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# Think of Yourself Running

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## Think of Yourself Running

*BRANDON SEYFERTH*

Think of yourself running.  
It's dusk,  
Orange and Red clouds are dutifully sliding  
Along the atmosphere in western pursuit of the sun.  
There is a broken car to your right,  
Now it's gone.

Across the street there is a small Chinese restaurant  
Where small Chinese children are splashing their way  
to nostalgia  
In fresh, clean, concrete molded puddles  
While happy, outdoor patrons enjoy  
Their kung-poi chicken  
And fortune cookies, which you already know say  
Nothing that is profound.

You are running past mirrored buildings  
And the soft reflection that answers the inquiry of  
your eye  
Makes you beautiful. It makes you  
The foreground of a cityscape,  
A motion painting that contains an art museum, a  
cave,  
Housing the pictures of  
Modern man,  
Who is crawling all over it,  
Analyzing what's inside,  
Engrossed in windows of consciousness.

Now imagine yourself slowing down  
Imagine yourself walking.  
You turn a corner and immediately long  
To stay on the path of the recent past.  
To stay on First Street  
Where the lighting was a temperature

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A few degrees above this...  
This place where neon reigns  
The garbage and rats and homeless  
That gather in its sovereignty.  
Afraid.  
Because they know the darkness will light up  
Their interior  
Creatures floating in Nosferatu elegance;  
Sometimes beautiful in the way they kill.  
Dancing in formal patterns, loving like violent snakes,  
Bleeding their prey slowly,  
Drinking out the energy of glassy eyes  
And leaving a shell lying there like a bottle,  
Drained of everything that may have once made it  
Worth more than five cents.

Now, imagine yourself standing,  
Stopping  
Next to nightclubs that eat the sun,  
Chew away its energy and  
Discard its less radiative child,  
Force it to hang there, motherless.  
Lording over  
Drunks and  
Prostitutes and  
Bouncers and  
Music,  
Written by musicians that have felt this before,  
And lived,  
And laughed.

Imagine yourself,  
In the arms of every street,  
Smiling.