

Brynlee
Grade: 11
North Branch
Category: Poetry
Title: This Beaten Trail

And I thought one chipper ev'ning, while I trotted, quick and quicker,
What a wonderful way to spend this wond'rous day, running without fail,
While I trotted, nearly lapping, suddenly there came a yapping,
As of something loudly clapping, clapping on the beaten trail.
"Another runner," I figured, "yapping on this beaten trail.
Only this, to some detail."

As I quite faintly remember, it was of the late September,
And each flying tree member threw its leafy bod down to the trail.
Eagerly I wished to bound; - yet to him I was so loyal,
So loyal that I had to slow- just to keep on time, on tail-
And slow I did, too slow for me but right for the man on trail,
The one I love without fail.

And the rough and saddened rustling of leaves upon the worn-out ground
Thrilled me- filled me with those wond'rous dreams I'd scarcely felt to
scale;
And now, to calm my beating heart and raging pace, I stopped to rest,
"It surely was just some passerby, yapping on this beaten trail-
Some stentorian runner, just yapping on this beaten trail;-
That is it, on this dirt trail."

Then my worry grew stronger; I hesitated no longer,
"Please," barked I, "I beg and plead for you to stop this ruckus!
But the fact is I was running, and so loudly you came clapping,
And so roughly you came yapping, as such to interrupt us,
And I hardly could ignore you"- I turned to find the rumpus;-
But nothing did disturb us.

Long into that footpath peering, long I stood there listening, sneering,
Thinking, thinking thoughts that the man on the trail cared not to think;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness went unspoken,
And suddenly I heard the yap again, I'd no time to think,
So to this I snarled, and barked one last plea, I hardly dared to blink,
But I heard not one small clink.

Back onto the pathway turning, all my rage within me burning,
Soon again I heard that yapping, somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," thought I, "surely that is something on this worn out
footpath:
Let me see, then, what this noise is, and this mystery explore-
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;-
Just a runner, nothing more."

Round the corner I swung my head, when, with many a yap and mishap,
Round there stepped a yorkie beside, indeed, another runner,

And indeed the yorkie yapped, yapped and cried with the shrieks of a nightmare;
But the woman walking it looked like a grape in the summer,
Like an ancient and skeletal corpse living under cover-
But she and her dog just passed over.

Soon they came quite close to us, and then the 'party' stopped to take a rest
By the leafy trees along the roadside, yapping all the way.
"My, thy bones are rickety, and thy skin wrinkled and thin," thought I,
"Ghastly grim and decrepit woman roaming this worn-out pathway-
Surely with thy wretched dog close on your heel, so why come this way?"
These thoughts my mouth did betray.

Loud I snarled, louder I barked, "Foul monstrosity, why do you yap?
Your answer will surely mean nothing, yet of you I must ask:
Why do you screech, and how can that old crone beside you ignore it?
Better yet, how can she hide herself in such a mask,
A mask that hides the anguish in her ears, caused by your yapping task?"
I think I should like one, too.

But the yorkie, listening, promptly yapped from his place among the trees
In response to my growling and my pleas, and loudly he yapped,
He yapped with aggression, such that was not all that quotidian
Among his kind. Nothing further he uttered, after he'd snapped.
I prepared myself to howl back, as the yorkie seemed rather rapt,
But on my head the man tapped.

Startled at the tension broken by an action made unspoken,
The yorkie yapped yet again, louder now than ever before,
But I did nothing but ignore, for my master gave me signal
To disregard all cries, yips, and yaps, and on my back I bore
Ev'ry command from my master was naught but a lovely chore,
My tail wagged, off I tore.