

RUNNING DEER

There where the rarified air whips
white-capped peaks
and gasping rushes
from the Roof of the World,
the timid, tortured deer chases
from dusk to dawn,
a phantom
ever-present scent,

Tossing its head
to trace the source, captive of its own
keen scent,
the musk deer
will run blindly,
forever.

There where the conditioned air of grasping
office blocks fans discussions
of profit and loss
the deer races with the pace of
demand and supply.

Through markets designed
to generate and satisfy
a procession of artificial needs,
Man chases from dawn to dusk,
elusive happiness,

not dreaming that the answer
to the question lies inside.