

We ran a long way that morning.

At first, I was eager and pounded out the miles  
a little impatient because you were slower  
and courtesy required I make allowances.

You got your second wind  
and by the halfway point I was hurting to keep in step.

Eventually we reached that stage  
where nothing is left but left, breathe, right, breathe—  
we felt no further need for thinking.

In the distance past the easy slopes in timeless peace  
noon and tasks and schedules demanded  
our increased attention to time.

I wish, you told me, we could run like this forever.  
We'll come back, I predicted  
with that optimism I get now and again.

Even now I can close my eyes and see  
poplars arching over the trail, a tunnel of shadow  
with the sun a brilliant unknown further down the trail.