

100-YARD DASH

David Vandegrift

Not a race, but a dash.
Sometimes too quick,
Never enough time to think.
Just hard sweated practice, makes the kick.

Stretch, loosen, relax.
When it comes, be ready.
Spiked shoes to dig into cinders,
Strength fused with style.

Get into the lane,
Compete—head to head.
Practice over—now the dash.
The mind confident makes the kick.

“On your mark”—settle in blocks
“Set”—anticipation
“Gun”—full out, no reserve.

Compete with others—
Compete against self—
Strive to be better, strain to be best.
Bear the agony.
That makes the kick.

Last few yards,
Ribbon in sight,
Stretch to break it,
Failure against others
But success with self.

Cinders in my face have made me stronger.
My spikes will dig deeper next time.
My kick will sting more,
I'll try again—I'll win.

