

A small collection of letters
written to myself
while running



A letter to me from this morning when I was running

Thanks to Flixotide I am able to run further each day
an inhale a day makes the feet run away!

I love running
but I hate the representation of running in our society
yuppies run
run in marathons
in an active competition with themselves
constant measurement
tracking devises measuring every step
every meter
making a compact measurement of your body
packing it into a box
x step by x minuet
the body as a machine.

Thinking about marathons
bunch of people
wearing 80's running outfits
competing with themselves
in a huge crowd of people
who are
also
in their own bubble
competing with themselves
only to finish where you started

I run
I run it off
I make a run for it

just one more block

I run to get in touch with
the rhythms of my feet
that keep insisting on carrying me
step by step

the power of curiosity
takes me
one block further

I am constantly impressed
by my knees
their stubbornness to
continue maintaining balance
while working through the information
sent from the soles of my feet
describing what holds my ground
textures of

cement
gravel
grass
branches
wood
shakes my muscles

accompanied by my favourite
lyrics by Tirzah

*I'm not dancing
I'm fighting
I'm not shining
I'm burning*

I miss dancing
I miss dancing
with friends
with classmates

in the club
in the studio

the persistence to keep on
for just one more song
your favourite song is up
and you tell yourself
just one more
and you feel that healing power of pleasure
making you go on
for hours
until you walk home at the brake of dawn

and when you have reached that point
where you just figured out the combination
and you repeat it again
almost there
once more
and again
until
you hit that step
all together
on the beat
and you have that look
the look of - we got it now

and those who got it long ago
they are still here
they repeat
until
we all get it
so we can have that echoing climax of attacking that accent
on the beat

I'm not dancing
I'm fighting

**Hand
me
downs**

I run in my mothers sneakers
I found them in my parents garage

my mom has a new pair
she wears them while running
she occasionally used her old once
for

painting the house
gardening
taking the dog out for a walk

I asked if it was ok if I could borrow them
so I could go for a run

they have been my running shoes ever since

The shoes are pink
and the left shoe
has a paint stain

there is a little tear
where the big toe
rubs against the fabric

my mothers footprint has now been transformed
by mine*

*I have heard that it is very important to wear
good shoes when you run

While running I tried to remember a poem I like very much

Having a coke with you

is even more fun

is even much more fun

than going to San Sebastian or some other romantic place where it is warm and the sun shines all the time and I get - I get - I get - I get sick to my stomach when I see you in your

pink - pink silk shorts and you look like a better and happier version of St. Sebastian

partly because of my love for you, partly because of your love for yoghurt and chocolate

I love the secrecy our smiles take on before people, statuary and the fluorescent purple tulips around the birch trees

in the 4o'clock New York *Helsinki* shadows we sway in the wind drifting back and front between each other like a tree breathing through its spectacles

I look at you and wonder why - why - why I should look at any portrait unless occasionally

occasionally the Polish Rider

and anyway it is in the Frick

which thank heavens! you haven't gone to yet so we can go together for the first time

and the breathtaking way you move more or less takes care of Futurism

and why would aaaaanyone
want to research impressionism when they never got the right person
to stand beside the tree in front of the sun set

and what good does Marino's sculpture of the Horse and the Rider
do when he didn't pick
 the rider as
 carefully
 as the horse

how can runners be occupied with such dry tasks as counting their
steps while simultaneously being cheated of this marvellous
experience these words make which is why I am remembering them
now while thinking of you

P.S. the original poem is by Frank O'Hara

Home remedies

I was feeling blue
I went out for a run
 the sky was blue