

One Morning

One morning we will wake up
and remember to find the good in what has happened before and seek the tube of glue we have
been using to put things back together and realize that it is gone, used up. and that it is holding.

we do not need to buy more.

One morning we will wake up
and the air will be fresh and light with a chill, bursting our new found lungs with fresh. and the
sun beating its wild wings will be begging to get in pushing aside the dark crows at the window
and we will let it.

(we will let it light the place we kept dark for so long. we will open the windows to the room we
built to house shadows flush with dark feathers; dreams we buried under stones lodged to hold it
all safe down)

One morning we will wake up

and spit out ash from the fire that consumed what we were: that family of the before time: flush
white privileged stuffed fat and done so that no random quirk or fall of fate could touch us until
the carnage that licked at the suspicion of forward

One day, my love, we will wake up
and what we were we will remember as something still beating in this fragile winged fleeting
a lesson in survival a primer in stopping to stop, an assignment in reset, an invitation to dance

(our feet undancing memories of what was: to be uncertain, ostracized, blanketed in bad luck, and we ...)

one morning we will wake up
and I will see you back in the way back before. Before the house the dog the cats all of which
have changed places like musical chairs and we will dance the old dance, reinventing humility

and the chairs are a fiction in a dream that sings now.

I don't often listen to my breath

because it so ordinary
so unrehearsed that I ...
lose track as

it dances circles
drawing in...
then
casing moist

it empties itself out
a mysterious play
tucked behind the curtain folds

where I

certain of the scenes unfolding
sleep through the performance
an effortless act of disregard

And yet

when I awake in a startle
from the dream of pay no mind
I have to wonder where it went
and wake to call it back

It comes, faithful as a dog
true as a virgin
with expectation
of first

an intimate act of procreation

it needs no map to find me.

I don't often listen to my breath
but if I do, in a moment of reckoning
or after a year of drought

I find

my breath in truth is a mighty wind
it fills all the directions of me.

it lifts me back up into myself.

In truth

I don't often listen to my breath
and yet, it listens to me
I can call it out when there is danger

a sliver in the finger or a wolf in the stew

I can soften it at the altar of wonder or
stop it at the turn of a fawn
where it hesitates then holds...

I don't often listen to my breath until I do
and then I set the stage for it
in quiet corners or in the midst of the fray

where

I watch and note its authentic simplicity.
There, with the utmost care for detail
I polish it, noting every nuance,
counting every beat
 as it flutters its wings
 paying attention
 honoring it as I count
 1 2 3 or
call it by name in my head:

the in breath
the out breath.

*Imagine my amazement finding God there, bonafide at her most credible, riding the waves
as I count; she counting me among the creatures wide and vast that she has breathed to be*

Life hums like a hedge in summer

and in winter,
the hedge oblivious to honey bees
and heat seeking ants
slow making their way
foragers in its labyrinth
is thinking deeper thoughts
attending to its bones
buried beneath
its voice
further low
than
the hum
a throaty call
to roots entombed;
the hedge then
whispers deep
its immediate infatuation
whether to sleep or sprout
hide or seek.
The decision before time made:
a knowing planted
down in
some ancient seed of self
where wonders
kept underground
sleep deep
in a dream of itself
and in this dream
a cipher
a composition
the songful of a hum
echoing secrets
of how to unfold
when to turn in
tune into
the sweet symphony
of a counterfeit death
so that
deep rooted
in the dead of winter

it lives:
fingers of its woody grasp
entangled in earth
dreaming itself
in a cycle stuck
on repeat.

Life hums like a hedge in summer
flush with seasons,
ever-changing
it presents
to the world
in all of its disheveled unpruned moments
discordant and unharmonious
a hymn to be hearkened
a song to the aggregate of needs
a call for the food stuff of sustenance
a bow to the need of nurture
a rondo of last years robins
exhaling throw away feathers
and broken bits of nests
so that
when the new sun increasing
dives in,
a consort to come again
budding
the hedge, all ears
sings out the brilliant
of bring forth
newborn tendrils
straining up:
an aria to yes!

just like you
just like me.