

Running My Race

DFL was a term I had not heard before
it was mentioned to me in the parking lot
after the race

Ten miles at my own slow pace
I followed runners along
the flat riverside trail then up
and down endless rolling hills

The gap widened as we climbed
the shaded dirt road adjacent
a clear brook that laughed
as it swiftly flowed down to the river
and past the finish line

Bored, tired and alone
I welcomed the distraction
of fresh moose tracks
leading up to the five mile turn

Chasing a phantom giant
was as folly as running this race
but the pursuit of the impractical
has side effects we don't foresee

With two miles to go, across the river
in a hillside cemetery
someone had stopped to rest
this day and forever

as I ran on feeling grateful
to still be in the race
and to finish *Dead F-ing Last*

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