Baltimore Bullet

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A single shot provokes him and his body arches, a keystone bridge spanning a chlorine sea. The muted mumble of the water fills his ears, protesting against the forceful slither of his body. His head bobs with a percussionist’s precision, the pulse of adrenaline like the drumstick to a snare.

Straight-edge palms slice through the surface, every stroke swatting numbers from the clock. His fingers pursue the tiled expanse before him, a hand searching for a light switch in the dark. His eyes, freed from their suction-cup cages, scan for his name stacked atop his competition.

Sliding his body from the water’s grip, the medium of his craft drips from waving arms. Thousands of left hands meet their right, cymbals colliding in an amateur ensemble. He stands at attention between second and third, a high-rise flanked by two five-story walkups.

A bend at the neck cues silence in the stands, a starred and striped classic rising overhead. Another gold trophy swings from cherry ribbon, a pendulum escaped from a grandfather clock. His right hand rests over his internal tympani, his head angled toward the anthem in its final encore.

Tainted smoke fills champion lungs, a single hit captured by a sidelong flash. His quick gulp of earthy air plastered on glossy pages, the wanted ad for a new generation. An international eye watches his adolescent slip, Hercules’s graceless plummet from lofty Olympus.