

## One Final Run

Jeffrin Matthew M R

P G Student, Department of English and Cultural Studies with Communication Studies, Central Campus, Christ University, Bangalore. jeffrinmatthew@gmail.com

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A fine night at the beach,

A group of friends, one lane each,

One final act to end the fun,

They said, "Let's go for a run!"

No whistle, no rules, no sun,

No lights, a camera — let's run.

Not athletes, just friends.

With one run, the day ends.

Of them, one is my brother,

Who bent a little farther.

The camera caught them happy,

Behind it, the work of gravity.

His shoulder hit the floor,

But the floor hit harder.

It all happened at the shore;

“Aargh!” he shouted louder.

Some shift in his alignment,

Probably an ailment.

He faints, he wakes, he walks, he sits,

Rides pillion through bumps and pits.

Gets X-rayed, front and back.

A small part, his bone does lack.

This is the story I heard on the phone,

Of how my brother broke his bone.