

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.