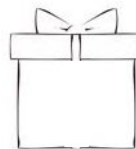


## Running Is A Gift



You could always stay in bed.  
Pull up the covers.  
Pour a stiff drink.  
Order in.  
Worry.  
You could always let someone else  
take on the world.  
Actors playing heroes, pounding soundtrack.  
That thing where they take on great risks.  
Only it's all made up.  
You could always escape.  
Load up the wagons.  
Hide out in some big castle with a wall around it.  
A moat and a dragon under the drawbridge.  
But then who would you be?  
Or you could say to the world  
I have all I need.  
I have movement breath, lungs, daydreams.  
I have running.  
Running is a gift.



# THE GIFT

