

Here, Together, We Breathe

That time you let yourself run
out of food in your unheated cabin
and waited to die.

That time I stood on the lift bridge,
clutched the cold steel rail
till it stung my skin.

That time you saw the ice on the curve
but didn't slow.

I can hear your mother say,
"It's okay to keep one thing that is for you alone."

I can hear the ravens in the woods last summer,
calling us down the trail, leap-frog black bodies
crying to lead us deeper, how we walked forward,
quivering.

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