



NIGHTRUNNER

Lucas Marshall

RUNNING WITH the sun has long not been a friend of mine.
My shadow created by street lights under foot's rhythm.
Every day, procrastination causes shoes to lay inert
Til most are asleep under sheets.
Irony hits me in the face: The lazy runner.
It controls me, punishes me. Lunch is decided by
Possibilities of upset stomachs and no dinner until miles logged.
An unknown inside keeps me from normality.
Yet I am pleasantly content. Night runner.

The darkness indifferent to my presence
Once the stopwatch begins under moonlight.
Fluidly I slip through the night disturb-
ing only the inked ground &
Mr. Raccoon as he forages for his garbage entrée.
Up and down paved piles of earth, stars scarcely visible inside
The city's pollution of light. Sodium filled street lamps and
Mercury Vapor bulbs cast untrue colors intently.

The night is still and deafening, only small stones under foot
And heavy breathing pierce its silence, a siren in the distance.
I turn, Retracing my path back to where
this night's venture began.
The Late Show inside homes ignores my progress out of windows.
I am not offended.

I run with my legs, my arms, my thoughts.
Thoughts run away from me, I run away from them.
A nightly battle incurs, the running battle of that unknown inside.
It is a force and a endeavor that must be satisfied.
My sweat hits the ground as I bend down, touching my toes,
The gesture honoring the night and the earth.

There is a beginning and end to the evening under moon.
But as it will rise again tomorrow after the sun sets,
So I nod it a good evening and give
thanks for its celestial company.
I hit the start button again under black trees and night's eye.
Night running am I.