

## **Wink, 2009-10**

Course: Creative Writing

Instructor: Tracy Helixon

Assignment: Poem

# **A Substance-Free High**

By Grace Asher

The sun breaks through dismal skies.  
Dew droplets lay on the grass while leaves crunch beneath my feet.  
The air holds a chilling sensation.  
I take my body for a joy ride.

Picking up my feet, picking up the pace,  
Swiftly moving my arms with each hurried breath.  
Walking by graveyards, forestry, suburbias, and parks  
I slowly lose my mind.

Droplets of sweat greet my face as my body begs for air.  
My train of thought runs off course.  
My body takes the lead.  
I have no choice.

The wind, it slaps my skin and dances through my long, dark hair.  
Running this path puts my life in reverse; it is matter over mind, now.  
Feeling lost in thought processing,  
I have reached euphoria.