

Running With Ramona

Dawn sky lightens
to snow-frosted roofs, fields,
even the limbs of manzanitas.

Yet the redbuds dangle
petal pink blooms,
and the road is clear,
no sheets of ice to trip us.

Both of us in our mid-forties,
our easy talk and easy stride
earned from our many runs here.

Beneath a leafless oak, several deer,
ears pricked but otherwise unroused,
watch our passing.

Farther on, daffodils sun a southern hillside,
their multitude a gift of human planting,
their own naturalizing, and soil enough to grow.

In our twenties, we complained about this run,
the steep ascent,
its ever-receding horizon.

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