RUNNING/WALKING

I’m out running—
you could say, running, I guess—
out of sorts at my creaky progress.
Is this any better than walking,
the only advantage to this gait
the angle of my back, the illusion of speed
due to sweat and discomfort?
I spy in the distance
a walking figure. (What it is,
other than human, I can’t tell:
I don’t wear glasses when I run.)
It’s going at a brisk pace (for walking);
maybe I can overtake it
without speeding up my
not-much-better-than-walking trot.
I look ahead and see the gap
closing at surprising speed. Could it be
I’m going faster than I thought?
Must be. Why so hard on myself?
My age, of course, has slowed me down.
But why think it’s ravaging?
Look at the gap shrink between that walker
(seems female, with a carriage)
and this aged runner! Why despair?
At last, the gap gets small—shrunk
to myopic eyeshot—and I can see
we’ll pass in a moment.
Yes I see that we’ll pass each other—
it’s indeed a female, with a carriage—as we’re moving in opposite directions.

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