

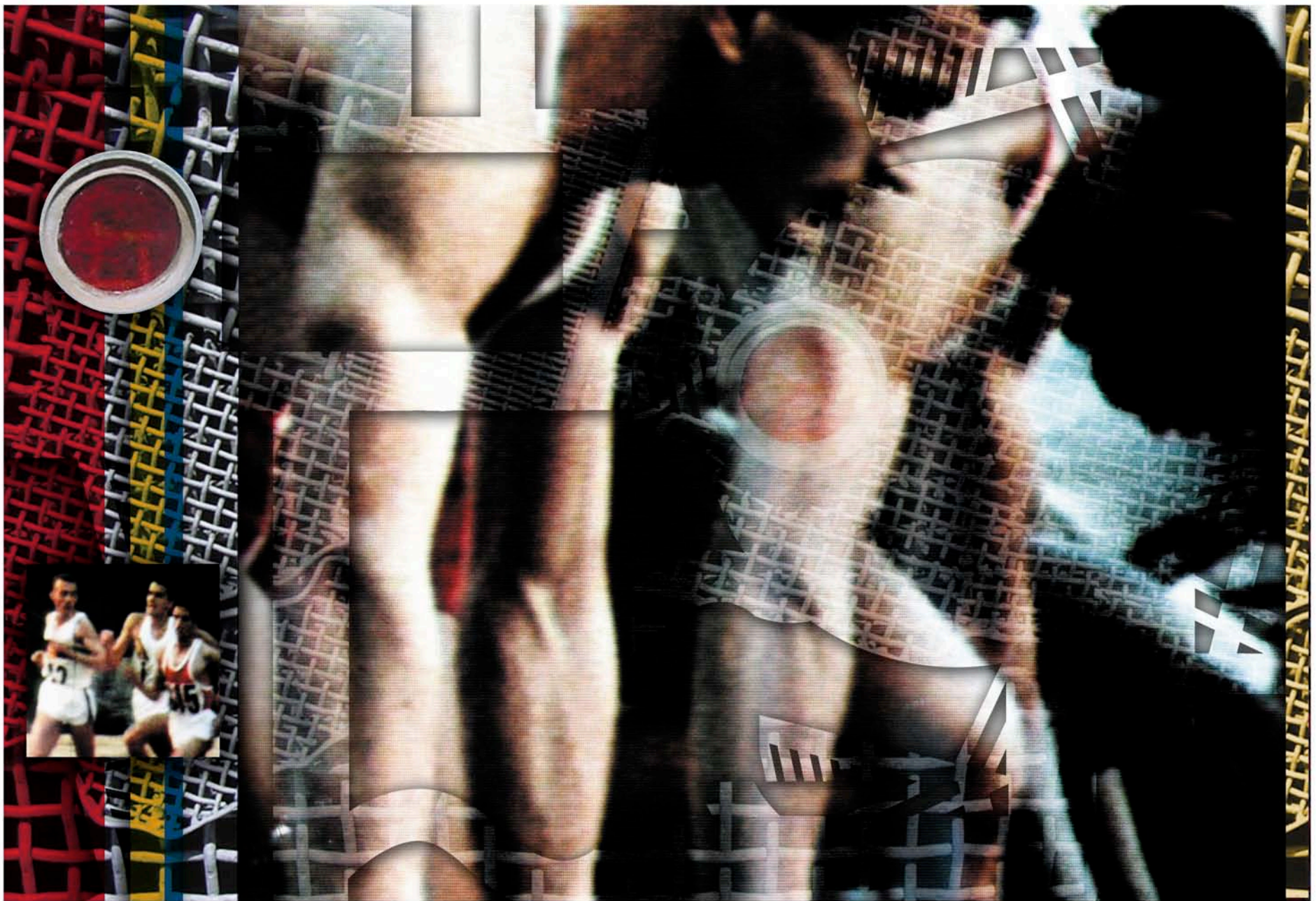
# SPORT

Ron Eller

# The Art Of Sport

The expression or application of human creative skill and imagination, typically in a visual form such as painting or sculpture, producing works to be appreciated primarily for their beauty or emotional power.

