

Breath

A breath whispered to me that I had to change
Confusion of logic wouldn't let me listen
When I failed to notice its vital truth
The insistent breath visited me in my dreams
When I felt I could take no more
I pushed the very thought of it away
The breath haunted me, whispering in my ear once again
Its words taunted me, the most unimportant of men

Minute seconds to lengthy years, what is my life
But a wasted, momentary breath?
It is the single, most important action you'll ever be capable of
For every new breath defines the end of another
Thus I know if and when I can move on

Those precious breaths confirm my presence in time
Some will only contribute to the cruelty of reality
Dragging nightmarish, previous ones in the front scene
Killing hopes and dreams for everyone to see
Some people may enjoy remembering, and I safeguard my sanity
Set aside the horrors of living hell I help create

[Response to Foteini Hamiedeli's «Πρόσωπο» and
«Αναμονή», 'Women in R. E. D.' exhibition.]