

On the road between night falls

He ran off.

He loved running.

His feet and the ground kissed.

He checked his pockets

On the road between night falls

Unearthing many stars

He spent a handful like change

On a cold formica counter

For coffee and a creamy smile

Others purchased silence

From the wide throats of toads

In exchange for perfect green

The supply ran out

On the road between night falls

But he never once stopped

As a function of emptying

His pockets made more

As he ran.