

Breathing a Man

I love to breathe a man
Touched by the sun.
The sun's caress draws forth
Life from a man.
That which binds
Muscles in winter
Seeps through pores,
And I breathe it.
I can breathe the
Pumping blood, and
Heated body water, tinged
With salt.
The sun and wind lick
Skin and layer
Traces of wood and
Grass and dirt and
Water to the body's sap.
What I breathe in is
Not sweet or false.
It's not bottled up,
Not created in sterility
But is created within
The man, and by
The Earth.
It is elements melded,
Made whole and smooth.
It intoxicates the mind,
And I breathe it in
Freely, praying for drunkenness.
To breathe a man
Is to breathe fire
that burns as it travels
The body, but leaves it
Wanting more.