An activity involving physical exertion and skill in which an individual or team competes against another or others for entertainment



# The Art of Sport

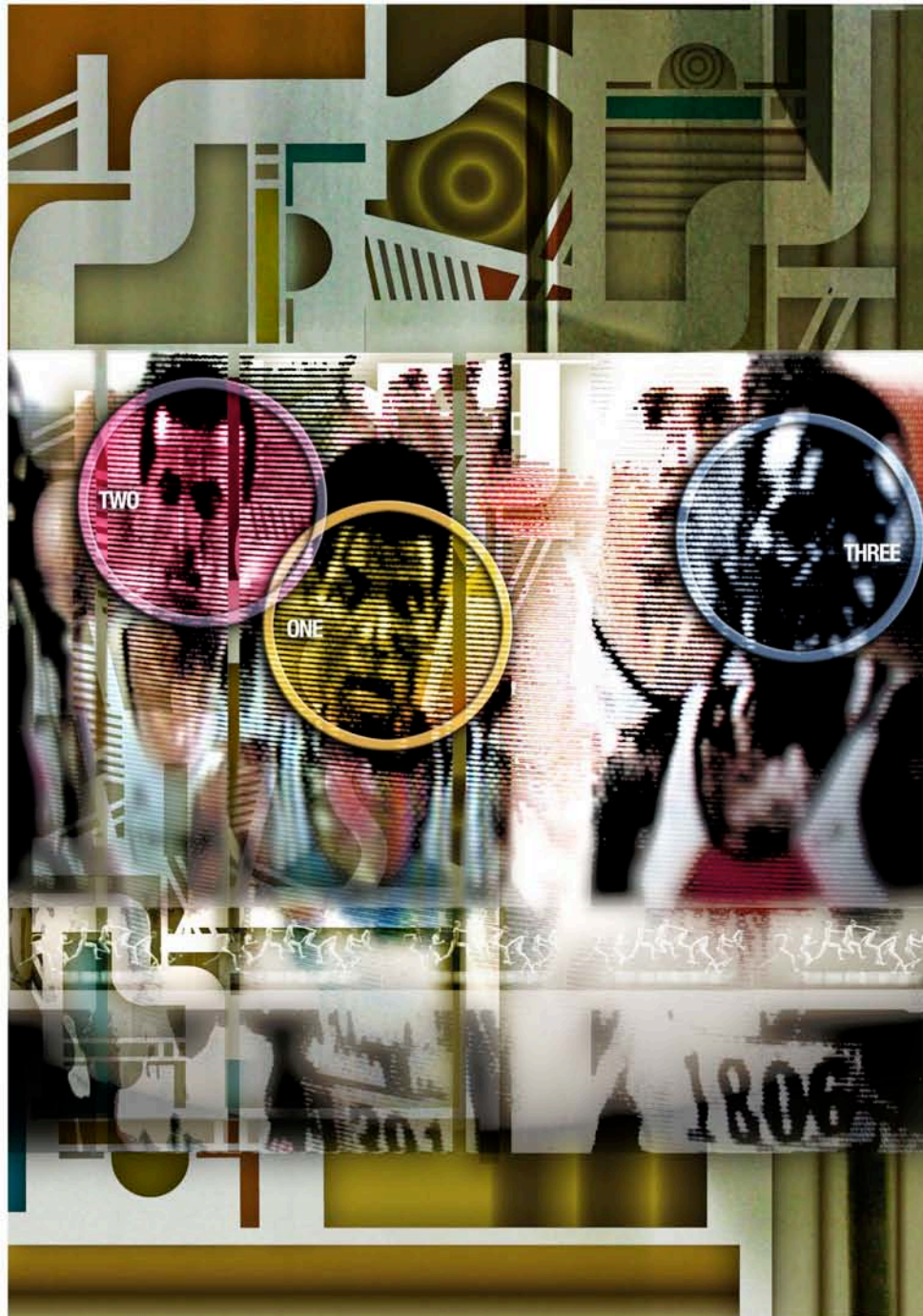
Simple and pure.  
Honesty of spirit.  
Made honest in simplicity  
Compelled to the sincerity.  
Win or defeated in actuality

