

## ***EXHALE***

Vapors in emptiness—humming silence pass  
Breathing slow—echoing embodies my ears,  
My cavity hollows,  
Emotional moisture is mute-  
No empty cries.

Rock bye baby plays faintly  
Skipping over scratches—on a fractured mind,  
Body fridge and numb—as a naked winter wind  
In this moment —still no empathetic tears,  
Waiting in somber peace

Waiting for his epic arrival  
Standing in his tattered ebony robe  
Reaching his chilled ivory hand,  
I can't—I must—  
Exhale

—*Brian Wilds*