

Breathe

By Rose

There's so much in life we forget about,
we forget to stop, feel and just see,
no thinking, no questioning, no doubting
just seeing and feeling.

Whether it be the snow, the snowflakes,
those fluffy, cold, ice crystals holding each other so tightly,
graciously descending.

Watching the rising sun, the hue of colour,
from midnight blue and deep, deep purple,
to an ever changing shade of grey blue, making it's transition into its brightest form.

I forget our darkest moments are also making a transition to our brightest.

The life outside of us, the physical emotions of the sky, ground, atmosphere.
They too are forever collapsing, they too are forever being eaten by their own chaos,
but they do not let it consume them, for every destruction they are facing.
They can only accept.

Whether the darkest of nights are madly in love with its depths,
it always makes room for itself to breathe.

When the sky gently cries it's softest tears,
screams it's loudest roar, so loud we feel the collapsing beneath our feet.
Against our walls.

Sometimes, when we, ourselves, are collapsing.

When we are being swallowed by our chaos,
falling madly in love with our depths,
we forget to breathe.

We forget to feel, even when all we can think of is that.

Are we truly feeling?

Is it just an illusion to the mind?

Our veins are the roots to our system,
like a tree, we are forever growing.

Layer by layer of bark we create is not shield,
but each undying moment we've broken down into our purest of forms,
each layer of skin, each texture of pain.

We've created subconsciously,
like trees, we too have layers at our core.

Layers we've built of each collapse, each breath we forgot to take.

When the rivers meet an obstacle, it does not give up flowing,
it keeps pushing, pushing until it's obstacle is overcome,
refusing to build up it's frustration.

We forget to keep pushing.

We are not our faults or imperfections,
nor are we our successes or achievements.

Why must we be so focused on who we are?

Our identity is without us, surrounding us,
with every rising moon and setting sun.

Sun & Moon pay little attention to their faults,
to their successes.

They are more focused on breathing, loving each other so selflessly.

Giving each other a chance to just breathe.

As fire meets earth,

we only see destruction, the swallowing of something beautiful.

Fire is beautiful, it helps remind us our destruction must also be acknowledged.

Earth is left black, the charcoal of the past

yet she never lets it define her,

always growing greener, learning from what the pain taught her.

As the sky awakens from its amnesia of silent breakage,

they remind us to also awaken from our amnesia,

our amnesia of drowsy wonders,

the amnesia of temporary death.

We breathe.

We forget to breathe, to feel and only see,
thankfully the intensity of steady change,
the nature of our world,
helps do it's best to remind us to do just that.