

no longer resist.

(vi)

Why not jog over the bridge,
 breaking that pack of geese
as you accelerate
 round the lake's rising curve,
then duck through rhododendrons
 to a smaller bridge,
opening on acres
 of downhill grass?
Yes, chase the fleeing horizon
 till you lose
or freewheel into a sun,
 Martian red
over ankle mist,
 but take the keepers' hut
for turn
 and lean hard into the home run.
The incline will leave
 you panting
like a dog
 at dogs
that emerge
 from half light
(raw slaves,
 held by collar and chain),
barking back at their barks,
 blissed out—Barking mad.

(vii)

Spurt up the street
 those last one hundred yards
through car tunnels,
 glass-sealed from glory,
the pigeons' dry departing clap,
 your only applause;
breast the invisible tape,
 putting leg breaks on
like indoor sprinters
 at the wall.
Then gulp triumphant air,
 head endorphin-high,
flesh free from pain,
 tired, yet so richly calm.
Well, are you now
 fit for life,
ready, willing
 to run down another day?