
June 2014

Lucca

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Recommended Citation

Lawie, Nicole (2014) "Lucca," *The Laureate*: Vol. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol1/iss1/9>

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*Lucca runs through me
Like a ghost.
And I long to be running through days
Like he is, but instead he runs straight through me
Towards tomorrow,
Leaving me in today like a statue.*

*And everyone loves Lucca,
Who is always running,
Always flying fast
And breaking his ankles
On providence.*

Even when he crawls I can't keep up.

*I can't reach him
If I stand wondering,
If I stay on my own,
And I've been alone for too long,
Afraid to let him look at my eyes.*

*He never stays.
He's always rushing towards living and always
Lucca is running, running through my veins.*

I've been dead for so long.

*Like a ghost, he goes by
And all the eyes are blessing Lucca.
Everyone loves Lucca.*