

BY HOWARD SMITH

Daily Bread



be grateful, be humble

it's not rocket science, you need more heart than skill
one foot in front of the other, a public test of private will

did I bite off more than I can chew?
lungs feel shallow, hope it's a simple cough
you'll find me out, I'm not a *real* runner
not a *real* writer, I am not enough

am I embarrassing myself? should I just give up?
hopefully its just the first mile talking
same starting gun but I'm always playing catch up

getting sober made me lose half my friends
staying healthy made me lose the other half
posting finishes and times I actually feel good
are the only time I get a laugh

breathe, don't clinch your fists
do I look ok?
yesterday's dinner isn't sitting well
I'm dizzy, have I been breathing?

*just give up, you did your best
no one can say you didn't try
you aren't a real runner
believing in yourself was a cruel lie*

self doubt and Hoka's aren't the only things I wear
can't let the dark thoughts win, being scared means you care
hundreds of miles logged yet I can't help but wonder
doing my best won't keep me from going under
what's going to give up first, your body or your brain?
when it pours, the best thing you can do is
learn to dance in the rain