

BREATH

BY SAMANTHA JULIO

In efforts to see the world with fresher eyes,
fragile child, do you wish to be reborn?

I breathe earth into your chest.
Inhale, exhale—
the grass, the fields, and the trees
that fail to bring you life.

I will be your resurrection, your savior.
I will make sure you see tomorrow,
and the tint of blue fades to pink
as your body transitions to day.

Sweet child, I will not give up on you.
Please, do not give up on me.