

OLYMPIAN GIRL

My name is Olga Pushemova,
I tell a moving story
Of how I grew from nothing to
Olympic shot-putt glory.
In my youth I threw with stones
And rubber balls and other spheroids
They said: this talent we'll develop
With anabolic steroids.

I joined our famous national team
To learn my throwing skills.
They fed me meat and eggs and cream
And lots of little pills.
One day the trainer said:
You'll be our greatest female thrower;
Do not worry if your voice
Becomes a little lower.

It's true I am a champion
But still a girl has feelings –
However many golds I win,
Men don't find me appealing.
They used to like my figure and
My lovely long eyelashes,
But now I'm so much bigger they
Just stare at my moustaches.

Our hammer-thrower is a big girl too
But she seems quite romantic
I thought I'd ask her how she copes
With being so gigantic.
I hoped that she would sympathise
And help me if she can;
She said: you think you've got problems dear –
I used to be a man.

First done in 1983 as a monologue in a revue, put to a tune in a minor key in many years later. I gave up singing this because it seemed passé but the 2012 Olympic shot-put champion and her fate led to its revival.

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