

Pink Umbrella and a Ladybug Coat

I imagine
 that this is what it would be
if I could sail,
 the wind
rushing into my face
 and through my entire body.

Though the smell
 Is not that of saltwater;
it is of
 the water rising
from under the earth
to create the very essence of spring
 that I run through.

The shoes that
 pound down the pavement
are not mine.
 Mine are the bare feet
speeding across the damp earth
 with arms spread wide -

because there are yet to be limits
 from the vibrant green
and the dense, cool air.

There are no restrictions:
 time, distance, calories -
my lungs burn with joy and rebirthed oxygen.

This season
that I have run through
 countless times---
I will run through it once more.
I will feel the childish laughter coursing through my veins
and the rain
 will drip down my ladybug patterned rain coat

and my pink umbrella
 will be left stranded
in the garage.

I'll look up into the grainy film of a camera
 and know I'll remember this day.
These days are not countless.
I do not run through the mud
anymore
I forget my raincoat
 and sprint for the nearest shelter
through something I've forgotten to love.

On days when I sit
 with a screen penetrating my brain
I see the window.
It taunts me
and rightfully tempts me
and then begs me
 to jump out into the trees
 and feel the beauty and simplicity
I have left behind.

The days are never the same
 without the love of mud

and one day I hope
 I truly wish
to feel nothing less than joy
and the childish laughter running through my veins.

Because it is simple
It really is.

And one day the forgetfulness of a young mind
 will run through the rain once more
 and squish the mud running between her toes
 and climb wet trees

and leave her pink umbrella
stranded in the garage.