

Running Free

Tossing and turning in the hot July swelter.
Body dripping with sweat. Unable to sleep.
Laying there thinking and praying for a
December chill. At night you can still
see the heat waves glimmering like an
oasis in the desert. The night is silent.
I get out of my sweat drenched linens
and run down my road in nothing but
my tennis shoes. I can feel the heat
creeping up through the souls of my feet.
I am not the only one running naked
through the night. I see my good looking
neighbor run past me, as I turn to stare
at his ass. I run back up the grass and fall.
Roll around in it like a wet dog after a bath.
And sit there waiting for the sun to come up. I climb
back into my window and lay in bed. Waiting
to run naked again.

