you better run
a thousand cuts
laid bare
their lonely marathon
closing circles
a waiting space
cool oasis
prayer to your
unslaked thirst
you better run
brother

promise
a green flash
across a
waterless plain

chasing blind
a phantom shadow
flees in
vehicle of travesty

brother you better
run
your sister there at
the starting gun

five rings on
her fingers
holding chains
a captive audience

frail frantic race
golden track
overtaken in
the fast lane

black sister
leaves the block
spikes undermining
the surface of your
artifice