

Created For It

he runs.
yet this word does no justice for what it is he does, or the way in which he does it.
he floats.
he works.
he moves and gallops. he speeds. he dances across the
pavement, or path or street or track or green.
step. step. step.
his lungs fill and his heart fizzes over with the love of the art he practices.
it is an art, and he the artist,
making great use of his definite gift from the infinite above.
intensity glows about him and passion shows in his dark, striking eyes.
he breathes in, then out, working his body past its maximum point. with each
new foot strike, his sinewy muscles contract and scream out – “look at me – i belong
to a runner!”
zealous, he is. near perfect form, fluid motion. a strength that cannot be
faked with a love that cannot die. working together is his mind, his shoulders, his
toes, his blood... that flows for the sport. the lifestyle.
eyes transfixed ahead... and beyond – not at the finish line, but at the next turning
point. in this race, there is no finish line. sacrifice.
he bends to lace up his shoes, muscles twinging, as if winking to
say something, to show something as powerful as He. the ground is freshly wet as he
runs over warm puddles freckling the sidewalk where
sunlight pierces through the trees and showers his sleek, glistening body.
he glows as he runs. he flows. yet his path is not always sunny,
not always lit.
in the snow, when his crunching footsteps are the only seen
for miles around; that is growth. clouds hover in, darkness surrounds
breathe. breathe. breathe.
it is through the lightning and thunderstorms, hurricanes and hail that this runner
is built, and strengthened.
he does not run *on* this ground, but *over* it. the desire only builds, and never
ceases to exist. the fire
has been built within, and only dies without breath.
and even then, it is a new beginning... and a continuation.
he was born with the talent.
now *this* is desire.
driving and striving for the love of the game.

By hannah purdy

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