

i run

by

Jodi Hardy

Journalism Senior

i run
in fear
of children,
popsicle-stained,
smiling in grape-
purple.

i hide,
wishing to live

alone, thank you.

i buy myself
roses,
and i sleep
late, if i want to.

no Wednesday-night
bowling, no late-
model car in the driveway,
no husband in easy-care
polyester, no love-

making after Johnny Carson

no one keeping my time

no mortgage.