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Just run, watch the floor, you beautiful boy.

The sun hasn't risen yet, **Golden Boy**. Slivers of many lives catch your eye, you burden yourself with peoples fragile confessions of their wretched realities. If a dalmatian never counts its spots, why should you worry about all these lives?

Running towards something bigger than you. You're running to catch a glimpse of the gray figure in the navy sky, floating in entropy with the rain. You feel eyes on your face, a young moth running towards the light, making visible the gray figures' tears, thermodynamics laugh as they see you wonder at how the streetlights uncover the rain.

You've been waiting for this.

Wonder and naive excitement, restoring the fibers of your youth. The bristles on your forearm are elevated. Thunder counts your steps, cheering you on. Surprise, woken child.

Your legs don't tire in the chilling tempest. Your faith reflects in the puddles, your mobile being trusting in itself. Self sufficiency floods your mind, they don't punish the Lion for catching its prey. So why stop chasing what makes you whole? It's in your nature. The creator's fingertips touch your ambition. Go restore that feeling, curious child.

Your locs glide while you float in the rain. It is more likely for a single soul, a single raindrop, to form in the void that you find yourself running in than you reaching your goal of a soul, as complete as an autumn's harvest. Run with haste, as you jump over puddles filled with tall measurements based on false premises, false memories of having even existed in our universe. A runner's high. You, a universe in existential disarray.