

Every Breath a Gift

If at the point of quiet contemplation,
I bring some vague confusion,
I will let my confusions be.
(I have travelled with them a long way.)

I will listen quietly,
Breathe evenly, deeply,
As I remember my ancient roots.
The old seeds bloom again.

The flowers smell as sweet
As they did to the ancients,
Who inhaled their fragrance fervently.
I inhale the hidden Essence.

Oh, gift of Netjer!
Gift in every breath!
I receive with gratitude,
I release with gratitude.

Inhaling, -----
Exhaling, -----
I am in Balance,
I am in Peace.

--- Joan Ann Lansberry, 3-26-2014

