Watched:

I get the feeling I am being watched. On the highest mountains, in the darkest valleys, a witness persists to track me. I thought I planned it well: prepared, waited. Yet someone must’ve seen…

Nowhere is safe, if someone knows then I cannot return. I can’t be sure. It’s in the way the trees move, the way the silence sounds, the way my thoughts linger…someone is watching.

So I keep moving. And when the feeling creeps back in, I know it is time to run again. I must run, I must, for if I don’t I will lose my freedom, and I mustn’t lose my freedom…

But what’s a free body without a free mind to guide it?

Day in and day out the hunter never fails to tail me. But who could've seen it but my own mind…

I don’t feel bad but I run nonetheless. I run as such because I was taught as such…

The feeling takes shelter in my bones, takes nourishment on my soul. If I can’t outrun the hunter…

Yet on the longest of nights I can’t help but fear that the runner is the hunter…