

RUNNING ●

Gannon Daniels

It was when she went into the bathroom
that she thought of taking a bath
She never takes baths but the cleaning
girls had just left the house leaving
the tub holy and inviting
She smiled to herself and opened
a jar of bath salts her friend had given
her for Christmas what three years ago
Such a beautiful cobalt blue
brown lettering a cream cloth cover
always just sitting there on the sill
never useful—she would change that
She ripped the ribbon pulling at the cork
stopper—poured half the jar into
the stream as it rushed full speed
from the spigot to the rising pool
She thought about being naked
in the pale water and turned toward
the mirror to see herself smiling
She reached for her zipper to undress
but noticed what she was wearing
She was dressed for a run
That's what she was going to do
The recognition of a plan was pleasing
Looking out the window she remembered
the lovely day outside the sunny crisp air
the whimsical wind the sounds of leaves
letting go their lifeline dancing
through the air her feet making all
kinds of noise as she kicked and crushed

them beneath her weight
She even had her new running shoes
on that she had obviously tied
all by herself so she headed downstairs
with an air of confidence to the hall
that leads to the garage pressed
the button that opens the big
automatic doors pulling them upwards
until horizontally above so loud but
then letting in light she noticed her car
and felt like she hadn't driven in ages
or had she— Why am I here in the garage—
Do I need to go somewhere— Does some-
one need me— Should I go get them—
A whirl of jagged thoughts fleeting
Of course I need to go to the store she
touched her hip realizing no
pocketbook so turned to go back
in but the dog was blocking her
way as if waiting for something
so she gave the dog a sweet greeting
I know what you want
The dog wagged her tail in response
You want a walk and spinning around
toward the open-air taking a deep
sensible breath in she tucked her
arms at her sides calling Come on girl
moving to her own renitent rhythm
forgetting doggy bags water bottle
keys codes leash time
and the warm blue bath
running upstairs.