

The Athlete

By Stan French

You've known me through the ages.
I've been praised and I've been scorned.
My heritage's in excellence,
From Greece where I was born.
The emperors all knew me.
And the peasants knew me too.
Their amusement was my purpose.
Today my role is nothing new.
For I am the athlete,
To some a hero, some a clown.
For three thousand years I have heard the cheers,
In my mind and from the crowds.
The work is never ending.
Though to some it seems like play.
When you train to be an athlete,
It's for more than just a day.
Success is only fleeting,
And the challenges immense.
Athletic dedication,
To all the others makes no sense.
For I am the athlete,
To some a hero, some a clown.
For three thousand years I have heard the cheers,
In my mind and from the crowds.