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