

One Loving Soul

Few souls have loved mine since that smile. Fleeting seconds that run as a permanent memory. Forever soothing my heart until I no longer run lonely.

Run it back about two years to the loop at RIT. Blue skies shed no tears, like a sunny day in a Hallmark movie. Not too hot for a headache or muscle torment. But my run was not lovely, a familiar time. I was alone as ever before, and did not feel fine.

Assuming my struggle was the same as my struggle today, my leg muscles were wilting away into cement. Redundant and unaccompanied steps on the empty road made an impatient duet. My lonely OCDemons wanted me to stop, and I wished I was inside. My music couldn't save my stride, I couldn't find my dance. The sun's romance in my eyes couldn't save me, I couldn't find my smile. I needed the smile, wave, and "Hi" of my "Runner's Code." Soul to soul interaction. It's all I have when I'm running alone.

I slugged through this false sunny day, to where the green multiplies and there's a crisp view of the sky.

That's the moment. I saw her.

Logic or magic slowed down time. I could revel at her like the first sunrise. Black running shorts, plain white top, heavenly blonde hair. I think all hair and girls are pretty... But she was special. Damn, I could do nothing but stare.

In concept I love my Runner's Code. A smile that bears one's soul with an authentic greeting forms a connection. Creates motivation that you aren't alone. That you can run faster than you believe. That you are seen, felt, by another person. But whenever I put my sincere soul out there, the reception is cold. Hardly anyone waves back to me – Especially girls. Why would this girl who's so far out of my league?

She continued towards me. Just her. Just me. The two of us, running to each other in our perfect world of blue, green, and sunshine. Our world of endless time. Our world of no time.

I can only imagine my bpm, the mix of my run-pace and female fear. But I had to honor my Code. I had to take a chance with this girl. I had to stifle my fear.

I make eye contact, raise my hand, move my lips wide with a welcoming grin. I'm not certain if I went all in and said "Hi" or "Hello" or not. But the gesture was there. The intention in my soul was pure kindness, all love, for her and her hair.

Her eyes soar deep into mine

The first sun rises
A beautiful girl sees me
Her lips rise in the softest grin you'll find
There's no warmth like this
A beautiful girl is smiling at me
Her soul from the depths is purely kind
Energy twirls with mine
A beautiful girl cares about me

For a few seconds there was love between me and her. She saw me and appreciated the gesture. I would've ran with her forever. Let our souls dance all over our bodies. Let her voice heal my heart. But those seconds ran away. We were forever apart.

But my run was permanently changed. I could smile. I could dance. I could bounce back and forth on legs made of springs. They could fly like cardinal's wings. Love was in the skies, and the sun was romance in my eyes. Green was greener, blue was bluer, and the road was limitless gold. I could keep running into infinity.

All because,
Her eyes soar deep into mine
The first sun rises
A beautiful girl sees me
Her lips rise in the softest grin you'll find
There's no warmth like this
A beautiful girl is smiling at me
Her soul from the depths is purely kind
Energy twirls with mine
A beautiful girl cares about me

Every run since, I pray. That an angel might descend towards me, and end these empty days. I need one soul to weave with mine. During the season of love, I run to a beautiful brunette. Where the green multiplies, it's a silhouette of the miracle. My hand softly drifts up from my miserable heart. My cheeks warm up as I give a smile that encourages her, tells her she's beautiful. Her eyes drift to me and my Christmas sweater, then look away with ridicule. Smiles are as far gone as my hope. Neglectful stares swat down gestures and intentions of

kindness, like I'm a joke. In their souls, I see repulsion of my warmth or my dance. Any chance of connection seems impossible. Most people avoid me like the next disease. The best I receive are head nods of empty obligation. The road, trees, and sky get no brighter, and my legs and heart feel no lighter.

If I've ever managed a smile, it's never from a girl. Runner's Code is a lonely world. The sky is a taunting metaphor when its tears are cold. Prayers die around each corner when there's not even one soul on the road. Will it only be me til I die old? My legs can't gain any speed, they're destined to collapse one day. My soul will decompose with my Runner's Code. Fade away.

So I remember,
Her eyes soar deep into mine
The first sun rises
A beautiful girl sees me
Her lips rise in the softest grin you'll find
There's no warmth like this
A beautiful girl is smiling at me
Her soul from the depths is purely kind
Energy twirls with mine
A beautiful girl cares about me

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