

Denham-Smith

To mourn the loss of something as trivial as a race
Seems insane but the feeling is real
My widow's weeds a black and yellow fleece
My wake a mug of coffee, and
A well-travelled chocolate brownie
The taste of comfort and peace

And I am back at Bridge of Orchy
And sigh

Why?

A blistered toe has never
Affected my ability to go

My muscles are tired
but nothing I did not expect or know

Stomach pains from pre-race nerves
And sickness subside
After an onslaught of M&Ms
And pasta bolognese with herbs

But the clock more relentless
In its forward motion than Jez or Kate

Reminds me
Don't stop, don't slow
You're late you're late
Don't wait!

The checkpoint closes in half an hour
If you don't get a move on
We'll use our beasting power

I cry and sob I cannot run to another's pace
I can and will only run my own speed
My own race

So the wavering becomes certainty

That I cannot finish
Being swept 35 miles
in last place

The lacking strength of my mind
Allows my emotions to unwind

As Sean cuts the race number band

I break down and cry
My race is over

My self belief has died