

A Jog (or Not)

I ventured off my too familiar course
in jogging shoes and shorts. My daily run
had started same as always -- not a trace
of any indication I'd be drawn
by chance (or fate?) into a wooded land
that stole my breath and shook my vision free.

The ground beneath my tired feet was free
from all the old debris that through the course
of time collects and covers up the land.
I tried to see the road where I had run
before I felt the tug and I was drawn
into the forest, but I found no trace.

I guess I thought if only I could trace
my steps back to the pavement, I'd be free.
But free from what? A child could have drawn
A better picture than this recent course.
So, what's to lose? I asked before my run
continued through the cool, clandestine land.

Yet it was more like flight. Each foot would land
but briefly, lifting quick, as if a trace
of some repellent power fueled my run:
magnetic field deflection, forcing free
the charge. I learned this in a physics course,
although it's not the same conclusion drawn.

And that professor's face was sad and drawn.
I'd bet he'd never run through this strange land
that all his paper theories in due course
would seem to contradict, and leave no trace
of evidence beyond a feeling: free --
an unobstructed, disentangled run!

And just as flowing rivers finally run
into the ocean, soon my jog was drawn
to its own finish. Now I aim to free
my mind from old ideas and to land
in new adventures where my feet can trace
the path of eagles, following their course.

So every day I run to find the land
where each new breath is drawn without a trace
of stagnant air, and freedom runs its course.