One Every Month

December 22, 2003

In January, at six o’clock, I rode to Houston’s center

A fine day it was, clear and bright

Off went the gun, the crowd to enter

The roads and parks, oh what a sight

Fort Worth came next with weather calm

Where rolling hills made slower pace

But those trained legs worked like a charm

To carry their load to another first place

Round Dallas White Rock Lake out and back

From Houston they came tall and short

The lakeshore path stretched out the pack

But the BARCER trio could not be caught

The greatest race came in April’s time

With milling crowds and Heartbreak Hill

That fills this race with quite a climb

To Copley Square and Boston medal thrill

A visit to my daughter next

In Olathe, Kansas, where fields of corn

Are spaced with roads and drivers vexed

Because they are not to running drawn

In England’s center lies Sheffield’s hills

Two daughters this time made the trip

A happy one despite the bills

And a time that was not all that hip

Eight and a half times back and forth

Was Carrolton’s early morning jaunt

Familiar faces going south and north

And lapped by a lady my mind to haunt

Reno at dawn was a splendid sight

With sun rising over the ring of hills

And sandy paths slowing down the flight

To a barbeque lunch from smoking grills

On Dayton’s field with much to see

Of airplanes past from brothers Wright

The mist and hills through which to flee

Led to a finish at the birth of flight

Detroit was very cold this year

But soon Canada’s bridge warmed up the pace

Through the tunnel, no Belle Isle fear

Into Ford Field for a fine third place

Through New York with a rock star to peep

Over bridges and through showers of leaves

To Central Park, where crowds ten deep

Celebrated what our effort achieves

The last one was in Arnold’s town

A fine down hill, must not be late

To catch the plane and go back down

To Texas with a year’s full slate