MESSIAH UNIVERSITY

The Peregrine Review

Volume 37

Article 22

1-1-2024

Forty-Four Minute Walk

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Recommended Citation

Goudie, Erin (2024) "Forty-Four Minute Walk," *The Peregrine Review*: Vol. 37, Article 22. Available at: https://mosaic.messiah.edu/peregrinereview/vol37/iss1/22

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Forty-Four Minute Walk Erin Goudie (Education 2025)

it's almost midnight but I'm standing alone on the shot put mound staring at mourning sky.

yes, there are stars but it's not poetic. it's just November & thirty-seven degrees.

I'd left the library and liked the twinge of the cold on my face. so I turned right instead of left

and started walking, puffing my dragon air in the dark places between cast-iron lampposts

on the wooden trail, sad acoustic guitar echoing between my earbuds, all hollow & stuff.

my feet took me across a bridge but not over. a blue heron took off upstream, I watched

then moved on. Nothing is metaphor; things just happen. I take a forty-four minute walk and the night cuts through my jeans to the tops of my thighs & it's not like being touched but it is something.

I sniff tear-induced snot. my nose hardens in the cold; make a face too much & it'll freeze like that I guess.

my eartips are marble now, too, and I wait as my toes soak up the icy air. The chill seeps

through my body and I let it; no friction palms for heat nor exhale of breath.

I have no movement left in me, so I stand here & slowly turn to statue, face upturned to sky.