

My feet pound the pavement.
My lungs aggressively manipulate air.
Pain. Aching.
My body protesting the effort needed for improvement.
I want the result, but I don't want the process.

My feet pound the pavement.
I feel like stopping.
I doubt the result is worth the process.
Surely it will only get harder.
I don't see how I can keep going.
How badly do I want the result?

My feet pound the pavement.
My mind shouts.
I'm met with silence.
My heart cracks.
My thoughts tumble.
The silence roars.

My feet pound the pavement.
I hear a voice—the rich voice of a Father.
I don't hear the disappointment I expect.
I hear correction.
I hear direction.
I hear love.

My feet pound the pavement.
I have a course.

