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.