

Runner

[Laura Stevenson](#)

To give yourself a little bit of hope's a lie, you said, "we're just spinning where we stand." And if you cling to tokens for your life you find you wind up with imaginary men. Static transmit me to the other side of another room in pieces. Like a steady beating, the summer hurts. The telescopic pull of what you know's a lie, it's broken down 100,000 times. The parts collapse, in caving they're inside the atmosphere, we're carving out our names into the air. You are a runner, the steady balance as you're gaining in speed, a photograph to scale the thrashing of your feet. And it won't be over until the big, backhand of the sun, beats the tar out of the road you are on until it's won you, the summer hurts. And as for all your suffering you won't escape the sting until you're buried in the ground. The beauty that you breathe into the air won't clear your name you have been sinning since the day you came around. You are a runner...

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