**A love letter to long-distance running**

一封给长跑的情书

Dear Running,

亲爱的跑步，

This letter wasn't easy to write. I realize we're on a break, but please know that wasn't by choice. I was told I need some“time to myself.”To let myself“recover”— and in the process, self-discover. Still, I can't help but miss you.

这封信不容易写。我知道我们在休息，但请记住这不是我的选择。有人告诉我，我需要一些“属于自己的时间”，让自己“恢复”——在这个过程中，自我发现。尽管如此，我还是忍不住想你。

I miss the way you challenge me. Every Day. Pushing me farther and faster, you encourage me to go past the limits and expectations I set for myself—miles and miles past them. And I miss the confidence you give me—you don't just know my body;you understand and appreciate it:the sweat-dripping, heart-pounding, breathtaking times we share, then the fulfillment I get as we finish happily together.

我想念你挑战我的方式。每一天。你把我推得更远更快，鼓励我超越我为自己设定的极限和期望——一英里又一英里地超越它们。我想念你给我的自信——你不只是了解我的身体；你理解并欣赏它：我们分享的汗流浃背、心跳加速、激动人心的时光，然后当我们一起快乐地结束时，我得到了满足。

On those good days, our relationship is joyful. But on our bad days, the pain is unparalleled. I hate your brutal honesty, and how you hold nothing back from me. While I try to stay tough, I can't help but wonder how you can hurt every inch1o f my body so deeply. It's that ever-unanswered paradox—how can something that gives me such pleasure also cause so much pain? How is it that the body you shape is the same one you hurt?

在那些美好的日子里，我们的关系是快乐的。但在我们糟糕的日子里，痛苦是无与伦比的。我讨厌你残酷的诚实，你对我毫无保留。当我努力保持坚强的时候，我不禁想知道你怎么能如此深深地伤害我身体的每一寸。这是一个永远没有答案的悖论——给我带来如此快乐的东西怎么会带来如此多的痛苦？为什么你塑造的身体和你伤害的身体是一样的？

Yet lately, the mental pain is almost unbearable. I try to keep things fresh between us—new routes, and new techniques—so we don't lose interest in each other. Still, I'm being told to stay away from you.“Take some time off, ”they tell me.“Try something else instead.”But you tease me, taunt me, tempt me to remain loyal to you, even though we both know you're not what I need right now.

然而最近，精神上的痛苦几乎无法忍受。我试着让我们之间保持新鲜感——新的路线和新的技术——这样我们就不会对彼此失去兴趣。尽管如此，我还是被告知要远离你。“休息一段时间，”他们告诉我。“试试别的东西。”但你取笑我，嘲笑我，引诱我对你保持忠诚，即使我们都知道你不是我现在所需要的。

Most of my friends hate you—“How can you LOVE running?”they ask. Your name doesn't sit well in our society, either —“running out of money, ”“running out of time, ”“running out of reasons/room /patience /options.”I'm sick of having to explain you. Others just don't understand. They don't know you like I do. Our lovehate, push-pull relationship cannot be put into words. A lot of times(namely 6 a. m. when it's 35 degrees and raining)I don't love you;I hate you. Still, I always find myself running back to you.

我的大多数朋友都讨厌你——“你怎么会喜欢跑步呢？”他们问。你的名字在我们的社会中也不合适——“没钱了”，“没时间了”，“没理由了/没空间了/没耐心了/没选择了”，我讨厌向你解释。其他人只是不理解。他们不像我一样了解你。我们的爱恨、推拉关系无法用语言表达。很多时候（即早上6点，当它是35度和下雨的时候）我不爱你，我恨你。尽管如此，我总是发现自己回到你身边。

So I guess it's true...I really can't resist “the chase.”While it hasn't been easy, our relationship is deep and dynamic—you know sides of me I've never shown anyone before. All my weaknesses, celebrations, highs and lows, you've experienced them right alongside me. My mom's cancer? You were my cure. My dad's alcohol addiction? You were my distraction. School, jobs, travel, relationships, family—in every stage of my life, you've been my escape, and I've taken comfort in your company.

所以我想这是真的…我真的无法抗拒“追逐”的诱惑。虽然这并不容易，但我们的关系是深刻而充满活力的——你知道我以前从未向任何人展示过的一面。我所有的弱点，庆祝，高潮和低谷，你都和我一起经历过。我妈妈的癌症？你是我的解药。我爸爸的酒瘾？你让我分心了。学校、工作、旅行、人际关系、家庭——在我生命的每一个阶段，你都是我的逃避，你的陪伴让我感到安慰。

But never mind the negatives, we've seen beautiful things together. Sunrises, beaches, mountains—you name it, we've run it. You've taken me to places I'd never have the courage to explore alone. You're the one I wake up to every morning, and you help me fall asleep at night. You've so graciously let me take both pain and pleasure out on you.

但不要介意那些负面的东西，我们一起看到了美好的事物。日出、海滩、山脉——凡是你能想到的，我们都去过。你把我带到了我永远没有勇气独自探索的地方。你是我每天早上醒来的那个人，你帮助我在晚上入睡。你如此慷慨地让我把痛苦和快乐都发泄在你身上。

Until recently, you were my rock.

直到最近，你一直是我的支柱。

Now, I find myself fighting to forget our past. I'm trying hard not to need you because I know you can't be there for me forever, and I won't always be able to give you what you need. I will age. My body will weaken. While it scares me to admit, our time together will, for lack of better words...run out.

现在，我发现自己在努力忘记我们的过去。我努力试着不去需要你，因为我知道你不可能永远在我身边，而我也不可能永远给你你所需要的。我会变老。我的身体会变弱。虽然我害怕承认，但我们在一起的时间将会，因为没有更好的词来形容…跑出去。

Although the doctor reassures me this is just“a bump in the road, ”it's a foreshadowing of the uncertain future ahead of us. Someday I'll find myself back here, back on the sidelines permanently. But you? You’ll be fine. You’ll move on to other younger, newer models with miles ahead of them. I'll shrink back in envy as you race past me together, and I'll feel even more broken, like overused goods.

虽然医生让我放心，这只是“路上的一个小颠簸”，但它预示着我们面前不确定的未来。总有一天我会发现自己回到这里，永远地回到边线上。但你呢？你会没事的。你会转向其他更年轻、更新的车型，比他们领先几英里。当你们一起从我身边跑过时，我会嫉妒地退缩，我会感到更加崩溃，就像被过度使用的商品。

Yes, our road ahead is unclear, but we've tackled tough courses together before. And I'm excited by the prospect of taking each hill, each curve, each hurdle, one step at a time, one foot in front of the other, just like we've always done. Because I'm not ready for a negative split. Not yet. I can't ask you to change—I know you never will—so I'll continue to give you my best, all of me, and expect nothing in return except simply the pleasure of your presence. I'll never forget, nor regret, our times together. I may not always be able to run, but because of you I have strength to at least stand on my own two feet, no matter how aged and cracked they may be.

是的，我们前面的路还不清楚，但我们以前一起克服过困难。每一座山，每一个弯道，每一个障碍，一次一步，一步一步向前，就像我们一直做的那样，这让我很兴奋。因为我还没准备好接受消极的分裂。还没。我不能要求你改变——我知道你永远不会改变——所以我会继续给你我最好的，我的全部，不期待任何回报，除了你的存在带来的快乐。我永远不会忘记，也不会后悔我们在一起的时光。我可能不能一直跑，但因为你，我至少有力量靠自己的双脚站立，无论他们多么衰老和破碎。

Gotta run.

得走了。

Love you always,

永远爱你,

Me

我