

Souls of My Feet

I run to feel alive

I run to be free—

away from loneliness

I run

toward solitude

I run for the hills and into the wild,
through meadows, up mountains, past rivers,
atop canyons and gorges,
to the sea and back.

I run from glistening treetops and alpine peaks
to the shaded forest floor
along valleys carved by shadows

I run on rocky ground and knotty roots, on sandy paths and singletracks
on dirt, asphalt and gravel.
On bike paths and railroad tracks, on volcanic ash and rock
on cobblestones and bricks, on shattered glass and broken shells
on animal tracks and ancient footpaths.

I run on ice.

Across roving pastureland and barbed wired ranches
open desert and gilded mesas
broad savannahs, sweeping grasslands, swaying prairies bursting with wildflowers

I run across town and all around—
through graveyards and refuse heaps, past smokestacks, mills, and quarries,
down main streets and boulevards,
past mansions, bungalows, tenements, and shanties

I run through alleys and into dead ends.

towering canopies of trees

I run beneath

and between majestic snow-capped mountain ranges

To levitate above and

liberate myself from the lucid linearity of sea level life

To chase dreamy treeline fantasias at 10,000 feet.

I run to the precipice of despair, pulsing, teetering—
then run to find home again
and again.

I run at the breaking of a new day
in the splendor of a bright afternoon
toward the quiet of fading twilight.

I run in my dreams.

Two pounding feet
one beating heart
throbbing arches, buckling knees,
stubbed toes and fractured selves
frozen lashes burning,
dripping then piercing
sweaty eyes.

No whether to weather:
pouring rain
 whipping wind
 frigid sleet and heavy snow
 scorching heat—

I run.

Sheer physicality, strength, momentum:
shivers turn to sweat
as my body glides through dormant landscapes
of dim and doubt.
Breath takes shape then dissolves—
merges with embodied air.

I run to discover infinite space
find my sense of place
uncover layers of time and trace
to bear witness to the rhythmic landscape of rebirth and decay

Probing porous states
to quiet the mind and arrive—
Stillness in motion.

In the dark
illuminated by the sparkle of stars, streetlights, or full-bellied moon
Sometimes I see nothing at all.

I run to sift and synthesize
for attunement, alignment, and enlightenment.

I run to be my body
I run to transcend my body
I run to endure my body.

I run to achieve grace and fluidity
carried by the energy of Being as Becoming.

I run to hear the sounds of the unseen—
The wild edge of silence's shadows

I run to mingle cacophony within and
bird calls, breath, and blowing of wind

I run with bears and butterflies, with cougars, goats, deer, sheep, wild horses, dogs, cats, coyotes, turkeys,
rabbits, bobcats, mice, rats, turtles, frogs, squirrels, skunks, spiders, mosquitoes, flies, bees, butterflies, geese,
ducks, roadrunners, robins, snakes, and crickets.

I run from youth toward middle age
I run to ruin and into trouble.

I run until it doesn't hurt anymore.

I run to find myself
I run to lose myself

I run past my past
into my present
toward my future

I run
into the uncertain and the unknown—

I run for my life.