

The Sun

You look around and feel the stare,
And look down and feel the glare.
But it's just the sun, staring onwards.

She's remarkable you know.
She's fearless and uninhibited.
Every morning, she stretches out across the sky.
And every night, she knows exactly where to lie.
You search for her, but she is not there.

You try for the words, but they do not come.
You reach for your shoes:
Another mile, another run.
You sit down for lunch until you're done.

What do you measure, what have you done?
The tune hums along the back of your tongue.

Well son, you're almost there---
you're almost halfway to the stars.
Only one more run, only one more, my son.
You woke early this morning to meet the *sun*.

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