

Schuylkill River Trail

It wasn't the day they chased you
and beat your back like a drum and
you ran and ran and ran feeling like
some sort of animal with your lungs
burned and burst on the blacktop
till you found a fallen fence
and scaled it like some small,
short thing and ran and ran, reached
for your key, fumbled,
 footsteps heavy,
into the house, with the weight of each second.

It was later, not too long after, you ran
and ran along the water and felt
the echo of their hands behind you when
a bald eagle,
materialized wings flared wide,
swooped into the Schuylkill, snatched
a fish in its talons.
The two of you,
 side by side,
bolting onward
 by the river together.
Like it knew what sort of animal it was,
knew what you were too.