hitter"? (Sorry for the mixed metaphor.)

Then again, if he's "bisexual," might that actually diminish his heroism? Would it make him only half a hero, or would it just cancel out altogether, making him ordinary again?

It's all so confusing.

How do you get a call from the White House? Sandra Fluke? Jason Collins? I see a theme developing here. Declare sexual liberation from all that archaic "morality" stuff and – ring, ring – "Barack on line one."

Oh, sure, a bunch of those "Christians" and conservatives are up-in-arms over the president's "bizarre priorities" – that he would personally call Jason Collins to congratulate him over "the love that dare not speak its name," while completely ignoring a guy like Cameron Lyle.

Who is Cameron Lyle, you ask? Well, little chance you'd know. And why should you? He's just some attention-grabbing track and field star from the University of New Hampshire who

sacrificed his athletic career to undergo the excruciating process of donating bone marrow to a total stranger dying of leukemia.

Yeah, I know. What a prima donna. They call that “heroic”? Puhleeze. Sure, like in a 1950s kinda way. We’ve evolved. We’re talking “gay pride” here. So, naturally, Collins gets the call – a little “one-on-one” if you will – while Lyle gets the shaft.

And all is well in the “progressive” time-space continuum.

But, lest you worry about Jason Collins’ incredible act of courage going otherwise unlauded by this president and his mainstream media, I shall hasten to comfort you. For Mr. Obama also heaped spoonfuls of sparkly-sweet sugar upon Jason’s hate-tattered brow at a frenzied news conference. CBS News describes it thusly: “President Obama told reporters he ‘couldn’t be prouder’ of NBA player Jason Collins, who one day earlier announced he was gay. Mr. Obama said Collins is ‘a role model’ to be able to say, ‘I’m still 7-foot-tall and can bang with Shaq, and deliver a hard foul.’”

Um, right, exactly. If we can’t be proud of sodomy, what can we be proud of?

Seriously, I’d encourage the next pro athlete engaged in some other hitherto-considered-deviant-sexual-lifestyle to ride the wave.

Who knows, in today’s ever-“progressive” culture, I could see President Obama awarding the Medal of Honor to the first polo player courageous enough to admit having a thing for his horse.

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