

Liz Durrett

"Not Running"

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Birds lifted away all that we gave them
Now summer's parade quietly fades on a reel
I pulled down the lights from every last tiny limb
Tucked away signs that we'd been here

Though some may say, to live this way, is hiding
Not hiding, we are unashamed
Or running, not running, we are unafraid

Letters await, reading them late in the day
Eloquent phrase turns my heart in it's cage
How can I be so hopeless and then
So full of hope, I might implode with it

Though some may say, to live this way, is hiding
Not hiding, we are unashamed
Or running, not running, we are unafraid

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