Running
   in the dark coolness of morning
Rhythmic pounding of feet
   on the slick pavement
Straining of lungs
   and muscles
   up hills
Leaning back
   resting on the way down

John pretending
   he is an airplane
Mike waiting
   for me to catch up
J.P. venturing
   ahead of us

Running
   with wind of my own making
   bathing my hot face
The effort before dawn
   wanting to be studying
   or sleeping
Sweating
Reeking
Pushing instead

Running
   because at 6 o’clock
   nothing else counts