

## Breathing

Grouper

I sigh here, laying gently  
A murderer, and then you touch  
Saw you run hard  
You faced to clear the frame

I sat with you and pictured your small body  
Dripping through the snow  
It doused our light out with dusk  
The feel of the wind on your face

I saw your chest still racing  
I felt an urge to reach, but