Run

Ariel Crank

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo

Part of the Creative Writing Commons, Fine Arts Commons, Illustration Commons, and the Photography Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarexchange.furman.edu/echo/vol2021/iss2021/26

This Poetry is made available online by Journals, part of the Furman University Scholar Exchange (FUSE). It has been accepted for inclusion in The Echo by an authorized FUSE administrator. For terms of use, please refer to the FUSE Institutional Repository Guidelines. For more information, please contact scholarexchange@furman.edu.
Run
Ariel Crank

Her shoes crunch against the ground, her heart racing and pounding, arms and chest burning. She’s not so sure about the ifs, buts, and whys, or how she got into this mess in the first place.
All she remembers is her mom yelling *what about the children* and then the shattering sound of broken glass all over the kitchen floor. To the best of her knowledge the color of the glass was green. Then her father’s shouting, slurred cuss words transitioned to soft sobs that seemed so faint they were part of a dream, which she tried to convince herself she was having.

Her brother had a good head start, but it was okay. He knew that she was strong enough to catch up, that she knew these woods behind their house, that they played games such as hide and seek and tag all the time. They both knew, but not even a single word could escape their mouths in their unbroken run.