

Go Running Up That Hill

by Paul de Denus

No sense standin' here any longer waitin' to get blown to bits. Better move 'cause I hear them comin' up the other side. This old rifle and brain are haulin' dead weight though my legs and heart pump lively as a newborn.

Sorry it ain't like when we was kids chargin' up a rocky hill, puffin' and screamin' wild 'til we reached the top, glad to meet the friendly faces waitin' there.

That big red ball beyond bleeds color just like the ground, its wounded sunset runnin' off the shelf into the comfortin' darkness. Its demise might make this easier. If I can get to the crest, there's a damn good chance I may just keep on runnin' after it too.

