

The Walkers

By Marilyn Reeves

In the early morning
when I see the sun's rays,
I throw open my curtains
to greet the new day.
But now as I gaze out my window,
I observe the outdoors
with a sense of dismay.
The ground is all covered with ice and snow;
And the clouds are all colored
a deep shade of gray.

I see people out there, passing by,
bundled up against the cold,
and most of them have their dogs in tow.
They're all trying to urge them
to get on with their business.
But they needn't worry –
Their dogs just want to do
what they came out to do,
Then turn around and hurry back home.
Like their owners, the dogs
just want to go back again,
and spend the rest of the day
where it's cozy and warm.

My heart goes out to them –
both the dogs and their people,
and I'm so glad I'm not one of them.
I'd hate to have to be out in that gloom.

But a couple more weeks go by,
and when I open my curtains,
to my joy, I am greeted by a bright blue sky,
with just a few fluffy pink clouds
to add a bit more color
to an already glorious day.
I see the dogs and their owners,
as I do every morning.

They're out there in all kinds of weather,
even if it happens to be raining or snowing.
Often, they pause to greet one another.

But then they go on their separate ways,
so they can get on with their plans
for the day.

Some people go walking every day.
Rain or shine, they get their exercise,
come what may.

With or without a dog, I see them pass by.
They've formed a good habit.
They're so used to walking,
they can't do without it.

Some of them walk the entire circle,
which, I'm told, is roughly a mile.
Regardless of weather, alone or together,
As they walk by, they're all wearing a smile.

And I think to myself,
I should get out there and go walking, too.
Well, maybe tomorrow,
if the day is bright blue.
But not today.
Today, I have other things
I must do.