

Grace, though has forgotten me

Posted At : August 3, 2007 1:29 AM | Posted By : Erik Voldengen

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I started running today. I (try to) do this every year to prepare for cyclocross season, where running is sometimes required.

Picture, if you will, a majestic stag, leaping through the forest. He effortlessly moves over the terrain, his huge strides almost give the appearance of flight. He is the picture of grace.

Picture, if you will, the exact opposite. A cyclist "running" for the first time in almost a year. His long legs and arms have no idea what to do. He labors out the door with high hopes, but they are soon shattered, just as they have in years past. He thought he was in shape, but this turns out to be quite untrue.

The seconds grind on...as they reach triple digits, his body begins its protest of side aches. He pushes on. Arms flailing. Feet stomping. Body hurting. Kids laugh as he scrapes by. Dogs bark as they smell weakness. Women pass him as they push their baby strollers.

I hate running.