

Sometimes it takes courage to breathe

And now it's time I went back underground
It's something of a torture to emerge I've found
I'll burrow down again to hide in my safe place
Keep myself safe from the human race

See how I begin to grow beyond my skin
My soul just craves release from my weak flesh
Notice how my body hangs so loose and thin
My spirit's surging through to be born afresh

My body, I so hope, prepares to leave me
Notice how my heart is fading fast
My soul is yearning now for sweet eternity
Away from any future, any past.

It's not, sadly for me, a pledge of suicide
It's not my life to give, nor mine to take.
I surrender to this hard and bumpy human ride
Submit to drowning in its cruel lake

- As I bleed within to sense the air of lovelessness,
Defended and pursued by free and active choice:
The right to live their lives in deadened thoughtlessness
And turning off the volume on some fragile voice:

To win, declare a victory for living death
And force the resignation of their own best parts
So the beating in their hearts that seems to give them breath:
Is really just the rhythm of their coffin carts.

For any human being who can feel at all
Who chooses to be hard of heart to save themselves
Who walks a different road to flee another's call
Is just a worn out error along creation's shelves

What starts as some small act of self-protection,
Or an idle impulse in the face of other's needing,
Soon grows to be a tumour of infection
Too wide and deep to heal from any weeding

No surgical knife or pill
Can cure a person's will
To kill their heart at the start
So kill their conscience as well
What begins as a hurting part
Becomes recruitment to hell

And it's up to me and its up to you
To be clear on our choices of what to do:
Whether to split ourselves off from all
To live in a bubble or a stone brick wall,
Or keep our veins flowing in the larger sea
That make's me you, and makes you me.*

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* alternative end: 'and sets us free'.