Death Comes for The Old Runner

Time boils in the blood of the third rib
and leans low my arm at the sliding road
(a loud dog rushing from the curb at the staggering drunk).
It is odd the way the patrol cop passes me in the last mile,
and smiles like one from the dwindling crowd, slowly making his way home, leaving me to remember this moment: my body out running on its own as I watch from a pleasure like sleep. But it is not sleep and I am lifting into the frantic stretch, down a funnel of wild faces I cannot hear, my lungs singing high as the night, my numb legs bringing me like brothers to the tape.