

PHANTOM RINGS

by

Janet Scott Hunter

you better run  
a thousand cuts  
laid bare  
their lonely marathon  
closing circles  
a waiting space  
cool oasis  
prayer to your  
unslaked thirst

you better run  
brother

promise  
a green flash  
across a  
waterless plain

chasing blind  
a phantom shadow  
flees in  
vehicle of travesty

brother you better  
run  
your sister there at  
the starting gun

five rings on  
her fingers  
holding chains  
a captive audience

frail frantic race  
golden track  
overtaken in  
the fast lane

black sister  
leaves the block  
spikes undermining  
the surface of your  
artifice