

Wendy Kramer / REST

This is Rest.	<i>Run.</i>	— . . .because i get the sense
It's what's left (a surfeit of words everywhere else) Here, a horrible hush	In spaces of restraint uncertainly as if foolscap flowered quickly	<i>Ready yourself for</i> lately that my efforts are largely misplaced but earnestly carried out, and so i stay put.
pedaling	a different four minutes	forever, a fork or furch
another	Even as Birdstone upsets the Triple Crown...	<i>realizations or renditions</i>
another still	recalling the persevering and constant in	value of vessel. effort or application
<i>Race.</i> "seeking the shortest route"	Wax and would grain	more better
in word well & knowing nothing	a glassine	<i>Stop it</i>
it's trying,	thready mane overlay	for to capture & carry
<i>after the other parts have been taken away</i>	keeping my mechanical	coda <i>why don't you</i>
wrest what's left	a high cadence a horse for the last century	<i>Lie down & sleep</i>

"[O]nly by success would my lone furrow be justified. Why did my freedom of decision
always seem so hard to win?"

— Roger Bannister, in *The Four-Minute Mile*