

 This poem is by Roger Stevens.

Sprint

The air is hot. The sky is blue. Expect
No favours from the sun. You stand alone.
Survey the stadium, the crowd. Inspect
The track. A moment's doubt. Can it be done?

And then the training – days, months, years – kicks in
And you are focused on the prize. You know
With certainty what you must do. Begin
With deep breaths. Stretch. Relax. It's time to go.

A billion eyes are watching. You can't hide.
There's silence. You can hear your beating heart.
You crouch. Into the starting blocks you slide.
You wait. Time stops. You hope there's no false start.

Marks. Get set. Kick. Ten seconds and you're done.
You are the bullet in the starter's gun.

