While Running is Joy
By Katharine Covino-Poutasse

Her long, thin legs,
richly-scabbed, sweat-stained, and streaked with dirt,
knobby-kneed and carelessly muscled
from endless hours of summertime play

Her movements are effortless.

There is no forethought in climbing a tree
or chasing a bubble across a grassy field
or jumping down from a ledge,
just a bit too far off the ground.

It's only later that running stops being play.

When old, tired muscles,
weighed down by years
and pounds
and commitments
and failures
can no longer make the

leap

without
first
calculating
the
cost.

So, run now, my wild little colt.
Run now, while running is joy.