

# Areopagus

by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [July 12, 2011](#) issue

There is no waking without him.  
The creases in your sheets remind you  
his job is to mess with your life. He stalks you  
into the kitchen where the coffee splashes your hand  
then flings you to the cold baptism of the faucet.  
No, you will not forget him when he swerves you to the edge  
of the snow bank and overrides your heartbeat,  
when he hunts you down with "morning by morning  
new mercies I see," the rhythm cutting  
your thoughts like a blender's metallic pulse.

You wish he never knew that sometimes  
you want to grip a god you can leave behind,  
the cool bronze calves of a statue  
you can visit in a temple down the street,  
a straight-faced fellow happy with an offering  
of a charred bird or two. You could finally be alone  
with your luxurious fears, escape into the woods  
without his breath blowing the leaves into your path,  
the expectant open fields of his hands  
waiting for you to swipe in your crumbs.