The courage of commitment.  
As works of art.  
Facing the competition.  
The texture of coordination.  
To find in a moment a truth.  
Who is faster? Who is stronger?  
Who can go longer?  
Who is more graceful?  
Who will endure?  
Who's heart prevails?  
The strength of the fighter.  
The heart of the marathoner.  
The grace of the gymnast.  
The reflex of the sprinter.  
The power of the batter.  
The concentration and will of the golfer.  
The cunning of the quarter back.  
The speed and endurance of the miler.  
The pure athleticism of the soccer player.

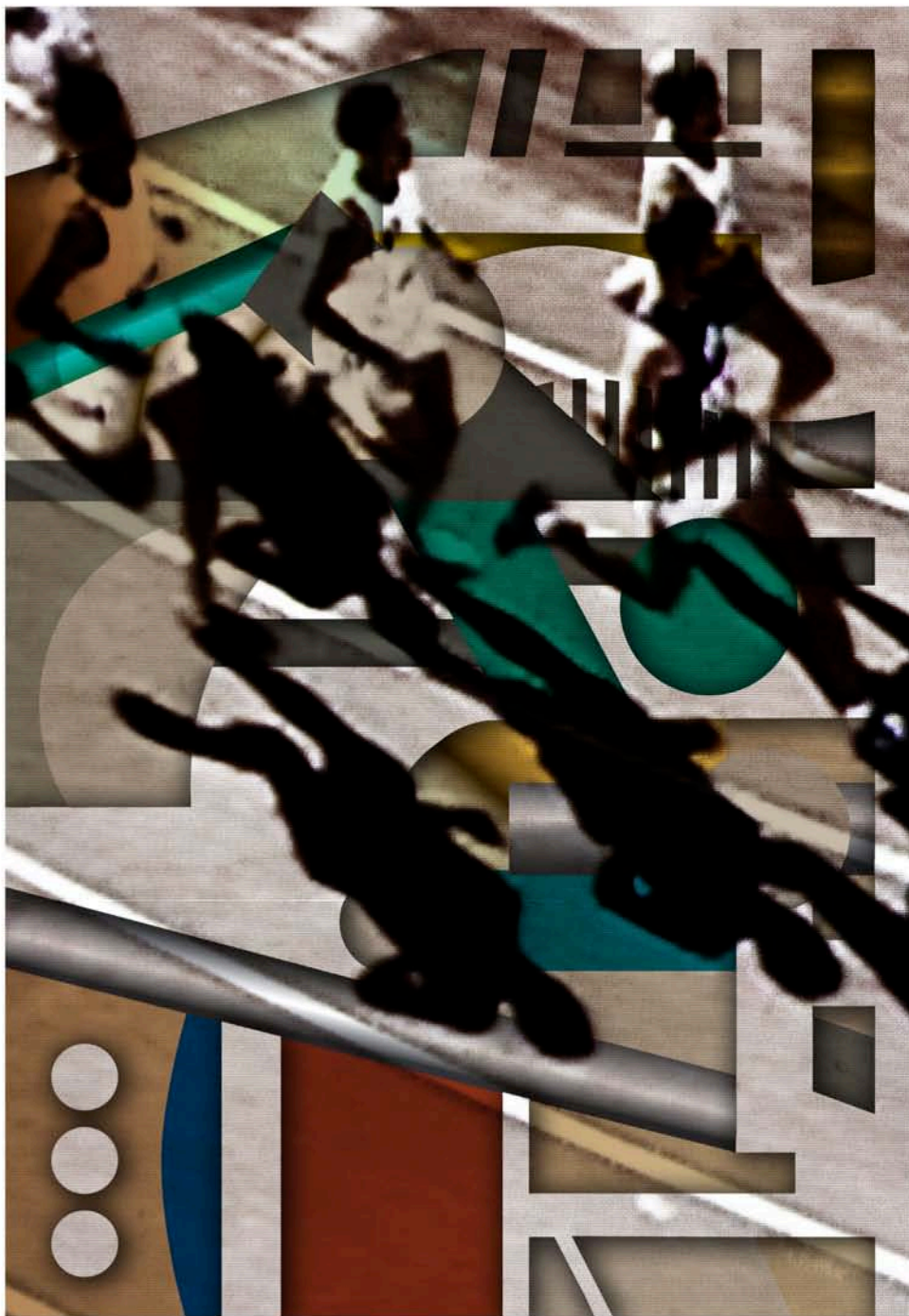
This is the art of sport.











