The gun full swing the swimmer catapults and cracks

 s

 i

 x

 feet away into that perfect glass he catches at

 a

n

 d

 throws behind him scoop after scoop cunningly moving

 t

 h

 e

 water back to move him forward. Thrift is his wonderful

 s

e

 c

 ret; he has schooled out all extravagances. No muscle

 r

 i

 p

 ples without compensation wrist cock to heel snap to

 h

i

 s

 mobile mouth that siphons in the air that nurtures

 h

 i

 m

 at half an inch above sea level so to speak.

 T

h

 e

 astonishing whites of the soles of his feet rise

 a

 n

 d

 salute us on the turns. HE flips, converts, and is gone

 a

l

 l

 in one. We watch him for signs. His arms are steady at

 t

 h

 e

 catch, his cadent feet tick in the stretch, they know

 t

h

 e

 lesson well. Lungs know, too; he does not list for

 a

 i

 r

 he dives along on little sips carefully expended

 b

u

 t

 that plum red heart pumps hard cries hurt how soon

 i

 t

 s

 near one more and makes its final surge Time 4:25:9