

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.