

*Excerpt from the book-Bloody Battle Boxer (1)*

Hook/Break:

Sea lion, crowd puller

King bee, crown holder

Ring leader of this circus of clowns

**Scene 6**

“Leon please take note

She can everlastingly sling English”

Boasts everything of amazing king’s work

There isn’t a pen-pusher on the Coast

Men or women, four-flusher

Can toast her when she gets going”

Leon began to show interest and impressed Coach hurried on

Arms rest, flex don’t be stiff

“She writes edge of the cliff poetry, too

Regular la-la-de-dah stuff

Just like your doe-reh-me-so-far stuff

Only I guess hers is a success

Because she published a whole book of it once

Established, polished poet and accomplished a lot

Interviews every big sports lady that hits big time”

“Newsmaker? I respect your views” Leon commented

“Sure you have and you’re honored, Leon

By her coming to record you

It won’t bother you I hope you can cope

I’ll stick right by and give her most of the dope myself

Mop out any telescope dirt

You know I’ve always done that” Coach said

Leon showed gratitude with ample aptitude

“And another thing, Leon

Don’t forget astute attitude during the interview

It’s part of your brand business see

Commercial advertising, no advance and comes free

We can’t buy it that’s my advice

Fills the seats, draws the top troops

Crowds that pile up proud the entrance earnings

Stopped the details and listened

Blinked, Coach looked at his alphanumeric wristwatch

“I think that’s her now

I’ll go, spring to the door and bring her in

I’ll tip it off to her to cut it short

You know, and it won’t last long”

Turned in the doorway

“And be decent like a lion trying to latch a lamb

Leon put a stamp on this  
Don't cheat or jam like a clam  
Chit-chat with her a bit for fame  
When she asks you grand slam or lame questions" Coach said  
Leon put the poems on the table  
Took up a newspaper, gambled  
Apparently was deep in its factual fillings  
When the two entered the room and he stood up  
Audiovisual meeting was a mutual shock  
Almost as if the man and the woman  
Eloquently shouted elatedly to each other  
Each found something sought and unforeseen  
Instinct this was for that instant  
A short consistent distance apart  
Each had anticipated in the other  
Something so absolutely altered  
That the next moment the clear cry of  
Recognition gave way to confusion  
As is the way of women  
Gina was the first to complete control  
Attained it without having given any  
Outward sign that she had lost it  
Advanced most of the distance  
Across the floor to meet the Coach  
As for flashy Leon Bongo  
Scarcely knew how  
He stumbled through the introduction  
Here was a humble human, a woo wonderful woman  
Leon had not known that such a creature could exist  
Leon desist the fact he can coexist with women  
Had never heralded this  
Wondered what judgment would have been of her  
If she was the sort he had recommended  
To hang on to with both his hands  
Leon discovered that in some way  
Was holding gently gorgeous Gina's hand  
Observed it glamorously  
Curious and fascinated  
Marveling at its fragility  
Gina on the other hand obliged  
Proceeded to obliterate the echoes of that first clear call  
A peculiar experience in particular  
Sudden out-rush of her toward this rude man  
For was not he the Awful Snoot of the prize-ring  
*"Made mad men cry like an abnormal flute  
Shoots straight jabs from the hips to your lips"*

Megalomaniac, narcissist, stupid bulk of a male animal  
Savage cannibal that should be canned  
Hammered up his fellow males of the same senseless order?  
Gina smirked at the way he continued to hold her hand  
“I’ll have it back, please, Mr. Leon Bongo” she said  
“I-I-I- I really need it, you-you-you know”  
Blatantly blunt speech not flowing fluently  
Leon looked at her blankly and frankly  
Followed her gaze to her bound hand  
Dropped it in a rush of clumsiness that sent  
Blood in a manifest blush to his face

