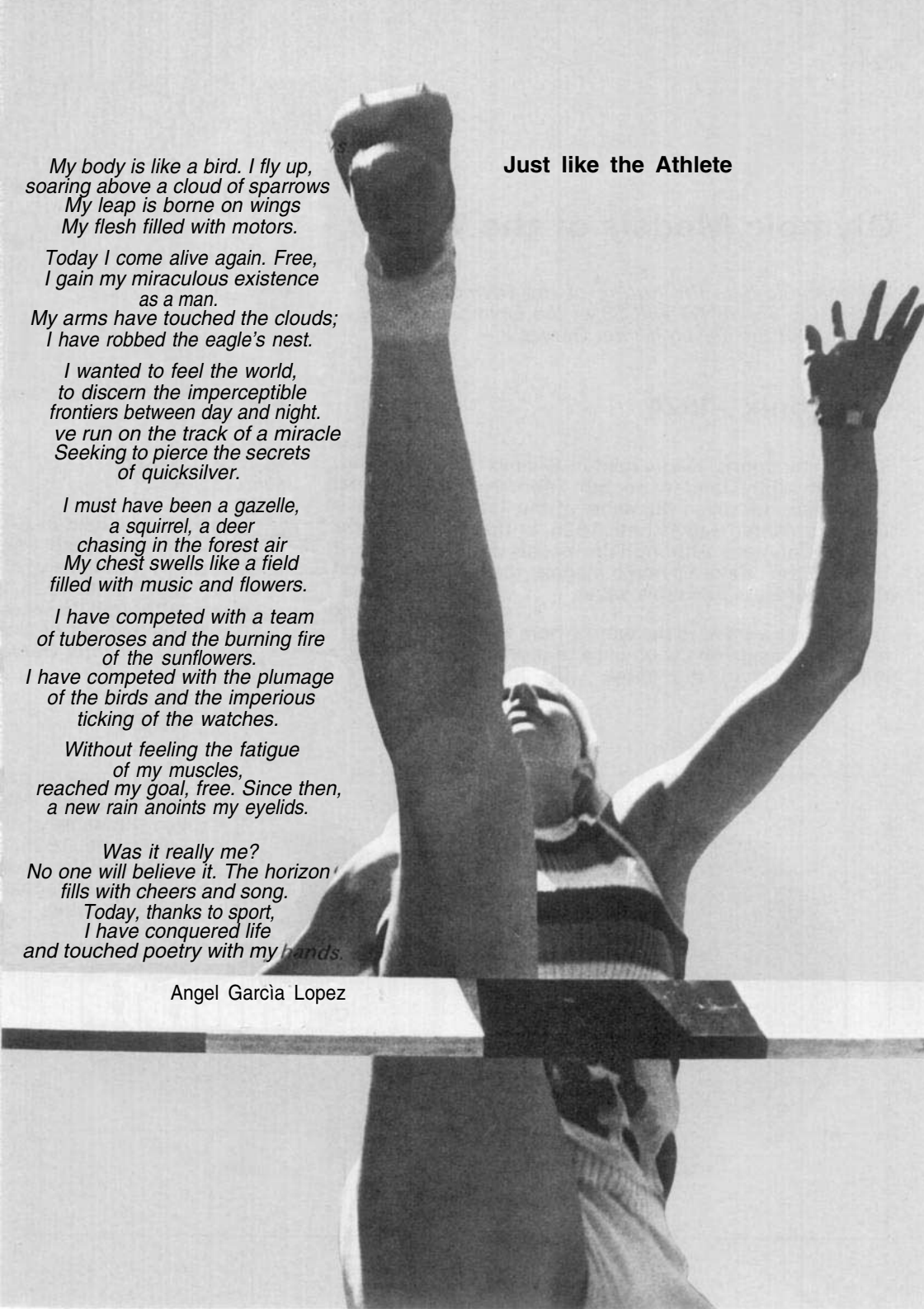


Poetry and sport in Seville

The Provincial Delegation for Physical Education and Sport in Seville is organizing a Hispano-American sports poetry contest this year. The aim of this contest open to all poets of the Spanish-American community is to combine sport with a particular and often neglected form of artistic expression: poetry. The poems, which should contain between 30 and 100 lines, are to be composed in Spanish. The jury will comprise representatives of the Provincial Delegation for Physical Education and Sport in Seville, the Hispano-American Fair, the Faculty of Spanish Literature at the University of Seville, the Royal Sevillian Academy of Letters, as well as Sevillian writers and poets. The new and old worlds will thus be meeting regularly in Seville to glorify sport.

In our last number, we reviewed the 2nd Collection of Sports Poetry, published by the Executive Committee of the 7th Autumn Sports Games, held in Seville in 1972. Below we publish an English adaptation of one of the poems awarded a prize by the jury of the poetry contest held on this occasion.



Just like the Athlete

*My body is like a bird. I fly up,
soaring above a cloud of sparrows
My leap is borne on wings
My flesh filled with motors.*

*Today I come alive again. Free,
I gain my miraculous existence
as a man.
My arms have touched the clouds;
I have robbed the eagle's nest.*

*I wanted to feel the world,
to discern the imperceptible
frontiers between day and night.
I've run on the track of a miracle
Seeking to pierce the secrets
of quicksilver.*

*I must have been a gazelle,
a squirrel, a deer
chasing in the forest air
My chest swells like a field
filled with music and flowers.*

*I have competed with a team
of tuberose and the burning fire
of the sunflowers.
I have competed with the plumage
of the birds and the imperious
ticking of the watches.*

*Without feeling the fatigue
of my muscles,
reached my goal, free. Since then,
a new rain anoints my eyelids.*

*Was it really me?
No one will believe it. The horizon
fills with cheers and song.
Today, thanks to sport,
I have conquered life
and touched poetry with my hands.*

Angel García Lopez