

1984

Running Alone

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Running Alone

I am walking miles from your hands.
Looking around, I see the dark almost upon me.
The near edge of the sky folds into itself
and I remember what I cannot have.
Desire is a broken stone.
It is our season, though
and no matter that your hands evade my touch
like so many dreams I cannot recall,
I still see your picture.

Three years in the jungle,
what's left of your hair is plastered to your skull.
You still say you sweat at only the most important moments.
The cat could have you if you move.
She wants you,
her tail lashing like a flag.
Every breath counts in this country.
And the gun you hold is casual,
a last resort.
The trees are humming like snares.

I hear your fast breath
where I walk now, far from you and years away
and, if you are willing,
though there is no cat, no camera here,
only the leaves, dry and crackling and waiting for you,
you can be saved, the camera freeing you
in the next frame.
Your feet are small and filthy and running alone