

RUN

Neither bronze stallions nor gold medallions
compare to self-propulsion.
None of it thrills like leaving the ground.
No book teaches the crush
of losing by a beat.
No symphony burns
like the fire that wins by a breath.

The wind speaks from distant fields
and smells from deep below the ice,
my blood and the blood of my brothers
pounding in my limbs,
my sisters stretched across the land
to the cold bite of winter face.

No painting dazzles like the roar of the crowd.
No beauty steals your breath away
like the last hill in the last race.
Nothing rivals sacrifice
which gives and gives more
when there is nothing left to give but will.

We run, bellies raw, each in place,
and on the wind
the taste of hunger runs within,
sweeping winter snow, summer rain,
sun, wind, fur and bone.



The heart soars that tastes the finish
and learns to fly,
breathing the land and her infinite promise.
We run
with voices called from ancient hills.
We answer with longing
to run unbound over the star-lit snow
fluent beneath our feet.

We cross oceans,
leap from star to star.
We build empires every day.
But only you can break your bounds
again and again.

And when you are too old
to run faster, you will run better
and so, each day you win.
You have a hunger in your bones
that will never give in
and a flame in your heart
that can never go out,

the long-land
inhaling as we hold the one,
breathing as one,
moving as one,
on, we run.

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