

KEVIN CLARK

## 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.