

when I slow

I am thread pulled through silk
I am beads hand-sewn on a gown

when I slow
my feet know the soil like redwoods
my skin knows the air like bird songs

when I slow
mist showers me like a new mother washing her babe
my thinking falls away like ice falling in glacial lakes

and that part of me waiting like moth wings to be heard
invites me to dive deep
 into lake water
 through the cold
 reclaim the gift
 of down-to-my-toes breathing

and when I resurface like thread pulled through silk
my breath will be beads adorning the day

© anne richardson 2016

