

Road trip

by [Marjorie Maddox](#) in the [November 11, 2015](#) issue

“This illusion trips him. . . . He runs.

Ah: runs. Runs.”

John Updike, *Rabbit, Run*

This step-after-step chase-to-the-afterlife
invites detours—dust: the afterthought kicked up
by heels leaving the scene: I run,
you run, he runs, she runs, they run
away, beyond, the body dragging
the last of its soul by a shoelace.

Over deserts, over cliffs,
over lakes—frozen and un—
over hotel Gideons and attic King James,
over *Good News for Modern Man*
and *Book of Common Prayer*,
the feet punctuate their ellipses, pivot
to prodigal or penitent;
you can't tell by the flesh
blistered with persistence.
It's the finish line that knows,
the aching tendons that remember.