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.

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