

# Un poema para el boxeador

Nunca perdió el boxeador ... por el simple hecho de ... *era presente* ...  
El, sin embargo, era presente !

Era la primera vez que se subía al ring usando su bata personal con su nombre escrito en los hombros.

Se miró las manos y sus guantes parecían increíblemente pequeños en comparación con aquellos con los que estaba familiarizado.

Era la primera vez que, bajo las deslumbrantes luces de los focos, al mirar a su alrededor, se dio cuenta de que había tanta gente solo para él.

Se sintió pequeño.

Sin un casco para enmascarar la palidez de su rostro, sin su camiseta para cubrir su pecho, se sintió desnudo.

Desnudo afuera y desnudo por dentro.

Temía ser inadecuado; tenía miedo de no tener suficientes músculos para estar allí, de tener demasiadas incertidumbres para estar allí.

Trató de inflar su pecho y de contraer sus brazos para parecer más grande.

Levantó la vista para parecer más valiente.

El árbitro le indicó que se acercara al centro del ring y le pareció vivir un sueño, estar suspendido en el aire, haber caído en una aventura demasiado grande, difícil, angustiante ...

Frente a él encontró la semejanza del "otro" y lo miró a los ojos, pero no para asustarlo como muchos pensaban, sino para sacar coraje de sus mismas debilidades. Regresó a su esquina, sintió la mano del maestro golpearlo en el hombro en señal de aliento y finalmente escuchó el sonido del gong. Asumió la posición de guardia, extendió su brazo izquierdo para rozar el del "otro" en saludo.

Un solo momento, un momento mágico e inolvidable para toda la vida.

Y ahora él sabía que ya era un hombre.

Entendió que la batalla había comenzado ... Y que él, sin embargo, "si que estaba allí".

El boxeador nunca baja del ring derrotado ... simplemente porque ha tenido el coraje de trepar hasta allá arriba ... por el simple hecho de que ... era presente ...

Mauro BETTI  
Roma

# A poem for a boxer

A boxer never gets off the ring as a loser ... for the simple fact ... he, however, was there.

It was the first time he climbed into the ring wearing his personal robe with his name written on his shoulders. He looked at his hands and his gloves looked incredibly small compared to those he was familiar with. It was the first time that, under the dazzling lights of the spotlights, he looked around him and realized that there were so many people just for him. He felt small.

Without a headgear to mask the paleness of his face, without his shirt to cover his chest.

He felt naked.

Naked inside and naked outside.

He was afraid of being inappropriate; he was afraid of not having enough muscles to be there, of having too much uncertainty to be there. He tried to inflate his chest, so he contracted his arms to look bigger.

He just wanted to look braver.

The referee asked him to approach the center of the ring and his dream seemed to come true, to come to life. He felt being suspended in the air, having fallen on an adventure that was too big, too difficult and distressing ... indeed.

In front of him he found the likeness of the "other" and looked at him in the eyes, but not to scare him as many thought. Only to draw some courage from his own weakness. He returned to his corner, felt the hand of his coach touching his shoulders and finally heard the sound of the bell.

He put on guard, extended his left arm to touch the "other" in greeting.

A single moment, a magic and unforgettable moment for a lifetime.

And he he knew he was already a man.

He understood that the battle had begun ... and that he, however, "was there".

A boxer never gets off the ring as a loser ... simply because he --- was there ---

Mauro BETTI, Rome