

With the Lion

It's three, moonlight on the sheet,
I'm reaching out for you
across the bed, my voice
suddenly asking for you,
as if saying
it out loud and reaching
out could make it be.

Breathe and take
the loss, it was
always going to come
and here it is,
knowing now what I had.

Breathe with the lion.
Somewhere there is
a lion, breathing in
the night.
A lion in the night. Breathe,
with the lion.

Breathe with
the mother under
the stars
and the plastic and cardboard
praying for her children
for what won't be. Lost.

Breathe with the child
who doesn't know,
will never know,
will never be full,
or even empty,
her eyes are my eyes,
Breathe with the child
who will never know.
Never.

Breathe for those
who can't remember,
who move a little more quickly
than the rest of us
to the moment only,
breathe with them
moment to moment
as they breathe, forgotten
even to themselves. Breathe.
With the forgotten.

With the forgotten.
It won't be long.
Breathe out the expanse
of your heart.

With the lion
in the dark.

Breathe away
through to the world.
The world is breathing you.
You are the world,
the world is you,
this loss, this expanse
beyond loss, this,
that has been
with you your whole life.
Breathe with lion.

Sleep.