

(I'M A FIGHTER, from page 6)

And respect to the game
You have brought.

It's only routine,
That I ask you to understand.
The fight must be clean,
Man to man.

Now a handshake and if a knockdown,
The mandatory eight.
If in a clinch, I'll say break
And one step backward you must take.

Before he finished,
He finally grinned
Boys!
May the best man win.

The bell sounded
To begin the round.
My heart no longer pounded
From waiting around.

Out of the corners
Rushed my foe and me.
Each heart wishing
The winner to be.

Round by round,
We fought gallantly.
Prayers
Our hearts muttered silently.

Round by round,
Each tried to seize.
The fans, who paid,
We tried to please.

The bell sounded
To end the test.
We both had fought
Our very best.

The decision of the judges and referee,
We now await.
For these are the men,
Who hold our fate.

It was close
Ruled the three.
Two for him
Only one for me.

Yet, this man
I can not hate.
I crossed the ring
His hand to shake.

Good fight, Champ,
My battered lips did speak.
Perhaps again,
We shall meet.

Friend, he said,
You fought well.
Glad was I
To hear the bell.

The chant of robbery
Was getting louder in the air.
The rest he said to me,
I could not hear.

This time
I did not win.
Perhaps, with luck,
We will meet again.

Back to his dressing room,
The Champ did walk.
People standing around
Began to talk.

You won!
They said to me.
It
Was great robbery.

Friends, I said,
The road has been tough.
I trained hard,
But not hard enough.

Though I only
A contender be.
The title, I think,
Is my destiny.

As soon as I recuperate
From my pain.
Back to camp I'll go
And harder I will train.

In the gym,
I'll spend more time.
In my rope,
I'll put more rhyme.

Next time the Champ will go,
I have a hunch.
If a little more potent,
I build my punch.

There will be no doubt then
Of my defeat.
If again,
We shall meet.

Friends,
Thank you for your sympathy.
You could never guess
How it inspires me.

Many fights
I have fought.
Only victory
I have sought.

A lesson tonight,
I have learned.
From now on,
Condition will be my main concern.

With belief in my heart,
It seems to me.
The Champ
An easy victim would be.

I've always
Fought my best.
Never before
Had I lost a test.

On myself
I've brought this strife.
Forgetting I,
The code of life.

My father
Taught this to me.
And somehow,
It slipped my memory.

Never, son,

Was there a horse that couldn't be rode
And never was there a man
That couldn't be thrown.

Again, friends,
Thank you for your sympathy.
True friends
You surely be.

But now, I must go
To get my rest.
Other opponents
I must test.

This, I promise you
My friends.
A better fight
When we meet again.

*My sincere appreciation
and gratitude to those who
voted for me, and also to
those who worked so hard
on my behalf in the recent
primary election.*

GEORGE FOLEY

**Democrat
for
Office of
DISTRICT ATTORNEY**

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