

**Breathing In—Breathing Out**  
**Rhonda Ashurst**

Isn't there something I'm supposed to be doing?

Cutting and coloring my hair

--Maybe if It doesn't recognize me, It won't find me.

Cooking and filling the chest freezer

Splitting and stacking the firewood.

Isn't there something I'm supposed to be doing?

Something like

Saving the world

Saving others from themselves

Saving me.

Settling down into the depths of myself,

I feel the great vastness of Universe:

mountains, clouds, rivers, oceans

civilizations, planets, moons

stars, whole galaxies swirling.

Breathing in

Breathing out.