

## 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