

The Intentional

Emny Moghrabi | Poetry

The breath that swept the lake fell on the shore with grace
and I had watched with defiance in the fall, the branch that let go in August.

I am not myself, and they have shouted that before, a hundred times
because you look away, you slip away and the next thing you know- you've been sleeping for years.
I can't remember the last time I loved the ground I walked
the gloves I wore
the hands I held
but I'm shouting

I'm still in love, I'm still in love

And I am.

Rising with the sun, I am watching the ground and trying to measure the oxygen in my mouth,
tasting the branches that have run through the heart of the forest and found a home
beneath the sparrows nest.