# The Pounding Of Feet

Armed with the notion,  
“I can win.”  
Matching stride to stride,  
a race is won  
one stride at a time.  
Keeping the competition near  
and the sight of their heels clear.  
The most committed wins.  
A work of art,  
a canvas of commitment  
a vision from finish to start.  
Not just a matter of victory,  
but rather a creation  
of self over self.  
An achievement  
of will and imagination.

A perception inspired  
and created  
by the daily workout,  
by running wooded trails,  
the sprint to the end.  
By the willingness to compete,  
by this talent.  
and the pounding of feet.





# Hero's

Men and women, present  
Winners prevail, as one, as all.  
Not just a matter of ability,  
but a story of character and courage.  
Stories of creativity and dedication.  
Upon their shoulders I have dreamed.  
With their victories I have won  
With their defeats I have wept.

The world of sport  
Here on these fields

Ability speaks and prevails.  
Let dedication be profound.  
Let time and the clock expound.  
Let the bats, rackets, or clubs communicate.  
Let the ball, hoops, uprights, and goals pontificate.  
Here we are defined. Here is our validation.  
Here our purpose and the simple truth is set.

Win.  
Lose.







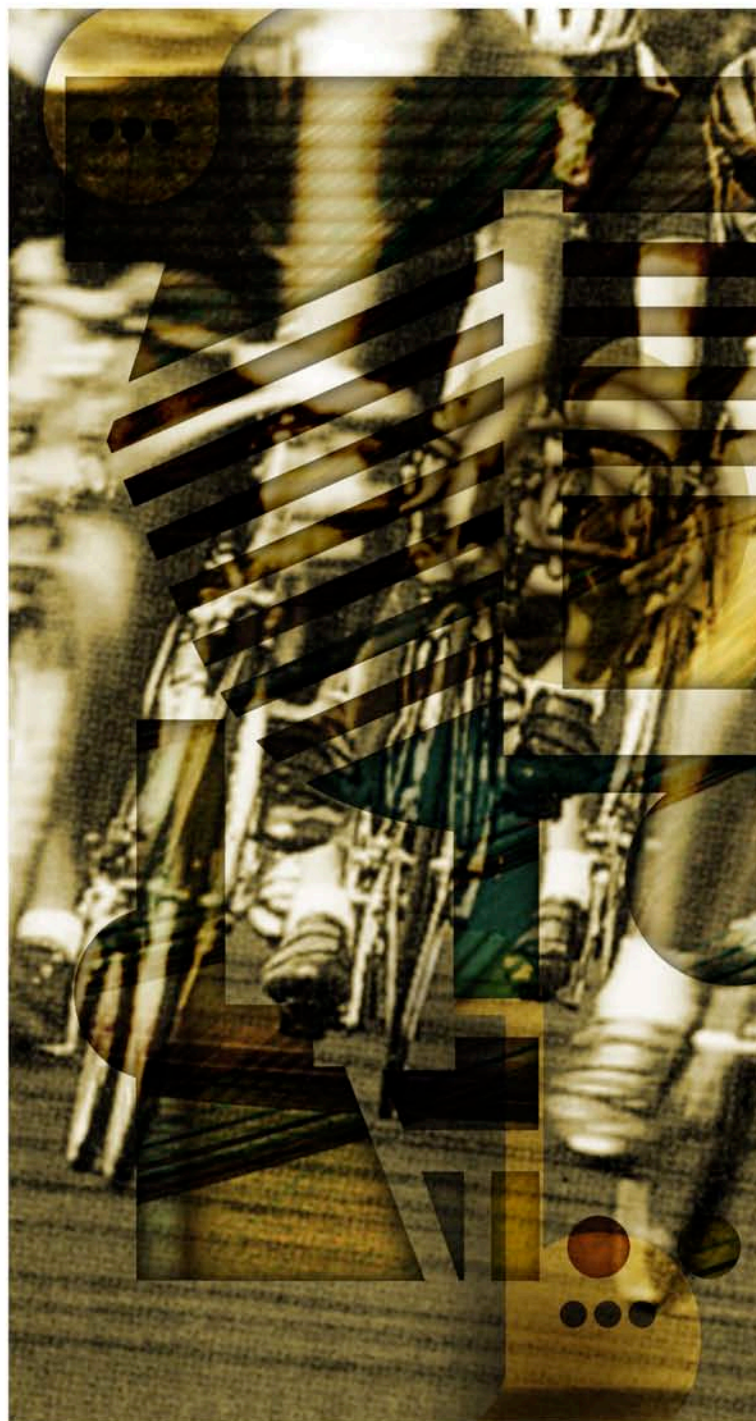
# Sport

These are my heroes.  
Here is my hope.  
Jessie Owens, Jacky Robinson  
Tommy Smith, and William Carlos

As long as racism prevails,  
though my skin is pale white,  
Wrong it is, Not right.  
Even today exclusion assails.  
Skin a thin, weak, flimsy issue  
Men and women  
both of power and grace  
in the honesty of competition  
find their place.

You Tony Dungy  
You Arthur Ash  
You Serena Williams  
You Venus Williams  
You Tiger Woods

You endured.  
We win.  
I am of you by  
the beat of my heart.



