

The Sled

Fear comes,
but is suppressed to the back of my mind
It churns and churns until it
becomes desire

Recollections of failure reverberate
through my pounding brain
It happened once,
but never again

Rays of the fiery sun burn
my open wounds as I jog past the lines
There are crumples of white chalk mixed in
with the withered grass

Squinting to see it with
its powerful arms outstretched.
My rhythmic breath is hard and deep
as my body moves up and down

Trying to focus on it
as it waits to devour me
A hawk circle some fallen
prey in the distant horizon

That prey was me several
days earlier
When it had its way with me
taking my very existence

My feet slow as I near an arm
waiting for me
Expectation high, tolerance low
pain is constant

Crouching my stance I
think of the scene a year earlier
Same fear, same determination,
unknown result

I had a chance, but it was wasted
on defeat
Defeat, defeat, defeat,
which never can be conquered

My fingertips brush the
brittle grass as I crouch to my stance
Thinking of the defeat
that is trapped in the past

I feel the weight of a sweat
droplet on my eyelash
As it rolls across my eye,
the world for a moment is a vague blur of objects

As the whistle blows
my body explodes out like a cannon
My forearm and shoulder rip
into the well prepared adversary

"Stay low, keep your head up, drive,
drive, drive," echoes in my skull
Is he talking to me?
I'm trying my hardest, but not really,
I have to give more,
I can't accept defeat again,
If we had another chance it might be different,
but we don't

It moves forward, first slowly
then faster
The dry earth serves only
to slow the machine

My legs start to burn,
first faintly and then to an intensity know to few,
My panting becomes increasingly violent,
as grunts of determination pour from my spirit,
Because if I can't have last year back,
this one better be twice as good.

The aches are at every joint,
and in every muscle
But I drive until there is nothing left,
but a tired man and a will to succeed

And like that the whistle blows again
and it is over like that
And so I stop take a breath
and prepare to do it again.

Tom Latkovic
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