

Homage to the Tuesday Thursday Run Group

by Jon Rosen (Tu/Tr runner)

Most of us have spent our runs,
While blinded by the midday sun,
Wilted by heat of afternoon,
Or charmed by evening's fresh perfume.

All nature's beauty we did partake,
As it flowed by us in our wake.
Fauna feathered, furred, and scaled,
Caught our eye along the trail.

And as we ran, we studied trees,
In all their mid-MO varieties,
Bur oak, redbud, and river birch,
To name a few that we researched.

But that all ended some time ago,
When a group of nuts popped up to show
Us how to run in murky soup,
By joining Tuesday Thursday's group.

No evening's breeze or cheerful sun,
The cold and dark now host our runs.
We trod along in deep, bleak, black,
Pale moon and stars can't light our track.

Along the trail we blindly lurch,
Oblivious to oak and river birch,
And creatures feathered, furred, and scaled,
All hidden by the night's dark veil.

But we're always up to join the troops
Of the Tuesday Thursday running group,
And have to wonder, by our actions,
If there are certain hidden attractions:

There's Joe's cracked directions, way off the track,
And for names, Mike Tripp's uncanny knack.
We clap for birthdays and race success,
And make newbies feel like welcome guests.

There's Mike's beads we can collect and string,
And cheers for new engagement rings.
We shiver together until "Lead 'em out!"
Then hit the trail on that day's route.

And then is when we start to feel,
A source of our group's strong appeal;
The cheerful chatter, the crunching feet,
Teammates all, whether slow or fleet.

But there's more than esprit that we can share,
Sometimes there's even beauty there.
Bobbing lights strung out a mile or more,
The moon's reflection off Twin Lake's shore.

We end the run in morning's pale light
The world's transformed to day from night,
And at the trailhead, catch our breath,
While we chat and give our limbs a stretch.

We get in cars and drive away,
And realize as we face the day,
The group's best perk is already won,
For today, we're done with that damn run.