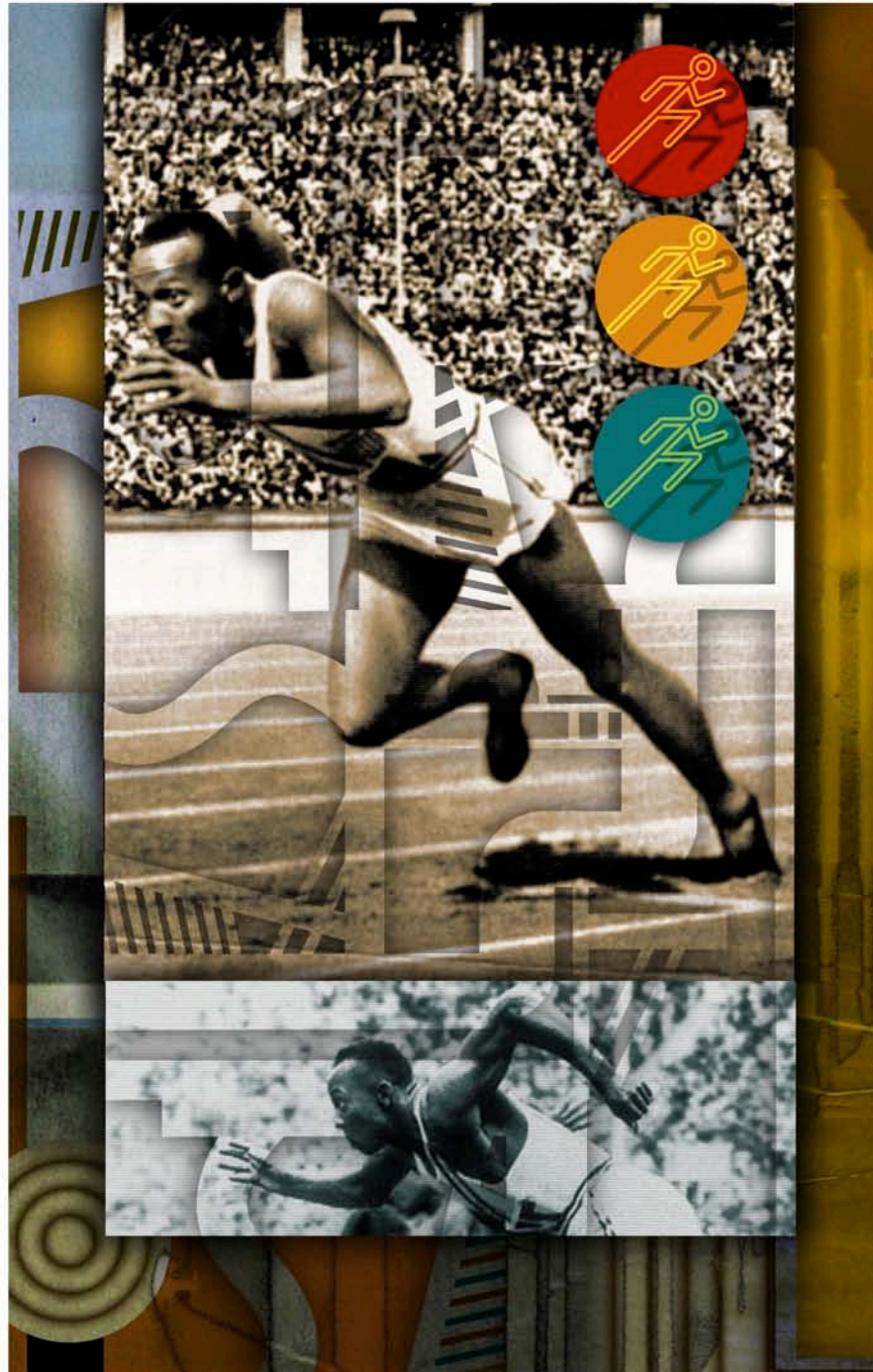
# Gauntlet

Manifest from extraordinary forbearance,  
we seek to make what has yet to be occurred in fact.  
Piecing together a supposition, a premonition,  
Seeing as others sleep.  
Rising from an inclination,  
given to our need to indulge the heart strings of intuition.  
To resist the established convention  
and celebrate the resistance gathering.  
It is necessary the disorder.  
Revered and hated.  
In intensity measured by the strength of it's honesty.  
Deemed brilliant by events past.  
And survived by the fitness  
of some celebrities relevance.

And yet, history lies compulsively  
and does not bear Arts flame.  
Lesser be the art on museum walls  
than grand the graffiti upon the canyons of urinary stalls.

The reality saddens me.  
However in-spite of the injustice  
of histories distorted measure,  
a brighter flame prevails upon  
our affairs and cannot be denied.  
The laws of survival are present  
as one rare gift survives the gauntlet.





# Brave Hearts

Brave hearts  
who opened the door.  
Who endure their unrelenting genius.  
Who were chosen for the burden.  
Who walked before.

Men and women standing tall  
against impossible odds.  
They made us better.  
They marched. They sang.  
They spoke. They drew.  
They painted. They prayed.  
They fought. They did not.

They are now our heroes,  
but always to late.  
Honor the brave hearts  
and thank God  
they accepted their fate.

Brave hearts,  
who opened the door.  
Brave hearts,  
who opened the door.  
Could do no less.  
Could do no more.







# The Intention

Upon the desert hills,  
blessed be this  
early light solitude.  
My dream paces  
on these trails.  
I the long distance runner  
this ambition prevails.  
The challenge partakes.

My heart pounds  
to the rhythm of my feet.  
At this moment  
alone I compete.  
I seek a truth  
with each stride  
over the dawn trail I glide.

This goal implied  
my intention,  
with each step  
my aspiration,  
my connection.



