

Night Run

My breath clouds up before me
and my footsteps fall into rhythm.
The music guides them and reminds me
to stay strong.

The darkness of the deserted country road
swallows me in its vastness.
But it is mine
for the moment
a secret we share.

The road turns silver
as a car approaches from behind me
and the scattered pebbles shine.
Their reflections shimmer
and for a short time
they are brought to life by the light.

I am often scolded
by friends who care;
that the danger of my night run
will be my doom.

But how can I stop?
Even on my drive to work
it seems to whisper to me
a reminder to revisit
when darkness returns.

And I know
that until the falling snow
prevents it
and the bitter winds
forbid it...

that I will not stop.