

BREATHE

A poem by Deborah Kerbel

I lift my face to the trees
close my eyes and breathe
out
until nothing is left
in my chest
but a heartbeat.

Then open my eyes,
pull a deep breath
in
fill up my lungs with sweet oxygen.

Rain-soaked grass, morning mist over streams,
puddles and dewdrops,
a mossy ravine:
It's a 24/7 fresh forest buffet
prepared for me
and for you
to savour today.

Drink it down with a gulp, then another again
out
in
out
in
out
in
till your breath's
been refreshed
and your insides rinsed clean
and the taste
of this place
on your tongue –
evergreen.