

Brilliant Unknown

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 just 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.