

Ebbing

Swans

Under sulfur skies
The drunken tides will pull us in
Unfolding - but not breathing

Upon your breast
I'll rest my head, in laziness
Gestating - just dreaming
But not breathing

My swallowed tongue
My wounded dove
Your eyes are mine, occluding
We're sinking, just drifting
Not breathing, but releasing

In shallow ponds
Within your palm
There lies a mind, dissolving
Not seeing, unfolding
Not thinking, releasing
Repeating, releasing
Not breathing, not breathing
Releasing, releasing
Releasing