

Early Beasts

The trees were scared ghosts as I turned right, uphill,
a wiry team of beasts as I turned left, downhill.
I, and maybe you, too
Rose early enough to race the mist.
Just early enough to rely on the double yellow
legs soaring on an open morning, not yet
on wood or brick or hallways.

The creatures were scared at first, shadows against a yawning lake.
Triumphant once their canopy team toed the line,
and I crossed my finish. A day before us breaks our tape.
We listened, together
to my quiet heartbeats tap the road.

*Written by Henry Hirschfield
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