Chase

she knows she can make it

she trots like a horse all night trying to escape

make it up the seven hills,

feel the ocean breeze

life will be okay

the night has been bleached

everything looks the same

silence.

she can hear it catching up to her,

like a dumb gawk staring at the dark sky, shaking at the sound of it.

She thought to herself, trust yourself and run, if it catches you, you will be in chains

at the top of the hills it grabs her, anxiety can be so strong and ugly

 chew its arm and once you escape think of all the beautiful paintings you have ever create,

spread out your arms, release your wings

free fall