

After the Run

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Poem - Miscellaneous

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After the Run

The experienced archer,

Shoots to the target,

The bruised arrow speeds,

And sharply camps its mark.

The first marcher

Stomps the serenity to dust,

With the boots they tackle,

The helpless skin beneath.

The pack with the sharpest teeth,

Scramble and scratch up the flesh,

Clawing, scraping, and savoring the sweat.

After the symphony of the thundering feet,

Pain reduces my legs to nothing.