

Aspirations

He tasted sweat, salty and sweet, ignoring the fire searing his lungs and legs. He kept moving. Pushing. The ground soared beneath him as he pounded toward the glowing white line.

Voices roared, a conglomerate of supporters and foes, friends and strangers. And, somewhere in there, her quiet voice, kneaded into the dominating sound. He pushed harder.

He was so close. A presence on his left, and he drove into the ground, faster, faster. The line crossed beneath his thundering vision, and the crowd went wild.

He slowed, bouncing slightly, and turned to the vacant stands. One day. One day.

