

A sonnet for the Lake Winnie runners

The air was steamy, the sun bright hot.
Lake Winnie was not the kind of spot
Sane persons would want to run around
Unless masochism and guts abound.

Yet, our brave runners defied the sun
And ran up and down hills with great fun
Some were fast, but some could only crawl,
Some had talent, others none at all.

The competition was plenty and tough
And the going more than a bit rough:
Cars, dust, slopes they faced with glee
Or lonely stretches with no soul to see.

One of the teams second place attained
And great glory for the club it gained
But, what counts is nobody folded

As of tough stuff they were all molded.
In years to come they'll all remember
That day with friends in late September.