

Untitled

I think that God, if it exists, lives in the lungs.
When my head is wearing thin
From my gears anxiously whirring night and day,
And my chest is fit to shatter,
From the melancholy
thump-thump-thump
Of my heart,
I rest in the lungs.
I breathe into my quivering head and my shaking heart,
Terrified for tomorrow,
And awash with grief for yesterday,
And I breathe in the Universe.
I let every cell alight,
I close my eyes and hear the gentle echo of everything clicking and whirring
and flooding through me,
And I let it go.
I leave myself,
And take shelter in the world,
The wonder of rain that shakes the rafters,
The quiet kindness of a mother and her child,
Holding hands and squealing through the downpour back to the car,
Warm and dry.
When I feel a tug from my heart, who aches to be that small again because
everything was better,
My head, for once, assures her-
“There has been good, and I think the world is a bit too big for there never
to be good again.”