

Deep Breaths < A Triptych >

+
inhale
pause
exhale
+

+
It's more than just a metaphor
when there's nothing we can do
to make it stop...
+

My breathing is in my nature.
My breathing is imitative of Nature.
My breathing is the reversal of vegetative chemical
transformation.
My breathing is mammalian digestion.
My breathing is a strange animal.
My breathing is rhythmic, cyclical.
My breathing is moon, heartbeat, Adam, fire, wind,
magic, Yahweh, cloud, machine, spirit, moment.

Breathing is inefficient.
Breathing is slowly killing me.
My breathing is a mindless celebration.
keeping me alive.

+ Deep Breaths 3

inhale
pause
exhale

My breathing is as shallow as my listening.
Sometimes I don't notice when you're not being honest.
My breathing is as shallow as my learning
round peg, square hole, ad infinitum.
My breathing is as shallow as my apology
cozy in blankets, lonely in pride.

My breathing slows, in this cocoon of leisure, this
suspension of the reality of pain
the fabrication of dim lighting 24/7 and angular surface.
Finding so much static

My breathing is as deep as my longing
for simplicity and silence.
My breathing as deep as Persephone's prison
My breathing is only as deep as the tip of the iceberg of
the wounding of the world.
My breathing is as deep as the baritone of midnight.
My breathing is as deep as the bonds of my bloodline.
A Marianas Trench of promise.

+ Deep Breaths 1.

inhale
pause
exhale

A friend once told me that the actual process of what we
call "aging" is the oxidization of our bodies.
The very oxygen that keeps us alive, minute by minute, is
the mechanism for our death. It seems bizarre at first, and
then strangely comforting: we are ushered into ashes by our
slow burn of breath.
Life itself is potent.

Take in life
breath out decay;
Let out your life force,
Breathe in your end.

Time will force this life from your body in sighs -
gasp,
speak,
and your every word will call you further forward
toward that low stone wall
that separates this world from the next

+ Deep Breaths 2

.....inhale,
- pause -
exhale.....

It's a mysterious thing,
to lay beside someone.
Right arm extends, left curls around waist
Chest pressed against shoulder blades, collarbone to spine

Because when the racing blood and electric fingertips subside
We are left with these breaths: constant, unavoidable. Unconcerned
with posturing and flattery, they have no agenda; a glimpse behind
the curtain, blinded, sitting at the table at the end of the world, our
ankles plunging into deep loams to soak up groundwater, fed mouth
to mouth by ancient birds with blazing feathers, inseparable from it
all.

Breathe in deeply,
Long exhale.
Almost imperceptible in the early morning.

The body and the earth, inextricable.
Intertwined like roots in soil and oil in hair,
like irises, calves, tendrils and vines,
like tree trunks and kneecaps, rough bark and cheekbones and skin
tones.

Never quite outrunning our own lungs, Falling into our own dreams,
Collapsing, sinking to the very depths of blackness, our subconscious
dancing. Little death, so near to sleep.