

## Herd Runners

Cherry Ghost

You were such a shy child  
Too uncertain for the wild nights of the underground  
So you huddled into winding lines  
With the lipstick girls and the boys that chased their favours

Just a whisper on the wind  
Just a heart that barely knew that it was breaking  
As you navigated lies with the deft touch of a killer evading capture

On the outside of in  
Barely 17  
And our minds are on fire  
We long to be herd runners

And you flashed and bled for air  
As your young blood froze on the edges of the dance floor

And you watched their blushes burn  
As you cried out into the great unknown

Is there a life that waits for me  
Where I will one day be dead heading dahlias?  
Skimming stones across the bay?  
Stealing kisses in the subways of Berlin?

On the outside of in  
Barely 17  
And our minds were on fire  
We longed to be herd runners

When I was a child I dreamt of the open country  
Hooves drumming the earth  
The shared shadows in front of me

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