



Aston Conrad

## a race **REDEFINED**

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**"CLICK-CLACK"** spikes on the track,

Finding our lanes, there's no going back,  
Walking up to the line, nervous as frack,  
We're ready to go, take two steps back.

**"SET!"** echoes through the silent night,  
The starting gun's call ignites my might,  
In this race, runner's hearts ignite,  
Heart pounding, feet take flight.

I burst forth, no place to hide,  
Into the curve, I swiftly glide,  
My refuge, the rhythm of my stride.

**"CREEK"** a whisper in the air,  
Breathless, I push through despair,  
Through every lap, I confront the dare.

With weary legs and thoughts worn thin,  
I press on, refusing to give in.

**"GIVE UP,"** it calls, a daunting tone,  
Legs heavy, but I'm not alone,  
Through the dim, my strength is honed,  
To conquer fears, to reach the unknown.

Two-fifty to go, I can hear the cheers,  
It ignites a surge, a newfound gear.

Out-kicking doubt, leaving it behind,  
Passing competitors, A Race Redefined,  
With each stride, victory defined,  
As I cross the finish, a champion outlined.