

The Race

*eachday fallsoff the calendar like leavesonatree always fallandspringtogether a newgoldenleaf buds as auburn
redandcrumpled pages turntodust
in
the
breeze*

every breath of spring is another weight
pulling out my breath
a new life rooting in my lungs

and every fallen leaf is a thorn pulled out of my side
letting breath rush in
and old blood rush out

I float and fall continually
staying aloft and swaying in unsteady breeze
a balloon with thick skin
always rising and falling with the cycle of each day

the orchard stretches on and on
beyond my sight into the distant lands I've never seen
while rooted here next to my life *givingandtaking* tree

put your hand to your eyes
and look out *through* the sunset
you can nod your head
to the pulsing rhythm
oftheglass
shatteringslowly

although the race is never done still some are winning
winning, *runningandrinning*
running in and out of breath
truly faster than the rest
but even they will one day
flop ontothedeck
like a fresh caught fish
struggle-
and are forgotten by the fishmonger

the point is to keep breathing

and hold yourself aloft in the breeze
even though the glass is shattering
and shards rain down like *sharpbirds* of real emotion
we will run until we are cut free
from the parts of ourselves that whisper
youneedthis
youneedme