

My Ackworth Road Runner Journey – a poem by Denise Clark

A Road Runner you'll be,
That's what they told me,
Club ARR is the place,
You'll see.

Weekly we train, three sessions it is,
A steady run,
A speedy sesh,
Oh... and, hills which you shouldn't miss.

Onwards we run through our picturesque village,
Pounding the paths leading onto the trails,
Watch for the roots, and the nooks and the crannies,
You can do this, are the words that I hear.

Reaching our goals, is important to us,
A mile,
Just faster,
A hill in one go,
A steady 5k,
A blistering 6 mile,
The ultimate aim being our own personal game,

Supported of course all the way by the Ackies.

How high can you jump?
Is the latest crazy,
How big can you smile?
It's imperative you see,
for the GB photo file.

Your race approaches,
Your nerves are high,
You've planned your day,
The stakes are up in the sky.

You dig out your kit,
It's all gone to plan,
No injuries sustained, and you know you can.

Just one minor problem
A 'Trail' and a 'Runner'
You've packed odd trainers, you're such a bummer!

Only one thing left to do,
That is tell all the crew,
They have their laughs and a few loud giggles too,

And then

My panic is over,
Gail to the rescue,
My bestie she is,
She has in her kit,
A spare pair of kickers.

The race I can run,
A PB obtained,
A smile and a medal,
My reward for the day.

The Priory Race, a 5k or 10,
The clubs organised, summer event,
I volunteer to help plan the fun,
It all goes so well all plans said and done,
Marshals in place,
The runners set off, and
In an instance,
Before I'm aware,
They are at the forked junction,
Which way do I send them?
I'm not too sure,
Straight on? Yeah that's the right one,

A short time does pass,
Before Haighy appears,
One fuming look, and a very loud gasp!
My, Oh My, That's the wrong way My Dear!
He's off on his way, and then disappears.

The magic is done,
The course is retrieved,
Haighy has spun his web of achieve, and so to this day I am still here,
with fellow Ackies, sat having a beer.

Summer has ended,
Winters arrived,
It's time for Cross Country,
The mud and the hype,
It's cold and its wet, and sometime its ice,

The rain and the snow, sometimes show,
But that doesn't deter me I'm having a go.
Gloves at the ready, war paint adorned,
This is a favourite,
I'm crazy I know.

The course is a tough one, and I'm in hell,
I feel battered and bruised and can't wait for the bell.
The finish line in sight, fellow Ackies aligned,
I can hear them shouting,
COME ON DEE,
SHE'S AT YOUR REAR GET THAT FINISH SPRINT IN GEAR.

I cross the line,
and stop my watch,
I catch my breath,
and then,
my afterglow appears.

Denise Clark, May 2020.