

Running

I run again
in circles, this morning
when my briefs fold
in the waist, dust the running shoes
in the old box under a heap of unsent letters
“Like stepping on a thin sheet of ice,”
you said
two years ago
to keep my pace steady
and my bones uninjured.
On cold mornings our laughter echoed
in the perfect oval of Kent Ridge;
the skyscrapers loomed over us,
tall as our dreams. You always ran ahead,
stopped, waited, while I strove
for every stride,
pulled by your smile.
You were right:

that I learn to step on ice, now
on this patch-won tracks
under the clear sky of Tubod.
But my pace is unsteady
and my bones are injured.
I strive for every stride.
no smile, no skyscrapers.
Only my footsteps
breaking the ice underneath my feet,
echoing in the vastness of this field,
searing with heat from my melting body.
Panting, panting, I run.

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