

Laura Stevenson

"Runner"

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To give yourself a little bit of hope's a lie, you said,
"we're just spinning where we stand." And if you cling
to tokens for your life you find you wind up with
imaginary men. Static transmit me to the other side of
another room in pieces. Like a steady beating, the
summer hurts. The telescopic pull of what you know's a
lie, it's broken down 100,000 times. The parts collapse,
in caving they're inside the atmosphere, we're carving
out our names into the air. You are a runner, the steady
balance as you're gaining in speed, a photograph to
scale the thrashing of your feet. And it won't be over
until the big, backhand of the sun, beats the tar out of
the road you are on until it's won you, the summer
hurts. And as for all your suffering you won't escape
the sting until you're buried in the ground. The beauty
that you breathe into the air won't clear your name you
have been sinning since the day you came around. You
are a runner...

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