

OUTRUNNING MONSTERS

Running in the early evening
when it is not quite day
and not quite night.

My *Adidas* sneakers beat
my heart on the pavement—*thump thump thump*
Quickening with every minute spent in desired torture:
Jello Legs and Sweaty Neck protest
with Greedy Lungs, craving more air than what is allowed.

Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump.

I let go of all thoughts.
The breeze on my face a welcome invitation
as I force this meeting with air.

All day's worries

blown away,
separating mind from body.

Glancing behind and ahead
I choose body

and

break

forward.

Christine Gordon



ARTIE



Artie is my little newt
He is very, very cute
He's all black
with a bright orange tummy
He thinks bottom feeder tablets
are yummy.
He doesn't do much
Except sit in his tree
and do nothing at all
but that's ok with me.
I love my newt!!

JB