

# I Run

Rosie Thomas

I run, I run, I run far from  
You to the apple tree in my yard  
With my dress all bundled up in my hands  
Dirt on my feet I am dreaming again.  
I run, I run, I run far from  
You to the lilac tree in my yard  
No more swing set for the girl who is all grown up  
No more tea parties parades or mothers in love.

I hold my breath past the cemetery  
My brother wins, he can hold it much longer than me  
Gravel roads make car keys rattle on steering wheels  
Children and horses, old barns, and old automobiles.

I run, I run, I run far from  
You to the watered streets of Oregon  
With a coffee cup half full in my hands  
And I'm praying my savior would just  
Place a gun in my hands.

I run, I walk, I lie far from  
Freaks and lying cheats on the tip of my tongue  
The moon hides in the sky behind rows of tree tops  
And I'm wishing I was somewhere up there  
With the mermaids and stars.

I run, I run, I run far from  
Reality to escape who I've become  
Insanity is close at my back  
And I'm getting rather numb from the snakes  
Who have blurred my vision.

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