

# Tiny Breaths

*by* Robert James Russell

Fire and ice undo me.

I am born again,

born again through the burning ice and biting flame.

Listlessly floating

cinder-like on lost cusps of wind

that multiply with every with every single with every single  
breath.

Spitfire grail and deep black coals—she walks among us,  
relentless in her silence.

It hits me hardest.

She comes

bearing the gifts of her virtuous body

open to me to me to those who see

she comes and I come and we come and

she doesn't know what happened.