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Scene 7

Gorgeous Gina noted the blush  
Turbulent thoughts came to her  
Blood clot on the brain  
Uncouth rude brute she had pictured  
Cult hero, cut from an unclean cloth  
Kush Pharaoh, ringside thrash talker  
She could not conceive of a brute blushing at anything  
Gina found herself pleased with the fact  
That he lacked the easy glibness to murmur an apology  
But the way he gobbled her from distance  
With his eyes was disconcerting  
Stared at her as if in a trance  
Leon’s eyes danced and cheeks flushed unfair darkness  
Body hair erect, the effect  
Coach by this time had fetched a chair for her  
Leon Bongo automatically sank down into his  
“He’s in fine form, Gina, in fine shape”  
Coach was saying  
“That’s right, isn’t it, Leon?  
Never felt better in your life?”  
Busy brainstorming  
Strict Leon Bongo was bothered by this report  
Brows constricted in a disturbed way  
Resourceful, he made no retort  
“I’ve desired to encounter you like pageant meets runway, Mr. Leon Bongo”  
Gina said “I never interviewed a pugilist before  
It’s not like pundit meets pugilist  
So if I don’t go about it proficiently

You'll pardon me, I am positive"  
"Maybe you'd better start in by seeing him in scuffling action  
From age nine he stood the good stead  
First into the gym and the last one out"  
Was the Coach's suggestion  
"While he's getting into his pugnacious togs  
I can tell you a lot about him—garden-fresh stuff, too  
We'll call in Wolly Yoko from Spain his sparring partner  
Leon, and go a couple of rounds  
From age nine he won it all  
From school boy bags to junior golden gloves to double diamond  
From prelims to pro, big Leo lost few  
Repeated triple title wins on the trot" Coach said  
"We'll resort to nothing of the sort"  
Leon growled grumpily  
In just the way an Awful Snoot should  
"Go ahead with the interview"  
Business went ahead insufficiently  
Coach did most of the conversation and advising  
Sufficient intervention to aggravate Gina  
Visionary Leon volunteered nothing  
Gina studied his fine visage on the coverage  
Eyes clear brown and wide apart  
Well-modeled, almost aquiline, nose, the firm  
Chaste lips that was sweet in a macho maniac masculine way  
In their curl at the curvy corners  
That gave no hint of any sullenness  
It was a baffling and dazzling disposition  
Silently "Duchess like" Gina concluded  
If what the papers said of him was so  
In vain she sought for earmarks of the brute  
In vain she attempted to establish exchanges  
For one object, one thing  
She knew too little about prize-fighters and the ring  
Whenever she opened up a lead  
It was promptly snatched away in a snooze  
By the schmooze, information-oozing Coach  
"As matter of loose facts  
It must be most fascinating, this life of a fighter"  
She said once, adding with a sigh  
"I wish I knew more about it  
Tell me: why do you fight?  
Oh, aside from fat finance reasons"  
"Do you fancy fighting every season?  
Listen, are you stirred by it?  
By pitting yourself against other fit and steel men?"

I hardly know how to be precise, I mean  
So you must be patient with me”  
Leon and Coach began to discourse together  
But for good cause once  
Leon bore his manager down  
“I didn’t care for it at first”  
“You see, it was too dead easy for him  
You have to be strong-willed to step into the ring  
Boxers have split personalities or alter egos  
Step into the ring with venom for victory  
But step out and return to reality  
Ultimatum is to be the ultimate champ”  
Coach interrupted entirely with caution  
“But later,” Leon continued constantly  
“When I encountered the better combatants  
Real big cunning ones, where I was more”  
“On your mettle?” she suggested as she settled in her chair  
“Yes; that’s it, more on my mettle  
Found out I did care for fights  
A great deal, in fact  
But still, it’s not as absorbing to me as it might be  
You see, while each battle is a sort of fits and hustle  
Hits and special, spits and tussle, lit and puzzles  
Which I must work out with my wits and muscles  
Yet to me the issue is never in doubt”  
“He’s never had a fight go to unanimous decision”  
“He’s won every battle by the knock-out route  
Forecaster Leon I have always been a taskmaster on him  
Scrawny or weary, crawling like a rock lobster  
Will to win was far greater than anything else  
Had 100 fights as amateur but had only 9 loses  
But surely he remembers the loses only  
Won most unscathed” Coach proclaimed

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