

'Twas the night before Track Season, when all thro' PV,
Not a Sea King was training, not even Sophie;
The track spikes were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Azusa soon would be there;

The runners were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of school records danc'd in their heads,
And Kevin in his Hokas, and Broughton with his hat,
Had just settled their legs after a long out and back-

When out on the track there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.

The moon on the stripes of the newly laid track,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to the Arcadia Backpacks;
When, what did my wondering eyes see then,
But a double stroller, and eight tiny freshmen,

With a little old driver, so lively and cheerful,
I knew in a moment it must be Coach Shapiro.
More rapid than eagles his runners they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by name:

"Now! Michelle, now! Mattias, now! Trinity, and Ian,
"On! Cole, on! Eto, on! Heath and Adrian;
"To the top of the curve! to the top of the wall!
"Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As pole vaulters before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the finish line the coursers they flew,
With the stroller full of Evie - and Oliver too:

And then in a twinkling, I heard in the night
The prancing and pawing of each little spike.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the center tail Coach Shapiro came with a bound:

He was dress'd all in stripes, from his waist to his neck,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with dirt, mud, and sweat;
A bundle of trophies was flung on his back,
And he look'd like a peddler just opening his pack:



His Nikes - how they twinkled! his Garmin how merry,
His laces were like roses, his cheeks like a cherry;
His short shorts were drawn up and tied with a bow,
And the socks on his feet were as white as the snow;

The stump of a whistle he held tight in his teeth,
And the runners circled the track like a wreath.
He had a clip board, and a little round belly
That shook when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly:

He was chubby and slow, a right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd when I saw him in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon let me to know I had more intervals to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the spreadsheets; then turn'd with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, to the finish line he rose.

He sprung to his Chevy, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all ran, like the down of a thistle:
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight-
Happy Track Season to all, and to all a good night.

