

I Never Thought I Would Miss To Run
By Delaney Zeidman

“Get on the line!” My coach would shout,
I then began to let out a groan knowing what this was about
Dreading practice and all the sprints,
Hoping I could leave and hide my footprints

Up and down the field he would make us run,
From cone to cone until there was no more sun
From bottom of the hill to the top,
Making our legs move until we had to flop

My breath irregular as he screams “huddle up!”,
Wishing I could convince him to for once let up
God how I just hate to run,
Who in their right mind would ever call this fun.

Yet now as I sit here on the side,
Watching my teammates dash far and wide
Steps being taken at such a fast pace,
Chasing after each other as though a race

I stare at the crutches next to me on the ground,
Feeling as though I have been bound
I am envious of their pain,
I wish to jump up and sprint in the rain

As they go from cone to cone,
I begin to feel even more alone
From bottom of the hill to the top,
Why do I have to be the one in stop

They fly across the field dirty and tired,
I start to feel something desired
The wish to move my feet once more,
Wanting my shoes to pound on the dirt floor

This knee no longer in perfect health,
Never did I realize that was wealth

Oh how I miss having fun,
I never thought I would miss to run