

## A Place to Breathe

I stoop to pass beneath the uncut branches,  
My feet grinding the faded red berries into the pavement,  
And looking up, when branches clear before the sky,  
I see the Canada geese flying through the hazy sunrise,  
Their cries sharp, unlike the air the smoke has smothered,  
Their journey sure, where sunlight breaks a pathway,  
Their wings sweeping a misty wake behind them as they leave the world I see,  
Whilst I, beneath and motionless, watch from the pocket  
Of this place and wonder whether I am much the same as they,  
Though here I stand and cannot see for certain where I move  
Or if I even move at all, for haze conceals my footprints  
And clouds the steps I've yet to take and causes me to doubt my way  
Until I know, if I should keep my eyes upon the ground, I will forget  
How once before I broke away from other shrouds and found  
A sunlit pathway in the sky that brought me to this clearing,  
So I might recognize, in future days, how it feels to breathe.