

Breathe Deep

Raindrop tears

Glisten,

Reflect.

(Inhale)

Grass swimming on a sea of nostalgia,

Bathed quietly in streetlight.

The recipe for Memory Swimming:

Take 1 cup of starlight,

Mix with darkness and a pinhole of dreams.

Bake for one hope length,

Sprinkle with a mixture of equal parts tears and thought.

Hope becomes transparent when framed against reality.

When framed against pain and truth and lies, it begins to curl at the edges, cracking and yellowing with its sudden age.

Swim in the dark pools, my dear, tell me of the wonders that you see.

Show me the other side I have no way to reach.

I am stuck here, bound by the past and the present. My future is unknown, and that scares me more than all the knowledge in the world.

Bring me a bit of light from the other side, show me the hidden colors that I have become blind to.

Pick for me the fruit of life,

Dripping with beauty reachable only by few.

Show me how you attain this happiness.

Take me softly by my black-gloved hand and lead me through the tunnel,

Whisper quietly in my ear as we go.

And at last, when we reach the end, when we burst forth into the green golden light that simultaneously heals and burns my eyes, I will be free.

(Exhale)