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## The Run

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*College of DuPage*

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His ribcage rattled hollow  
A heartless jest which proved at best  
A liquor hard to swallow

The paper-hearted man returned  
No love that she imparted  
Although her love was never spurned  
A romance never started  
So she would see the tinder burned  
That left her broken hearted

And all the outrage she suppressed  
Rose now to confrontation  
Engulfed the man of tissue flesh  
In total condemnation  
Now facing death without parole  
His bride had lost all self-control  
An empty promise took its toll  
He knew this day was dawning  
She burned the poor boy's wicker soul  
Beneath the autumn awning

## The Run

Josh Kunowski

I'm running in the rain  
The clouds of guilt pouring onto my withered mind  
With each rain drop I feel a needle go through my sanity  
The shadows of paranoia lurking behind me  
With each step the shadows grow darker and darker  
I reach a forest  
The branches of depression scratch away my skin  
I trip and fall  
Damp mud of agony splashes and burns my eyes  
I get up and run blindly through the forest  
The rain stops  
The mud dries and falls off  
The clouds and shadows disappear  
I make my way back home  
The rain dries  
And all that's left  
Is the sun shining down on me