

THE DISCUS THROWER

Machine-like man, possessed with concentration,
Propels a wheeling, smooth and level hop
To spring with skill from trained coordination
Across a ring, rotating like a top.

This discus thrower—sturdy, iron tower—
Extending mighty muscle-rippled arm,
Unwinds his body in one burst of power,
As with the hurl he roars a fierce alarm.

The once dead plate, enlivened by the cry,
Bolts, catapulted from his maddened hand
In frantic, climbing whirl to scrape the sky,
Till earth's pride pulls the saucer back to land.

The winner's disc will mark its distance thrown
To boast his form, release and muscle tone.

— *David L. Hatton, 1964* (revised 4/16/2016)