

SONIA GOLDBERG

Breathe In, Empty Out

Holy hell you can't be helped.

Cut the puppeteer's strings only
to feel them growing back under
your painted nails, finger pads
throbbing harder than your
head before the pills.

Suspended in the air you're
there with who you chose
to be so carefully.

Yes, hanging up there you're
looking down on me, sister,
and I'm looking up, but
If we're being truthful now:

Scratch that. Reverse it.

You are low as low as low can be,
neck twisted beneath the soil
mimicking an easy breath
with eyes upwards to the beetles
and worms. I walk above you so
lightly that neither one of us
is bothered while I breathe
in the sweetness of a new day.