

RUN, RUN, RUN

sdh, 4-04-01

Run, Run, Run!

If I run fast enough, I can escape myself.

Oh I have felt that so much.

Run, Run, Run!

If I run fast enough I can be myself
and not the person lurking inside my body.

Why, oh why did I not listen
and do what my mother said?

Why did I have to go up into that tree house?

And into the cave?
And down into the basement?

Run, Run, Run!

If I run fast enough, God can't see me.

I don't want anyone to know about the tree house.

I was so bad.

Not even God can love me.

It's bad enough that Mother and Daddy love me.

Run, Run, Run!

If I run fast enough, I can be a little girl,
like the other girls at school.

And I can skip rope and twist around and not have to be so tough.

Run, Run, Run!

If I run fast enough, maybe I can leave my body behind.

I feel things in my body.

Run, Run, Run!

If I run fast enough, maybe I won't be lost.

Maybe I won't be forgotten.

Maybe I can catch up to my own laughing.

Do you think God?

Do you think I could run fast enough?

For a long, long time I ran and then one day, I wasn't lost anymore.

I got found.

And I, ME, I got born.

And guess what? My grown up self, she doesn't hate what I did,
and call me bad names anymore and she loves me. And my God friend,
she says its because we gave all that icky stuff I did to you, God.

And now I don't have to run anymore.
I stopped running and felt loved!

Run, Run, Run!
When I stopped running, God could love me.
When I stopped running, I could love me.

Amen

