



Slow Breath by Jodi Girouard

Slow breath inhaled from the pale nuance of pain that still remains.

I stay stoic, a poet with progress to obtain. The intake is my shield

As I do not yield from my own true story.

I worry still with the spilling of tears,

Refrains of fears near to such sadness

That belittles my plans, fans the flames of indecision

Tries to sabotage my mission of hope.

The slope is so slippery, memories of falling, stalling

On my path, the angry wrath that lingers in my fingers,

That pounds against the keys, that makes believe

I will always be hurt...

Yet I don't desert, I am not stopping in this moment

Spent just breathing, releasing the seething burn,

Turning the embers of disbelief into smoke sifting away.

I am my own way of becoming.

I skirt the lies lairs coiled up in terrors, the negative errors

Erased with the traced elements in the sky.

*I don't have to hurt as I fly into glimpses far off
Of stars I'd missed from so long before.
More lofty ideals, the reality that I am real. I am real. I am real.
Upwards I glance, towards the great lights in the night
That absorbs the fullness of my being, freeing me
From the lasting pain's stain. My world is lit
With the burgeoning glow as the hollow lows
Won't keep me down. I am found beyond the hatefulness
That visits, that tries to spit in my face, that traces years of lines
Revealed upon me. I am sustained by the simple act of a breath beyond
The dismal death threats,
better equipped for the dark brooding blindness for I have a purpose,
a passion, compassion for myself.
I dive into the evening, singing, bringing hope from those bright stars above,
pursuit for love of me in the world, hurled into living.
I give myself the chance to choose to not lose any more of what is really, happily me.*