

**I am running**  
**by Carrie Snyder**

I am in Waterloo Park and I am running

the path slick with mud  
dry with sun  
barren with autumn's undoing  
patched with ice

and I am running

ducks and deer crowd and part  
picnic blankets snap flat  
children in green pursue a ball  
a loose dog a peacock's rasp  
swings rise and fall in rhythmic peace  
a bicycle's bell, winding secret trails  
sweet boredom argued promises  
sweeter repose

and I am running

boardwalk embrace – does she love him? – does he  
love her? – what will endure?

cross-legged solitary on a stone  
family frozen for the camera  
steady rearrangement of picnic tables  
shoreline recedes schoolhouse stands silent  
a cricket match a shout  
a season's sharp turn  
soccer on snow  
bitter January surprised by  
impromptu joy and unzipped parkas

ring of pavement cresting steep

I am running

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who remembers once upon a time  
there was a bear, caged, here?