

## Let Him Breathe

ED: "A Coffin – is a small Domain"; "Crisis is a Hair"

Al

Let the Sun and the Moon collide —  
let them both explode.  
Set the Earth shooting off its orbit,  
as it slowly burns to ash.  
Let all the festering sewage  
rise from the depths.  
Let magma flow in place of water.

Let the leaves shrivel,  
and let the trees bury their heads  
beneath the dirt.  
Allow the sky to fall  
so that the dead may rise —  
as I am willing to risk  
the End of Days, just to —

Let me have another chance  
of holding him in my arms again —  
to remember him,  
to love him,  
and to have the opportunity  
to properly say:  
*goodbye.*

Ivy

Let me crawl  
over tarnished land.  
Let me spend myself  
heaving my voice into my shriveled throat  
breathe into words what I cannot decipher  
ashes on the tongue  
ashes of fruitless trees.

Let me find others who suffer,  
who lose life senselessly.  
Let us link arms and troubles  
into a chain of human righting—  
so I am no longer on my knees  
no longer singular.

In this surge of not forgetting  
let me let myself be held  
and held up over the crush,  
healed by hands cradling the gone,  
let the gone never be forgotten—  
"A grave is a restricted, an inferior  
Breadth."  
Is there ever goodbye  
for deaths like these?