

I Remember

I remember the knot in my stomach,

Walking to the starting line, shaking.

I remember the crowd surrounding me

Waiting for the race to start.

I remember the trigger of the gun being pulled,

And scurrying off into the distance,

Pushing through the other girls.

I remember my heart racing as I sprinted around tight corners.

I remember my quick strides as I glided,

Through the two-mile marker.

I remember the roar of the crowd and my coach

Running with tenacity as he weaved through the course.

I remember hitting the last 400-meter marker,

Running as fast as I could, trying not to look back.

I remember feeling as if I were running in slow  
motion, Watching the finish line, almost as if it was  
slipping away. .

I remember my coach running alongside flags around the  
finish line, Cheering me on and further motivating me to finish.

I remember watching the clock as I neared,

Hoping to beat my personal best.  
I remember crossing the finish

line, Trembling and struggling to  
stand. I remember my coach  
approaching, Congratulating me  
with pride.

I remember beating my personal best.