

Publicerad 2008-02-01 19:31 av Xjy

[My old running route, through Tantolunden park, past its flower allotments and along Årsta Bay in Söder, Stockholm.]

Young guy running

I thunder down five flights, slam to the street,
then bang the stopwatch, hit the lights and mark
time... Green! I fly past roses, grass and trees,
veer sharp left twice and spurting leave the park
for lakeside willows, rocks and boats. I weave
between the walkers, rail-bridge arching high
above my run, and then begin to pound
path, lungs and legs, and hardly see the sky.

Then Skanstull\'s soaring bridge, the lawn-wrapped pool
at Erikdal, the laid-up yachts, the sound
of heavy traffic, heaving lungs. I haul
myself around, head back, half-numbed intone
On Ilkley Moor, Tim\'s Wake, a beating toll
of breath that gets me hot, red, bugged, home.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Xjy med Poeter.se id #17567 innehar upphovsrätten