

Rise and fall

(a reflection on the breath. Previously posted as fb180711).

1

Death starts at the very first breath
with death's touch comes life
and so it goes from breath to breath

2

This is the one and only life we are
the one sweet breath we take in
the one warm breath we give back

3

What is most precious to us
is closest to us touching our heart
that sings with our every breath

4

Grasp not at the stars, the wise say,
keep true to the task at hand
walk the path of right before us

5

We may rest but a moment between
but no more, no holding the flow
just as it comes, we must let it go

6

When we breathe we take in the world
then we must set it free again
living, dying, a moment in between

7

Life falls each time with the breath
with every fall, it rises ever again
this is the glory of the moment

8

Even this breath that is our life
is not ours to hold, only to touch
then we must let it go its way

9

This is how it was, how it will be
this is so even this very moment
we are all the time of true living

10

Measure not life by numbers
our life only and truly counts
by what takes our breath away

11

Worship not life, bow not to death
we are both, we are neither
we must move on, dew on a leaf

12

Thoughts and feelings cloud and go
just breathe and we have an anchor
in the eight ferocious winds of life

13

With every breath a smile
that breath is the wind we take in
that tear the dew waiting to drop

14

With every breath change we anew
we were not, neither will be, just now
then that last breath comes
death, life, space, all in one

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